

The Australian

May 1, 1968

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 15c  
New Guinea 34c  
Malaysia \$1.00

# Women's Weekly

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.



16-page cook book  
**INDIAN CURRIES**

**NEW ZEALAND  
HOLIDAY GUIDE**

Pages 57-66

Two diet successes ★ Teacher's advice: How to help your child at school



Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 34c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 108 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 3001.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth 6001.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

MAY 1, 1968

Vol. 35, No. 48

# OUR COVER

● Blouses are back! The striped beauty on our cover was designed by Dior; no longer relegated to casual wear, the blouse-and-skirt combination is big news in Paris — and it's often worn with a belt now that waists have reappeared in fashion.

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# NOR'-WEST'S BUSY AIRPORT



— Port Hedland, where, following the iron-ore boom, they have to separate the light aircraft from the big boys.

● Afternoon traffic at Port Hedland (W.A.) Airport. Smaller charter aircraft and helicopters were not due back until sundown.

FOR a town its size — permanent population 4500, floating population 1500 — Port Hedland, the centre of Western Australia's nor'-west, must have one of the world's busiest little airports.

Figures show that this is so, on the Australian scene at least.

Port Lincoln, S.A., Cowra and Glen Innes, N.S.W., Portland, Vic., and Charleville, Qld., have populations comparable to Port Hedland, but in terms of yearly aircraft movements, Port Hedland leads by a long head.

This is the run-down: Port Hedland, 3600; Port Lincoln, 1791; Cowra, 1315; Glen Innes, 693; Portland, 512; Charleville, 1462.

The upsurge of air traffic to the nor'-west began three years ago, when Hamersley Iron started digging for ore in the Pilbara.

The figures: In September, 1963, the average daily movements (taking off or landing) of all aircraft at Port Hed-

land were two light and six regular passenger aircraft.

In January, 1965, when the graph started to rise, there were 280 total movements. By November, 1967, the figure was 1230.

In the nine days from January 28 to February 5 this year, average daily turnover was 78.6 passengers and 7190.1lb. of cargo.

The nor'-west of Western Australia is served by only one commercial airline, a weekly State shipping service, and sundry air charter companies.

"Hamersley were in a hurry when they started," said Mr. R. F. Rushton, chairman of directors of MacRobertson Miller Airlines, the commercial airline serving the area.

"Our fleet of aircraft in 1964 consisted of one Fokker Friendship and seven DC3s. We wrote to the Federal Government begging for more. We said, 'This is no ordinary situation. This is explosive.'"

"They came to Hedland, they saw, and they were conquered. We got our aircraft, Hamersley got its freight in time, and the volume of traffic to the north

has not stopped rocketing since. Today we have six Friendships, eight DC3s, one Twin-Otter, and two Viscounts."

Aboard MMA's latest aircraft, recently named "Victoria" by Mrs. David Brand, wife of the Western Australian Premier, was Captain "Mike" Gent. With 18 years' nor'-west flying behind him, he can quizzically survey the

By  
WINFRED BISSET

airport's packed parking bays, modern passenger lounge, administration buildings.

"It's not too long ago," he said, "when the passenger lounge was a bough shed, and it was not unknown for pilots to give a hand with unloading luggage."

"One day we arrived at Hedland and were delighted to find a big innovation. A water-bag had been put in the bough shed for the passengers. It was full, too."

"Aircraft then could fly only at 9000ft. And in the cyclone time the hostesses would be black-and-blue from banging against the

aisles as they tried to serve cold meat and salad."

Now aircraft fly at 20,000ft. and hostesses sway no longer. Hot steak and mushrooms or baked De Grey barramundi with vegetables are often on the menu, and there is no trouble about balancing champagne glasses.

This was proved on a recent flight, on which Mr. and Mrs. Brand celebrated their 24th wedding anniversary. All passengers were treated to champagne and sang, "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows." Hostesses served the champagne in mid-air some 400 miles north of Perth, and never a drop was spilt.

Port Hedland airport is expanding.

"We are having to separate the light aircraft from the big boys now," said Peter Harrison, officer-in-charge. "They haven't got room to refuel, so we've had to build them a new parking area and an apron as well."

Today the airport is not hard to pick from the air. Gone now are the landing flares stuck in kerosene tins and the car lights turned on to mark the end of the strip. The flare path is electric and the traffic control office is manned 24 hours a day.

The public-address system in today's aircraft had no

place in the bough-shed air that was fairly typical of all airports in the nor'-west.

In 1958, the Rev. E. J. Pizey was on a flight from Onslow to Carnarvon, the next stop down to Perth, on a routine parish visit. Clad in nor'-west garb—"Bombay bloomers," black shirt, clerical collar, shortish black socks—his only luggage was an overnight bag.

When the aircraft landed, he shook hands with his fellow passengers, then descended to the lonely strip.

It wasn't until the aircraft doors were closing that one passenger woke up and said, "But I thought you were going to Carnarvon."

"So I am," said Mr. Pizey. "This is Carnarvon."

"Oh, no it's not," said the passenger, "this is Lonsdale."

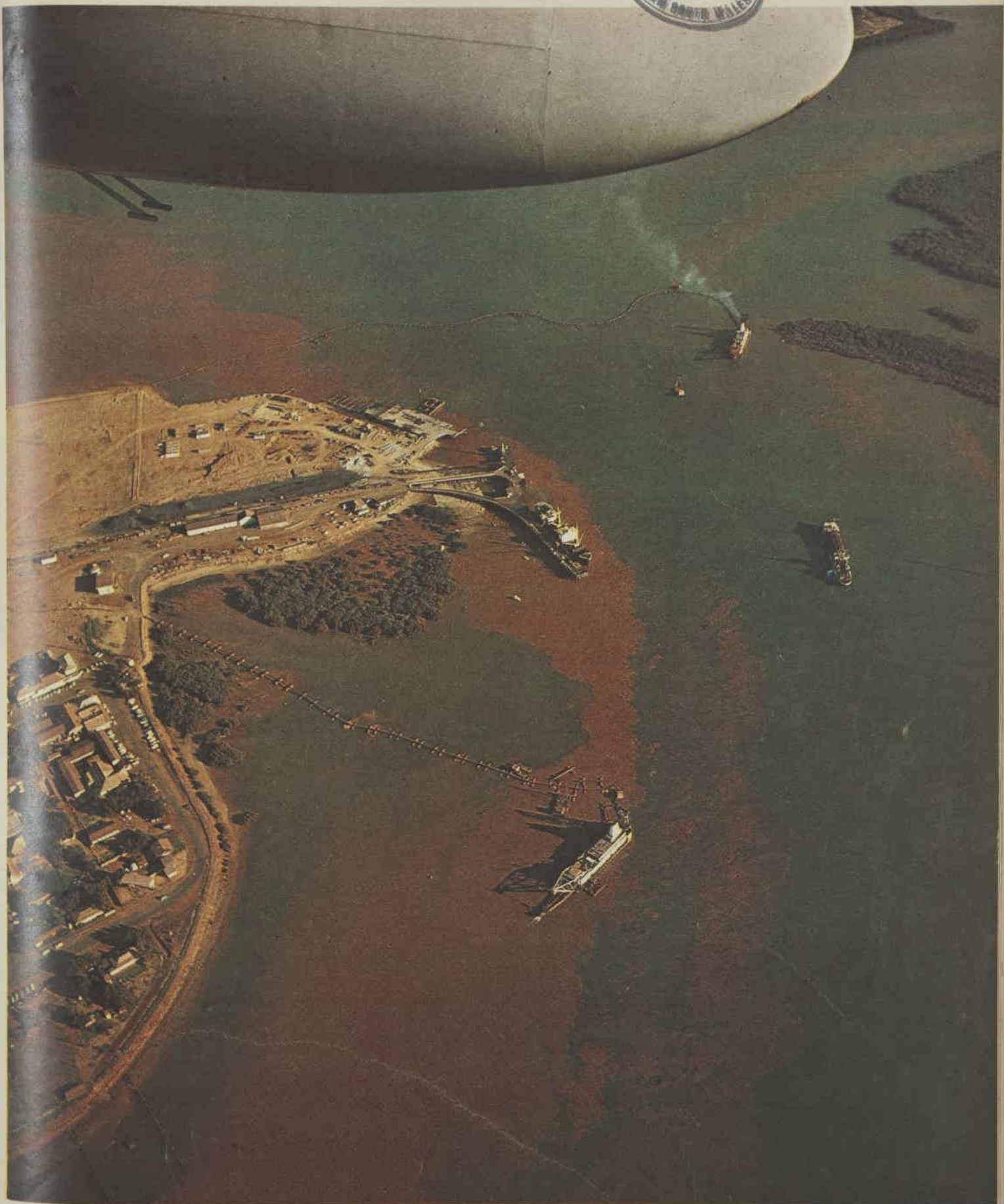
The aircraft had made an unscheduled stop at the 1959 oil discovery town. Mr. Pizey scrambled aboard thankfully. He would have had a 150-mile walk ahead of him.

Today he would have known exactly where he was.

President of the Port Hedland Shire Council, Mr. Angus Richardson, gave the classic reply when asked the population of his town. "Do you mean as from this morning or as from this afternoon?"



24 APR 1968  
ON NEW SOUTH WALES



—Pictures by KEN HOTCHKIN

● Aerial view of Port Hedland township and harbor area, where two of the world's largest dredges have been at work deepening the harbor for the giant iron-ore carriers that will be used on the Mt. Newman project.



## NEXT WEEK

### Sixteen-page lift-out

## MOST OF US ARE MAINLY MOTHERS

— in which Carol Bartholomew (mother of six boys) gives some whimsical and wise



advice taking the child — and his mother — from babyhood to teens.

and...

● Our new serial is the first fiction novel by the famous author Gerald Durrell...

## "ROSY IS MY RELATIVE"



... the heroine's charm is exceeded only by her fondness for the bottle! (Rosy is a large and affable elephant.)

and...

● TEN more garden book pages about flowering winter shrubs.



... and "My English Garden" by Beverley Nichols.

● Our great recipes are a big help in cooking meals for hungry husbands.



● Belts are back — as you'll see in our color pictures straight from Paris.

and...

● A self-styled "wife trainer" wryly discusses what he calls the newly-married circus!

# In praise of Australian oysters and lamb chops



● Dr. and Mrs. Walter Covell, of Missouri, U.S.A. The chart shows the waters of Sydney Harbor.

By GLORIA NEWTON

LAST December, when a distinguished American professor retired, he and his wife decided to take a holiday — Australian-style.

"Every Australian we met in the States seemed to have taken off for a 12-month holiday — never anything less — so we decided to follow suit," said Dr. Walter Covell, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"And to do it properly," interrupted his vivacious wife, "we sold up our apartment, most of our furnishings and belongings, and came to Australia with an open ticket on a freighter."

"The only difficulty I had was learning how to pronounce and spell otolaryngology, because, when we closed up our apartment, our only address is Walt's former professional one."

Before retirement, tall, quiet Dr. Covell was emeritus professor of otolaryngology at Washington University, St. Louis, doing research into the problems of the effects of space travel speed on the inner ear.

"Florence," he said drily, "did keep a few personal possessions — enough to start up a small place when we return home, including her painting."

Mrs. Covell, who, as Florence Byerley, was home furnishing editor of "Better Homes and Gardens" until three years ago, raised her eyebrows at her husband.

"He's teasing me," she laughed. "The painting he is talking about is one I did years ago before we met, when I moved into a very large apartment in Chicago."

"One wall needed a gigantic painting, softly accented. So I bought a big modern frame, had canvas stretched

across it, smeared it with white paint, and put a few grey shadows on it.

"Strange to say, it looked quite good."

One of the first things this unusual couple did when they arrived in Sydney was to buy a large chart of Sydney Harbor.

"We love your harbor and the boats that sail on it. We want to try to learn about every one of them, especially the Australian-designed craft."

"Last Sunday we went on one of the ferries that follow the 18-footer sailing races and it was marvellous."

"There was a wonderful crowd on board and, during the afternoon, some ladies, who looked as though they belonged to a Ladies' Guild, provided a lovely afternoon tea with home-baked cookies."

"What we would really like to do is charter a boat with a sailing expert so he can show us and explain each craft."

"For instance, we would like to get a good close-up of the fascinating things the crews do, like putting up spinnakers."

"We very nearly rented a Chinese junk to live on when we first arrived. We had been looking for an apartment, with little luck, when someone told us about it."

## Grateful for "steady land"

"Well, we had a look at it, but decided we weren't quite hardy enough."

"Now, since we have found this lovely place, we often look out when the harbor is a bit rough and see the boats bobbing up and down in the water and are very pleased we are on steady land."

The "lovely place" they found is a flat in Elizabeth Bay with plateglass windows that give a sparkling, panoramic view of the harbor.

"I suppose we both have this obsession with boats and water because we are inlanders and rarely see the sea."

Mrs. Covell, who was in Sydney in 1960, said the changes since that time had astounded her.

"I remember there were only two very tall buildings, and the Opera House was a pile of timber. And from the window of the hotel at which I was staying I took a picture of the harbor, which showed this very spot as a vacant block."

Enthusiastic explorers and "tryer-outers" of new things, they have visited Paddington — "we are glad they are going to keep it like that" — and are fans of Australian lamb chops and oysters in bottles.

"We pay 15 cents each for delicious lamb chops here and two to three times as much at home. I have a little butcher around the corner in St. Louis where I occasionally get baby-lamb chops — the kind that are used for strained baby food."

"When I serve them, my friends rave about them and ask me where I get them — but I just won't tell."

"And oysters in bottles? They are marvellous, so easy to refrigerate. Back in the States we get them in cartons, not nearly as convenient."

"Another thing is the easy way you can buy clarified butter and fresh ginger. We have an awful lot of trouble getting those things."

Generally, only the odd shop sells them.

"Food habits are changing quite a lot here. It is the same in the States. Once my magazine would never have published recipes for seafood. Today, with plenty of frozen fish available, everyone is having seafood cocktails and fillets of sole."

## Telephone book a real treasure

Another thing that intrigued the Covells was the Sydney telephone directory, which, they said, gave so much information, including a city map and numbers to dial almost anything.

"Dial a prayer? Dial for the snow reports? The news, the weather, the time, travel information, theatre programs, even Bible readings. It is fantastic."

"We did have a 'dial a hearing test' one time in St. Louis," interrupted Dr. Covell, "but for some reason it has been stopped."

"You could dial a number and listen to a variety of sounds. If you didn't hear them too well, you were advised to visit your doctor."

From Sydney the Covells will travel up for a look at New Guinea and return to the Barrier Reef, where they will indulge one of their favorite hobbies, collecting sea shells.

After that it is off to Singapore, Ceylon, and then on to Mombasa, in Africa, by freighter.

"We will just follow the sun like gypsies and enjoy ourselves."

"And when it is over? Well, we still don't know. We are not even definite about where we will live when we return to the States."



**IN DEBATE.** From left: Mrs. G. A. Heather, Mrs. L. H. Kellett, Mrs. B. Jones, Mrs. J. Silva, Mrs. D. G. Sercombe, Mrs. J. Richards, Mrs. R. J. Goodbury, and Mrs. D. Deger. Mrs. Deger works part-time for the soap-manufacturing company.



# SOFT SOAP WON'T WASH HERE!

*By invitation of the manufacturer, women tell exactly what they think about the whole sudsy subject.*

**I**T'S conditioning the children," complained the woman in the orange dress. "They think everything they see is true. And their grammar is suffering."

"It's absolutely useless. It did what it said it wouldn't do," said the woman in blue checks.

"I think it's insulting our intelligence," said the woman in stripes. "What do they

think we are? A lot of nin-compoops?"

What were these women discussing so heatedly over their knitting? The latest television documentary? Nuclear war? Politics? Whatever it was, the topic was obviously close to their hearts.

In point of fact, the topic was washing powders—which is close to every woman's heart, according to the market-research psychologists of a large soap and detergent company.

They have been exploring the housewife's mind through round-table conferences held in private homes before and after a product is launched.

The women—chosen by age, social and economic background—are so eager to air their views on soapy subjects they telephone the company and actually ask for a conference. And there is a long waiting-list!

"We have come to the conclusion," said the company's public-relations consultant, Norman Strachan, "that women are emotionally involved with suds."

After sitting-in on a round-table conference, I believe him.

Mr. Strachan asked staff photographer Keith Barlow to go away until the end of the session. A man with a camera, he said, might make the speakers self-conscious.

## Grievances

But nothing could have put the women sitting in the comfortable suburban lounge-room off stroke.

As they aired their grievances into the microphone of a small tape-recorder, no one faltered, or hummed-and-hawed, or punctuated even one sentence with "you know."

Titian-haired Mrs. D. Deger, of Palm Beach, N.S.W., opened the proceedings.

A housewife herself, with four children and another on the way, she was picked for her part-time public-relations job—which she describes as "exciting"—from more than 1000 applicants.

"Don't be kind—just be honest," she told the waiting women before switching on the tape-recorder. "The manufacturer wants to make products women want, but unless he hears your criticisms he will not know what to change."

To the homely accompaniment of clicking knitting needles and a child's play, the comments that could alter the whole course of a product began to fly.

**On packaging:** "It only needs the name, instructions, and actual weight on the package. With the jackpot blurs and what-have-you, you have to look all over the package for the instructions," said the woman in the orange dress.

"And king and jumbo sizes aren't specific weights."

**On advertising:** "It sends me up the wall," said the woman in stripes. "I always go and do a job while the commercials are on."

"I think soap advertisements offend, because washing is such a bore. You have to wash, but who wants to be reminded of it all the time?"

**On jingles:** "I can't remember any." That was the woman in orange again.

**On gimmicks:** "I'm sick and tired of them!" said the woman in blue checks. "You can't buy anything without winning a trip to somewhere. And the children always fight over the free gifts."

**On smell:** "I like soap powder to smell fresh, but it mustn't be perfumed," said Stripes. "My husband

would be livid if his shirts smelt of perfume."

**On color:** "We have been educated to blue clothes to make them whiter." That was Blue Checks.

"Imagine if there were pink beads in the washing powder! Men would wear pink underwear and sleep in pink sheets."

"No, I think manufacturers should stick to blue. We're used to it."

## Ironed, too

**On washing-of-the-future:** "I remember seeing a science-fiction program on television," said the woman in orange. "The characters put their clothes in a washing machine, waited ten seconds, then took them all out packed in plastic. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

A general criticism was the use of the adjective "bright" in advertising. How could a washing powder be 52 percent brighter?

But apparently brightness can be measured. Mr. Strachan told me the company has a machine, called a reflectometer, which measures to a minute degree the brightness of clothes after washing.

## Executives

But do the bigwigs really take notice of these taped comments when they are played back in the plush executive suite?

"Indeed they do," said Mr. Strachan. "The manufacturer can't afford a hit-or-miss approach to the market in these days of stiff competition."

"He must know for sure

By VALERIE CARR

what housewives want—and it's only housewives who can tell him."

When a product was launched recently, he said, more than 2000 women all over Australia were used to test it. In fact, it was the housewife herself who christened the new offering.

"We gave them two names to choose from. The first, 'Dynamo,' was rejected because it sounded harsh and seemed a contrived man's word."

"The second name—which the product is called—was a success because, according to public opinion, it was exciting and clean-sounding."

Smiling, Mr. Strachan went on, "The housewife chose the color of the package, too, and the perfume."

And the manufacturer has gone further than that to woo housewives. He gave them what they all had been clamoring for. A soft-sell commercial.

"It didn't jam the product down their throats," said Mr. Strachan, who believes it is the "in" thing to criticise advertising. "There were more pretty pictures."

"But what happened? There was total disapproval."

"Housewives are used to hard-sell psychology. If they don't get it, they miss it—even if they hate it!"

Which tends to show that when a woman is emotionally involved she may not know what she wants!



BILL KELLETT, 2, plays while his mother, Mrs. L. H. Kellett, of Caringbah, N.S.W., discusses soap.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 1, 1968



# Now! Savoury Chicken Casserole... made with creamy smooth Carnation 'from contented cows'



Looks like an afternoon's work? We hoped it would, but it's simply one dish on top of the stove, some delicious ingredients, some ingenious short cuts, and there you are. An appetising one dish meal all ready to be served.

## **Savoury Chicken Casserole**

2½-3 lb roasting chicken;  
12 each medium peeled white onions and potatoes; 2 cups carrot rings; ½ cup chopped bacon; 2 ozs shortening;  
1 teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon thyme; ¼ teaspoon pepper;  
Bay leaf; 3 chicken stock cubes dissolved in 3 cups water;  
1 packet of cream of mushroom soup; 1⅔ cups (14½ oz can) undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; Bacon rolls; Chopped parsley.

Blanch prepared vegetables in boiling water for a few moments. Drain well. Cut chicken into serving portions and dry pieces

thoroughly. Fry bacon in large frypan till crisp. Remove. Add shortening and heat till foam subsides. Saute chicken pieces till lightly browned. Remove to large saucepan or casserole, add vegetables, bacon, stock and seasonings. Bring to boil, cover and simmer till chicken is tender — 1 to 1½ hours. Pour contents into colander over a bowl, reserve stock for sauce. Return chicken and vegetables to rinsed casserole or saucepan, cover and keep warm. Blend mushroom soup mix to a smooth paste with Carnation Milk and add 2 cups stock. Stir over medium heat till sauce boils. Adjust seasonings and add extra stock if desired. Pour over chicken and vegetables, toss lightly. Reheat gently if necessary by shaking the pan. Serve immediately with crisp bacon rolls and chopped parsley accompanied by grilled tomatoes or buttered peas. Serves 6.



# Singer is every man's idea of Helen of Troy

—Yvonne Minton, home after seven successful years overseas, has beauty and a strong sense of humor



● Lyric mezzo soprano Yvonne Minton, as Octavian in the Covent Garden production of "Der Rosenkavalier," her most important role so far.

AUSTRALIAN opera singer Yvonne Minton, on her first visit home after seven years abroad, is delightfully unaffected about her rising success with the Covent Garden Opera Company.

Now 29 and married to Scotsman William Barclay, she told of some of the funnier things that can happen in opera production.

"The funniest was when I played one of the four naked virgins in 'Moses and Aaron,'" she said with a chuckle.

"Peter Hall was producing the opera, and his productions are always very realistic.

"He wanted us to look naked, so we experimented with various costumes to give us a 'naked look.' But we were four buxom opera singers, and none of the costumes looked any good.

"He tried to persuade us to 'reveal' ourselves, but we protested, 'We are opera singers, not strippers!' (A grin followed the expressive indignation of this statement.)

"Finally, he decided to engage four strippers to appear on stage, while we sang off-stage. I heard it looked quite good to the audience. The only thing is, a lot of my friends thought I was me.

## Resigned to it

"They have said to me, 'Oh, we saw you as the naked virgin.' I don't know how they could make the mistake, as the girls were so slim they didn't look at all like opera singers, and their miming wasn't the best, either. But I'm resigned to it now."

Yvonne's description of herself as "buxom" is unjust. In fact, she is a beauty. Seven years in London have brightened her "English complexion"; her deep blue eyes, fair hair, and strong, attractive features make her ideal for heroine parts.

She had a tremendous success as Helen of Troy, not only because of her singing but also because she was, according to reviewers, "every man's idea of Helen."

From Earlwood, N.S.W., Yvonne began taking singing lessons at 14 from Marjorie Walker, who remained her teacher until she left Australia.

"She worked really hard," Miss Walker said proudly of her former pupil. "She has all the qualities for success—talent, ability to work hard, beauty, and personality."

It wasn't until Yvonne won the Elsa Stralia Scholarship at 18 that she first thought of singing as a full-time career. Till then, she had been a secretary.

"The scholarship was for three years' study, which I did at the Sydney Conservatorium and with Miss Walker," she said. "My family, who, although not musical, appreciate music, gave me every encouragement."

At 21, she won the Shell Aria contest in Canberra.

"This gave me my chance to travel, so I went to England," she said. "I wasn't particularly thinking of an opera career at that stage."

"Of course, when I first started singing, I had imagined myself as a famous opera singer, but I had passed through that phase and become more interested in concert work."

And as a concert artist she first became known in England. Three months after her arrival she entered an international singing competition in Holland, and won the Kathleen Ferrier Prize, which gave an important boost to her career.

"Then I was invited to perform in a modern English opera which had been commissioned by the London County Council," she said.

"I played a buxom, middle-aged sex bombshell and found I immensely enjoyed the role and the type of singing."

"As a result of this performance, I received offers from Sadler's Wells, Glyndebourne, and Covent Garden opera companies. I decided

a beautifully embroidered Spanish-style dress. I think it gave me more confidence, too."

Since then Yvonne has appeared as a Rhine Maiden in Wagner's "Ring" operas ("I've played one of these every season, and I'm now such an old hand at it that they put me on the loftiest peaks of the mountain stage-set, which tends to shake and frighten newcomers"), Marina in "Boris Godunov," apprentice Ascanio in "Benvenuto Cellini," and Octavian in "Der Rosenkavalier."

## Quite exhausting

In another production by Peter Hall, Yvonne recalled that Hall's designer had made an intricately checked stage-set with a series of "lifts" on which performers appeared and disappeared.

"The audience liked it very much," she said. "However, I was one of a group of 'ladies' dressed in full costume with spears and helmets who had to assemble on one of these lifts and be shot down out of sight to pop up again at the appropriate moment."

"We were so huddled on the lift that when we shot down through the stage we would end up in a heap on the floor."

"Then we would have to get up, readjust our helmets, spears, and dress, and be ready to come up smiling again. It was quite exhausting."

Yvonne's latest, biggest, and most successful role is as Octavian in "Der Rosenkavalier." This is one of the two "panta" or "cherubino" roles (that is, portraying a youth) she has played.

"These are quite challenging," she said. "They require more acting concentra-



● Yvonne Minton, off-stage. She has made recordings with Joan Sutherland and describes her as a "super person, very kind to younger artists like myself."

Yvonne, who has worked hard for her success, is content to take her career slowly.

"At 29 I am still very much a 'baby' in the opera profession," she said. "In fact, they call me 'the Baby' at Covent Garden."

"But Covent Garden is excellent in the way it handles its singers. You are never pushed into trying anything for which you are not ready."

"Some performers prefer

singer needs stamina. The opera season in London runs from September to July, and Yvonne averages two performances a week, which require a great number of rehearsals. She is on call from 10.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. each day, having about three calls for rehearsals of one to two hours.

During the August break it is Prom Concert time in London and she usually does several performances.

Reigate, Surrey, halfway between Brighton and London.

"It is a modern house with a lovely garden. The windows of our music-room look out on to an avenue of trees. On long summer evenings we go for walks, usually up Reigate Hill, which has a famous view of the Surrey Downs."

"I was so keen on my career I had never thought of marriage, but I have found it marvellous to have someone close to you who encourages you in everything you do."

"Bill is very musical. When he worked in Liverpool, he was a chorister with the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, one of the best choral societies in England. He has a very nice tenor voice, but has 'retired gracefully' since our marriage."

"He does sing Scottish songs for me, and we also sing duets for our own amusement, but we haven't inflicted this on our friends."

Bill couldn't make the trip this time, but they hope to come out together later for a few months.

—Barbara Martyn

## They call her "the Baby" at Covent Garden

Covent Garden would be best for me, and I have been with them for three seasons."

Yvonne is a lyric mezzo soprano, and first appeared at Covent Garden as Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

"I was very nervous before the night, but when I walked on to the stage I was so excited and pleased I just didn't think to be nervous," she said. "The Royal Opera House is wonderful to sing in — you can sing quietly and still be heard right at the back."

"My costume for Lola was

tion than female roles. You have to be careful that your movements and gestures are not feminine."

London reviewers acclaimed her performance:

● "Yvonne Minton's finely sung Octavian shone like a lighthouse in an equinoctial tempest..." ("Observer" music critic Peter Heyworth.)

● "A superlative new Octavian — elegant and touching, with a subtly boyish quality in her strong tone..." ("Sunday Telegraph" critic.)

to make a big splash and retire early. I want a long singing life.

"Covent Garden is recognised as having some of the best training facilities for singers in the world. I have been taught languages, roles, acting, and stage techniques by their special instructors."

"Later, I would like to broaden my experience by performing with other opera companies, but for the time being I am in the right place to learn my profession."

Yvonne said an opera

Yvonne has been married three years.

"Bill is a Scotsman with a delightful accent," she said. "A graduate of Glasgow University, he is manager of a plastics factory in Brighton."

"I met Bill's family through musical friends and went out with his brother for a time. I knew Bill for years before we became interested in each other. Then one day everything just seemed to fall into place."

Yvonne and Bill live in





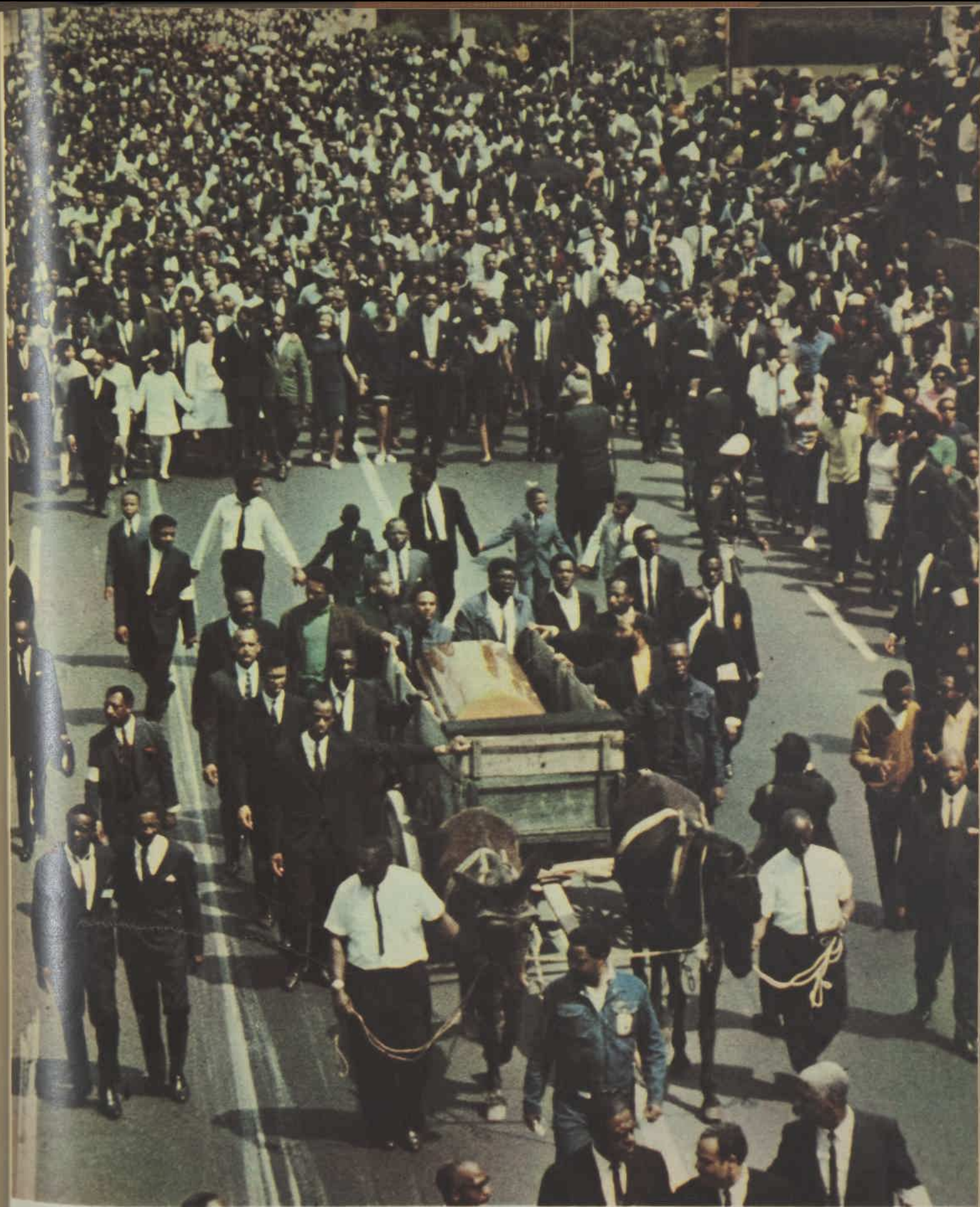
## AMERICANS IN MOURNING FOR NEGRO LEADER

● Never before had a private American citizen been buried with such honor as was given to the assassinated Negro leader, Dr. Martin Luther King, at Atlanta, Georgia, on April 4. Leaders in many fields of national activity attended the service, and more than 150,000 people, including many whites, walked in the funeral procession. It was estimated that about 120 million Americans watched on television, and the satellite relay broadcast was seen by scores of millions of Europeans, Japanese, and Australians.

ABOVE: The widow, Mrs. Coretta King, comforts daughter Bernice, one of her four children, at the funeral service. BELOW: Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, herself widowed by a sniper's bullet four and a half years ago, visited Mrs. King before the funeral. The picture shows her being escorted from her house on her way to the church.







*PART OF THE VAST CROWD of mourners who walked in the funeral procession through Atlanta (population about 500,000). The service had been held in the church at which Dr. King was co-pastor with his own father; the body was then taken to the cemetery on a plain farm cart drawn by two mules, all chosen to symbolise his association with the poor.*





● George Pillsbury, son of a U.S. food millionaire.

## American enjoys getting to know Australians

**“WHEN I get back to the States, I’m going to tell everyone to go to Australia, not as tourists to see the sights, but to meet the people.**

“Every country has its sights — bridges, harbors, mountains — but only one country has Australians, they’re the best things about Australia.”

Eighteen-year-old American George Pillsbury, son of a millionaire food manufacturer (“Dad wouldn’t really call himself a millionaire, the money is tied up in assets,

By

Barbara Martyn

and most so-called millionaires have several millions of dollars”), has been in Australia since last September.

“Getting to know people” is what he has enjoyed most.

“For the first 12 weeks I went jackarooing on a 10,000-acre property in South Australia,” he said. “It was great.

“I did the jackarooing in a jeep, with a sheepdog for company. We weren’t as isolated as I had expected — the property was near the small town of Tintinara.

“This gave me the chance to meet even more people, and they were certainly friendly.”

An articulate, enthusiastic young man who loves the Australian outdoor life, George would have no difficulty making friends here.

“I wanted to come to Australia, as I imagined it as having a freer atmosphere than Europe and a more athletic way of life,” said George, who spent his last summer vacation in Europe.

“I wanted to take a year away from the States before I started a university course, so a trip here seemed ideal.”

While on the sheep station, George also learned to fly a glider. “I made my first solo flight on my last day there,” he said.

He travelled by train to Mount Gambier and then to Melbourne for a week before coming to Sydney, where he is a cadet salesman with a food company which is in partnership with his father’s company.

George said his father’s company in the States made food for astronauts as well as supplying supermarkets.

He has found America and Australia superficially much the same.

“But there is a tremendous business opportunity here, I feel, as your economy is booming, while ours is slowing down,” he said. “Australia is a good place for young people to get a start.”

Because of George’s letters about Australia, his parents came for a few weeks’ visit. “I went with them to Canberra, the Snowy Mountains, and Melbourne, then they went to Alice Springs,” he said. “They were very impressed with the country.”

Asked if there was anything he didn’t like about Australia, George took a gulp, thought carefully for a minute, and said diplomatically, “I don’t like to criticise. Australia is a very young country and you can’t expect it to have all the modern conveniences we have in the States.

“I think Americans could become jealous of Australia. You have such a worry-free existence, with none of the internal strife we have. A lot of Americans could have a far better life here than in the States.”

George has had a bit of difficulty with Australian expressions at times.

“But I like picking up Australian slang. My parents noticed the difference in my speech, but they enjoyed it.”

George would like to hitchhike to Queensland and the West before he leaves Australia.

“Then I’m going to go to Tokyo, take the train across Russia, down to Paris, and fly home.”

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
Mollie Lyons



**YEARLING SALES.** Mr. John Rendall chatted with Mrs. Arthur Cooley (at left) and Miss Julianne Mackay, of Quirindi, at the first day of the yearling sales which were held at William Inglis and Sons' Newmarket Stables.



**TWOSOME.** Miss Diana Thompson and Mr. Dave Manchee, of “Luellan,” Moree, discussed some of the finer points of horse-breeding while they watched horses being paraded in the ring at the yearling sales.



**INTERSTATE VISITOR.** Miss Jennifer Downey, of “Carawatha,” Buckle, Victoria (at right), who was in Sydney for the Easter activities, with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kelly, of “Red Hill,” Bowring, at the yearling sales at Randwick.

ONE of my top three choices for the best-dressed woman in Sydney — Mrs. Patti Edwards — looked so elegant and well groomed midweek when I chatted with her at a diplomatic cocktail party. She wore the most delicate pink crepe, long-sleeved, high-necked dress, which had a softly tied belt with a jewelled tassel fringe.

AND also outstanding (but this time at the races) was Mrs. Malcolm Coppleson, whose emerald-green suede suit, which she bought in Spain, had an antique gold braid trim and gold buttons. Perfect accessories were the buckled black patent highwayman shoes and matching beehive pill-box hat.

SAD to say “au revoir” to their daughter are Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton, who have had Robin (Mrs. Hugh Somerville) staying with them from England for the past four months. She will travel home via Mexico, where she’ll spend a week before going on to London.

LOVELY surprise to see Mrs. Jim Lenahan, of Wagga, in Sydney for the yearling sales and Easter parties, although she told me she had really come down to see off her youngest daughter, Mary, for a six-month holiday overseas. Mary left in the Castel Felice and will travel via the Panama Canal to England, from where she’ll do various trips to European countries.

SPOKE with a very excited Chris Jacovides just a few minutes after his charming young wife, Judy, had given birth to a little boy at the Royal Hospital for Women at Paddington on April 17. Before their marriage she was Judy Faigen.

A BLACK-TIE dinner dance at their home at Vaucluse has been arranged by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sullivan to celebrate the 21st birthday of their son, Timothy.

BELIEVE that Senior Lecturer in Music at the University of New South Wales, Roger Covell, is arranging a splendid Rossini concert for the Dante Alighieri Society on May 3 at the Science Hall at the University.

ONE of the brightest parties on the North Shore each year is the Pymble Torch Bearers’ art exhibition. This year it’s on April 26 and 27, with the buffet-dinner preview on the first night. I believe quite a few of the viewers are going to the exhibition, then on to the Art Gallery Society weekend at Bowral.

DATES for your diary . . . the Cornucopia Committee’s Spanish Night at the John Rankins’ home on April 26. And, on May 4, the Sydney University Settlement Fair at the University, to be opened by the Minister for Social Services, Mr. W. C. Wentworth.

THE picturesque Church of St. Mary Magdalene at Rose Bay has been chosen by Clara Pez and Dennis Tildeley for their marriage on May 4. A reception will follow at the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Point Piper.

CHATTING with colorful Australian artist Bob Dickerson at the yearling sales, I was amused to learn he had backed the Doncaster winner, Unpainted. Although he admits to a few incomplete canvases at home, he was on the job at Randwick Racecourse making sketches of the people who collect the old tote tickets thrown on the ground after a race. He’s going to include a large study — which he’ll call “Emus at Randwick” — in his new exhibition, which opens at the Von Bertouch Gallery in Newcastle on May 25.

AFTER the hectic “happenings” of the Arts Festival Sydney has been the scene for many South Australian visitors, including Helen Brown, Bardi Simpson, and Sam Tolley, who flew up here for a few days’ rest. Former Sydneyites Dr. and Mrs. Ash Ahmad are here at present on his first annual leave from the Royal Adelaide Hospital.





**SMART TRIO.** Mrs. Ken Brudenell-Woods, Mrs. Michael Marling, and Miss Jill Chapman (left to right) were early arrivals at the course for the second day of racing during the Autumn Racing Carnival.



**AT LEFT:** Mrs. Barry Clinton (at left) arriving with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Taylor, jun., for Ladies' Day, which this year was held at Warwick Farm Racecourse.

**LADIES' DAY.** Most popular color combination at the four-day meeting was black and white, worn here by Mrs. Rod Mackenzie. Her companion, Mrs. Kevin McGuinness, was smart on Ladies' Day in one of the new cape ensembles.

## AUTUMN RACING CARNIVAL



**CHECKS.** Knee-high boots were popular at Randwick, and Mrs. A. Finley chose brown suede to match her check coat-dress.



**ELEGANT RACEGOERS.** Mrs. Arthur Gollan, Mrs. Leon Myerson, and Mrs. John Watson (left to right), in beautifully tailored winter suits, were among racing enthusiasts at the second day of the Autumn Racing Carnival at Randwick.



**YOUTHFUL TWOSOME.** Miss Cherie Traynor (at left) and Miss Dianne Darke, pictured on the lawns of the Members' Stand at Randwick, were two of the many well-dressed young people.



● Terribly injured in a road accident, Margaret Lester, formerly Watkins, is permanently paralysed below chest level. Yet she has married, borne three children, runs a happy home for her family.

## THE "MERMAID ON WHEELS"

—A story of courage



THE LESTERS were married in 1960, nine months after the accident, and have three children. Picture shows John holding son Kim; Margaret; and daughters Karen and Cindy. It was taken by Margaret's father, John Watkins. The family live in Melbourne.

**T**WENTY - TWO - YEAR - OLD Margaret Watkins' future was tragically and suddenly changed on a late February afternoon eight years ago.

The change needed no decision from Margaret, no deliberation. It came about in a few seconds—the time it takes for a car to skid on a curve, leave the road, and overturn into a gully.

The decisions, the deliberations faced her as she lay in the acute ward of the Spinal Injuries Centre at the Austin Hospital, Melbourne, paralysed from the chest down, and knowing that never again would she be able to walk.

Margaret had two wonderful assets in her new life. A warm, close-knit family—her father was an aeronautical engineer, her mother an artist, gay, care-free, who successfully combined discipline and freedom—and a devoted fiancé who at no time even considered cancelling their wedding plans.

The remarkable story of how Margaret, confined to a wheelchair, overcame her disability by her essentially practical and enthusiastic attitude to life, how she rehabilitated herself to marry within nine months of the accident, and gave birth to the first of three children 12 months later is told in the book "Mermaid on Wheels."

It was written by June Epstein, a close friend of Margaret and her family, as a tribute to the courageous girl—and in the hope that other disabled people will draw encouragement from a true story of heroism.

The author is giving all profits from the book to the establishment of "The Philip Ross Guest Memorial Fund for Paraplegic Children," which, it is hoped will help

the rehabilitation of paraplegic children.

Margaret, an attractive girl, had led an active life. Swimming and surfing was her favorite sport, but she enjoyed skiing, hiking, even climbing trees.

The afternoon the accident happened, Margaret, her fiancé, John Lester (now her husband), and a friend, George Hicks, were returning to Melbourne from Canberra, where they had attended a political conference.

### Wedding plan

Margaret and John had temporarily abandoned their university studies. John was doing Engineering, and Margaret, Architecture.

And, although the young couple had little money, they had set their wedding date for the following March.

No one knows how the accident occurred. It happened just after they left Holbrook and were nearing Mullangundra.

Both young men suffered fractured spines, but the spinal cords were unharmed and each spent only a few weeks in hospital.

But Margaret, who was crushed beneath the car, suffered shocking injuries. She had a severe fracture-dislocation of the upper part of the thoracic spine, which damaged her cord, her chest had been crushed, causing broken ribs and a bruising of a lung, and she had severe concussion and a fractured jaw.

Her parents, who rushed the 200 miles from Melbourne to her bedside in the Albury Base Hospital, arranged to have her transferred to the Austin Hospital in Heidelberg, the State centre for severe spinal cases.

During the three months she was in the acute ward, which held both male and

female patients, Margaret lay naked under a sheet, immobile from the chest down.

At first she was embarrassed by this, but she came to realise it was necessary. The patients, acutely ill as they were, required constant attention and highly specialised nursing, so that continual dressing and undressing would be time-consuming for the nurses.

Furthermore, the patient could not lie on rumpled clothes that could cause pressure against the unfeeling skin and create the paraplegic's dreaded "skin-break," which, because of impaired circulation, can take a long time to heal.

Every two hours a team of "turning-men" came around the ward to turn the

patients in Melbourne for three weeks.

Margaret's struggle for independence was a slow and tedious one. She found, when she took herself off in her chair to shop in the city, that she had to wait for people to lift her chair across kerbs, that lift buttons were out of arm reach, and public telephones were impossible for a disabled person to use.

But her greatest embarrassment was in connection with public toilets.

When she was in the city she found nearly all the rest-rooms had doorways that were too narrow, or turnstiles, or flights of steps.

Once, after having to use a toilet, the door of which she couldn't close, in a room lined with floor-length mirrors, while women shoppers,

accident Margaret retained no fear of driving—visited museums, went to fashion parades, travelled on her own by train to San Diego, and had a wonderful day at Disneyland.

And on her way home she astonished everyone on Waikiki beach when she swam in the surf.

"Paraplegics needn't stop doing anything if they really want to do it badly," she wrote. "People spend too much time worrying about things that don't matter."

John and Margaret were living in a rented home when their first baby was born. For the first two weeks Margaret had a council housekeeper to help her, but then she was on her own.

Her own personal toilet routines took a long time in an inconvenient house, and she had to cope with the demands of a hungry and incontinent little baby.

She couldn't get the wheelchair into the laundry to do the washing, nor outside to hang it up, which meant she had to do the washing in a handbasin and leave everything for John to peg out when he came home.

### Learning came

Sterilising the bottles was frightening when she had to lean from a wheelchair and manage heavy saucepans of boiling water on a stove which was the wrong height.

But from every experience came learning. Today things are different. The Lesters own their own home in North Balwyn (Vic.) with a swimming-pool, which has a hoist by which Margaret can haul herself in and out.

The pool was a gift from Margaret's grandfather.

A ramp runs from the front door to the garden, the bathroom, toilet, and laundry are easily accessible, and she can even wheel her chair out on to the back

veranda, down another ramp to the clothesline.

Her washing-up sink allows her to wheel her chair under it, cupboards are convenient, and it is as comfortable and well-run a house as that of any young woman on two strong legs.

In 1963, not long after the birth of her second daughter, Karen—all her babies were caesareans—Margaret went back to the university and completed her degree in Architecture.

She drives her own car, does her household shopping at the supermarket, goes to the hairdresser, or takes the children to the health centre, the doctor, the dentist, and the kindergarten.

In a paper she read at a conference of the Australian Council of Rehabilitation of Disabled, Margaret told her audience that the management of babies was quite easy.

"At the crawling and toddling stage, they learn to move quickly when mother called 'beep, beep, beep' from the wheelchair. Now they command me to 'beep, beep' when I bar the way to a tricycle or doll's pram."

"Children whose mothers are disabled learn to wash and dress themselves, go shopping, and take telephone messages at a very early age."

"My three-and-a-half-year-old enjoys washing up. She helps make the beds and generally assists with fetching and putting things away."

"I have accepted the disability of paraplegia as such, but I also resolved to surmount it on absolutely all occasions."

"Once this positive decision has been made, the major portion of rehabilitation is achieved."

"MERMAID ON WHEELS." The story of Margaret Lester, by June Epstein; published by Ure Smith, Sydney. \$3.95.

By GLORIA NEWTON

patients from side to side and on their back.

Gradually her jaw healed, she was able to eat solid foods, and she was given a wheelchair.

From the acute ward she moved to Ward 17, where she began a special program of rehabilitation. She was taught how to manipulate herself in and out of a wheelchair, how to shower herself, toilet herself; and given exercises to strengthen her arms, which would soon have to take over the task of managing her powerless trunk and legs.

She was encouraged to join in games—table tennis, darts, basketball, and her favorite sport, swimming.

Generally, people suffering from Margaret's disability take at least nine months before they are ready to leave hospital. After seven months she announced she was leaving because she had a job—demonstrating and explaining the features of the Ideal Homes Exhibition, held

powdering their noses, looked on in astonishment, she told her mother she knew why some paraplegics never go out in public.

John Lester was most astonished when some people, including Margaret's doctor, asked him if he still intended going ahead with the marriage.

Margaret, happily wheeling herself down to Malvern Junction, bought most of her trousseau herself, and had designed her wedding gown to look its best in a sitting-down position.

Not long after they were married, and while she was expecting her first baby, Margaret was given an opportunity to fly to America and stay as a guest at a rehabilitation centre outside Los Angeles.

She enjoyed every minute of it. She swam in the pool at the Reef Hotel, Honolulu, drove along the freeway at Los Angeles, which she thought magnificent—strangely enough, after her





● Lindsey House, Darling Point, N.S.W., an elegant example of Scottish Gothic Revival, where the antiques sale will be held next week.

## Crimson wallpaper to flatter the complexion

A GEORGE III solid gold snuff-box and a late 17th-century Dutch marquetry table, inlaid with various woods and overlaid with ivory—these have pride of place at an exhibition of antiques that opens in Sydney next week.

They also will temporarily out the 19th-century treasures of historic Lindsey House, the first house to be built on Darling Point (in 1834) and now the newest "hunting ground" for antique-lovers.

The ground floor of the one-time home of Sir Thomas Mitchell, Surveyor-General, and Sir Charles Nicholson, founder of the University of Sydney, will be transformed into miniature antique "shops" for the Exhibition and Sale of Antiques.

The sale is being organised by the Lindsey Committee, one of the many committees of the National Trust.

"We have invited seven leading Sydney antique dealers to exhibit and sell at Lindsey," said Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, chairman of the committee. "It will be rather like the Antique Dealers'

Fair at Grosvenor House, London, but on a much smaller scale, of course.

"It's the first time an exhibition of antiques has been handled in such a way in

By VALERIE CARR

Australia. We hope it will become an annual event."

Mrs. Blaxland said she would not know the total value of the antiques until the dealers had set up their stands. "But every piece will be of value and beauty, and no later than 1865."

Her special pride and joy is a late 18th-century Robert Adam mirror from England.

It has a whole wall to itself in the library, and the classic gilt frame looks at home against the English wallpaper printed with the original

18th- and early 19th-century blocks. Mrs. Blaxland said: "The National Trust has bought the mirror for Government House in Parramatta, the oldest building in Australia, which we are in the process of restoring. It's a terribly exciting project."

(The National Trust is also restoring Lindsey House and its gardens to their former glory.)

The praise of collectors, connoisseurs, and the public, who make their way along Carthona Avenue (little more than a leafy lane only a few miles from the city's heart) to this world of antiques, will not be for the exhibits alone.

No "shop" ever had a finer setting.

### Fine garden

The library and drawing-room overlook a sweeping lawn shaded by jacarandas, gums, and native shrubs.

"It's the smallest piece in existence treated in the manner of Capability Brown, the 18th-century English landscape gardener," said Mrs. Blaxland, laughing. "He worked in acres, while this garden is in feet."

Even more beautiful is the view from the dining-room

● Italian Revival garden at Lindsey House. "Statue of Summer," left, has sheaf of wheat; "Spring" carries a basket of tiny flowers.



● Late 18th-century Robert Adam mirror, discovered in London by Trevor Potts (left), one of the seven dealers taking part in next week's antiques exhibition. With him is Mrs. J. A. Pockley, chairman of the National Trust Garden Group. "All old mirrors seem to make women look their best," she said.

of an Italian Revival garden — or "secret garden" — complete with gently playing fountain, box hedges, and early 19th-century statues of the four seasons that once graced a garden in Italy.

The dining-room itself is filled with the rosy glow of crimson wallpaper and will certainly cause comment among women antique hunters. (That is, the ones who like to be seen in a flattering light!)

Said Mrs. J. A. Pockley, chairman of the National Trust Garden Group, "The 19th-century English domestic writer J. C. Loudon recommended crimson wallpaper because it was so becoming to the ladies' complexions."

The Exhibition and Sale opens splendidly at 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday, May 1. Tickets, \$3.50 each, include refreshments. Admission from Thursday, May 2, to Sunday, May 5 — 11 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. — is 50c.







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● "The Dick Van Dyke Show," one of TCN9's most famous and most popular TV series, is rapidly becoming a show-business legend all over the world.

By NAN MUSGROVE



TV's most popular husband-and-wife team, Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore.

## VIEWERS WON'T LET GO!

SHOWING continuously on TCN9 for five years, "The Dick Van Dyke Show" has been almost constantly listed among the ten most popular top-rated shows.

This is not strange in a show of its calibre — it is splendid TV, a domestic comedy that touches continually, although lightly, on serious subjects, and touches on, like religion, race, politics, money.

What is strange is that production of the show was stopped more than two years ago because its producers, writers, and actors wanted it to finish before it slid off its top-quality pinnacle.

Viewers, however, refuse to be parted from "The Dick Van Dyke Show." In America it is still showing five days a week in never-ending repeats.

In Sydney, it has never been off the TV screen since it started on TCN9 on May 13, 1963, just a whisker off five years ago.

At present it is on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7 p.m. in its third repeat season.

There were 158 half-hour shows made and Australians are content to watch them

over and over, week after week.

At TCN9 executives speak of the show with awe and telecast it continuously — Episode 158 ends a season one week, and Episode 1 starts the new season the following week.

Show-business experts put its popularity down to its quality and stars, Dick Van Dyke, Mary Tyler Moore, Morey Amsterdam, and Rose Marie.

Of the quartet, it was undoubtedly Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore as Rob and Laura Petrie who made the show compulsive viewing.

Dick Van Dyke has proved himself to be one of TV and movies' top drawcards.

Pretty Mary herself, with her long legs, good shape, and slightly buck-toothed big smile, has become an American TV legend — she is just as popular with American women as men.

The American woman generally dislikes any woman her man drools over.

American men do drool over Mary. They say she combines sex, glamor, efficiency, and warmth, and the women, the middle-class suburban housewives of America, identify themselves with her as Laura.

### Women's reasons

Interviewed recently, Mary Tyler Moore gave her opinion of why women like her.

"They saw me on the screen as Laura Petrie, beautifully dressed and coiffed and loving every minute of it, and it sort of comforted housewives to know a completely domestic life could be like this," she said.

"I was what they wanted to be. I was them. I was fun, easy-going, outgoing, always ready to have a good time, but dependable, too. Sexy but wholesome."

When the series started, Mary always wore dresses or skirts, but the producers suddenly decided to put Laura into very tight-fitting slacks.

The American sponsors thought it was a mistake, so

Laura went back to dresses. An avalanche of protest letters poured into the studios asking why. Slacks, the letters said, were comfortable, becoming, sexy, practical, etc. Laura went back to slacks.

According to a recent serious fashion survey, Laura Petrie's slacks were responsible for them becoming the biggest trend of the mid-'sixties in the American woman's casual attire.

Mary, a big movie success now ("Thoroughly Modern Millie" was her first film), says it was very sad to break up the TV show.

"It wasn't like doing a job," she said. "It was like a very pleasant annex to your home to which we went every day."

### Happy family

"There was real camaraderie there. Carl Reiner (the writer) is like a father, Dick a brother, and Rosie and Morey cousins."

"I met Dick the other day and he said to me: 'This is a cold, hard world we've discovered since we left each other.'"

"He is right. When you step out of a dream, life's like that."

Even if the dream has ended, it must be very warming to the stars' egos to have viewers all over the world still eager to watch them and keep on doing so.

If TCN9's viewers have their way, the series will be with us for ever.

★ ★ ★

ABC-TV newsreader James Dibble gets my award for the best subliminal advertising of the week over the recent ECAFE session.

"The Governor General, Lord Casey, opened ECAFE today," Dibble read.

His pronunciation of the initials conjured up visions of an important new instant coffee factory being opened.

It wasn't. Lord Casey was opening the 24th session of the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, with 29 nations, not 43 beans, present.

### Mainly true science-fiction

"STAR TREK," TCN9's series (Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) that is nearly first-class science-fiction, is one of my TV additions.

I get cranky when its producers stick to the conventions of earthbound horror movies where monsters must have recognisable forms. But there are enough episodes with a true SF touch to make it worth watching.

One of the real SF episodes was a recent show called "Obsession," in which Captain Kirk (William Shatner), against the wishes of the crew, battled a space creature that was a formless gas with a mind and a smell of honey.

The gas lived on the red corpses of humans, killed crew members who were outside the Enterprise, then invaded the ship looking for more blood.

It was a good episode that kept me glued to the TV bug-eyed till pointy-eared Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy), who is half earthman and half Vulcanite, foiled the gas.

### Green "blood"

Spock, like all natives from the planet Vulcan, doesn't have blood, he has green fluid based on copper.

When the gas got a helping of Spock's green instead of rich-red blood, based on iron, it shot through space like that well-known Bondi tram.

Mr. Spock sets some problems for earth journalists. For instance, is Mr. Spock's green fluid called "blood"? And how is he introduced, as he has no christian name?

This has been no difficulty until his parents figured in a recent episode called "Journey to Babel." They were called Amanda and

Sarek Spock, but their only child is simply "Mr. Spock."

Spock's mother turned out to be Jane Wyatt, who for so many years was a well-adjusted wife and mother on earth as Mrs. Jim Anderson in Robert Young's TV series "Father Knows Best."

She called Mr. Spock "Spock," in an accent that made it sound like "Spark," but his Vulcanite father, Sarek (Mark Lenard), ignored him.

Mrs. Spock obviously wanted to act like an earth mother and pet her boy, Mr. Spock, and ask about the food on the Enterprise, laundry problems, and the female ensigns in the sexy uniforms.

Sarek Spock, who, like all Vulcanites has logic and no emotions, wouldn't allow this, and kept mother and son separated.

The Spock family relations were eventually smoothed out when, after a murderous attack was made on Sarek Spock, Mr. Spock donated some of his green fluid to transfuse his dad.

The two male Spocks, lying in the sick-bay recovering, were the centre of a fuss from Mrs. Spock.

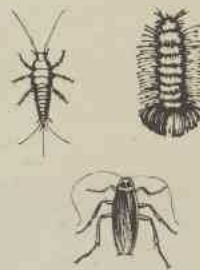
Spock said to his dad: "Irrational, isn't she?" and Dad said, "She's always been that way," in a rather un-Vulcanite, loving way.

"Journey to Babel" also solved another riddle.

A space journalist asked Sarek Spock how he had come to marry an earth woman. His answer was a good one for any earth man, although it was pure Vulcan: "At the time," he said, "it seemed very logical."

## Protect Your Home From Winter Insect Pests

Intensive scientific research into the most powerful insect-killing substance known that is lethal to insects yet perfectly harmless to humans and pets, led to the development of a powerful new insecticide which is completely safe to spray anywhere in the home, even near food, in places where food is stored or in the presence of children and pets.



To effectively eliminate insect pests such as cockroaches, silverfish, and carpet beetles, which are attracted into the home during the winter by the warmth provided by hot water storage tanks, stoves, radiators, etc., spray regularly with a safe powerful insecticide. It is important to kill these annoying pests and to destroy their nests by spraying in and around all likely places where they may be lurking with safe, powerful Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide. The wide umbrella-spreading action of Pea-Beu penetrates into every corner of the room, reaches into cupboards — even into the backs of drawers, effectively eliminating all insects, no matter where they hide.



As warmth and darkness are conditions extremely favourable to cockroach life, the areas where they breed should be dusted with an everlasting insecticide powder. Odourless, non-poisonous Pea-Beu powder should be sprinkled around the base of your refrigerator, in tiny cracks and crevices, in food cupboards and other areas where their presence may be suspected.

Pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide and Pea-Beu cockroach powder are now available from chemists and stores and are the safe effective way of destroying all insect pests in your home.

### Tommy Hanlon's

#### Thought for the week

Mamma once said, when I asked her what a bachelor was, "Well, my dear, there are a lot of different definitions. Some people say he's a man who looks, but never leaps. Others claim he's a man who thinks marriage is a pretty expensive way to get free laundry. Most married men say them, but sometimes I think they are very lonely people."

**MOMMA'S MORAL:** "A bachelor is a man who believes only the brave deserve the fair, but is still glad he's a coward."

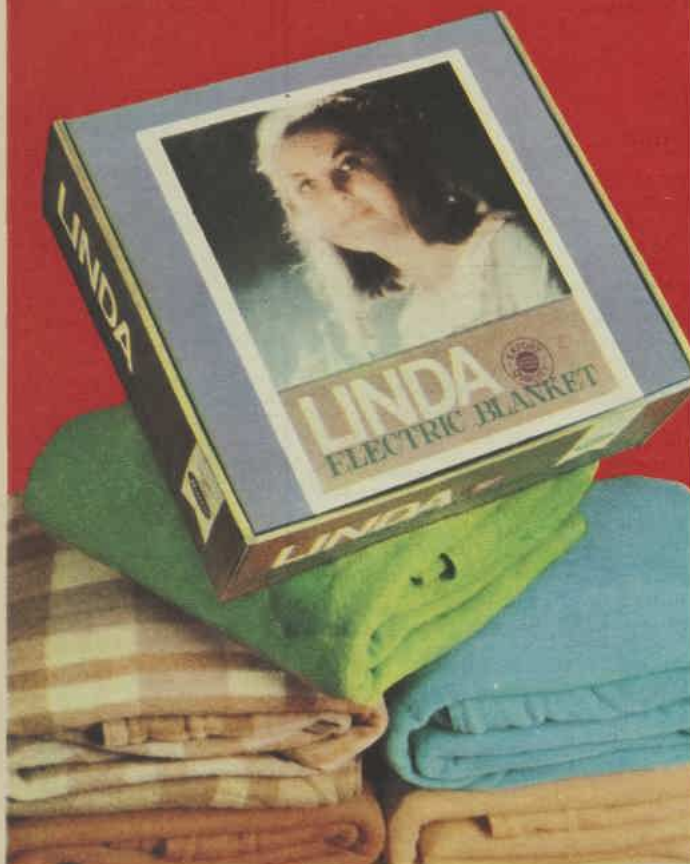
READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



She'll love the new looks of LINDA



LINDA ELECTRIC BLANKETS



LINDA FRYPAN



LINDA ELECTRIC JUG



LADY LINDA HAIRDRYER



LINDA ELECTRIC SLIPPER



Sleep wonderfully warm—Live wonderfully well with LINDA

#### LINDA ELECTRIC BLANKETS

Choose from six exciting new '68 fashion colours in over a dozen sizes and models. The elements are snug-fit channelled, deep down into pure new lambswool — for extra softness and luxurious comfort. No wonder more than one million people feel more secure — sleep wonderfully warm — with Linda. From \$9.95. Ask for Linda Export Quality!

#### LINDA 'ARMOURCOTE' FRYPAN

New! Lets you mix, scoop, stir to your heart's content with any metal utensil. Linda's non-stick, abrasion-resistant 'Armourcote' can take it. Nothing sticks, scratches, or stains! With a round element for more even heat, better cooking. A high, handsome lid to take a turkey — or two chickens — with vegetables! Tilt legs — and removable handles for total immersion. From \$27.00 (with free cook book).

#### LINDA ELECTRIC JUG

It's a chromium-plated glamour appliance designed to sit proudly with your best teaset! Unlike ordinary jugs, it's fitted with a life-time, metal-enclosed element which heats 20% faster than an electric kettle and is removable for thorough cleaning. Full 3-pint capacity. Heat-resistant base. Pours without steam burn. Priced at \$12.95.

#### LADY LINDA HAIRDRYER

A walkabout hairdryer with latest lever action. Whisper quiet, beautifully constructed. Features a unique safety cut-out to avoid overheating. Advanced design bouffant bonnet with over 100 air vents gives faster, more even drying. Make sure yours is the best — a Lady Linda! (Comes with or without vanity case.) Priced from \$16.95.

#### LINDA ELECTRIC SLIPPER

Coziest slipper you've ever blessed or caressed your feet with! Luxurious pink, blue or red lambswool, each with fleecy white collar. This lovely Linda slipper warms to a gentle 65°-70°. Marvellous for chilblain sufferers! Ideal for office workers, TV watchers, invalids, nursing mothers and students. (The lambswool cover is fully washable.) \$11.95.

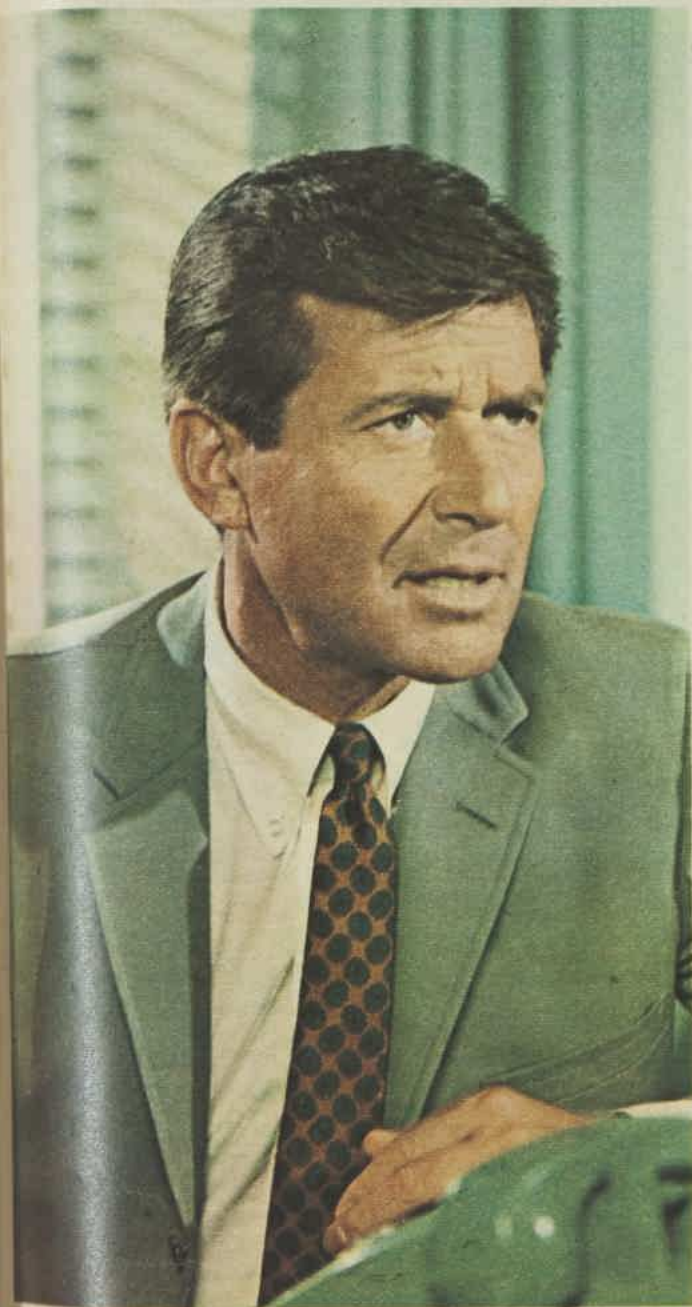
CHOOSE FROM RALTA'S FAMILY



OF LINDA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS



## Strong, silent type charms the viewers



**E**EFREM ZIMBALIST Jr. (pictured above) has gathered a huge following of fans since his starring role in "The FBI," the show based on closed cases from actual FBI files. Executive producer of the series, Quinn Martin, explaining Zimbalist's popularity, said, "He has a marvellous quality of being intellectually tough without looking like a rough guy." He might also have mentioned the actor's debonair good looks, fine physique, and that heart-melting, strong, silent-type charm.

Apart from his work, Zimbalist, aged 48, is an interesting all-round man. The son of a concert violinist and an opera star, he likes to read 17th-century books and he composes classical music and plays the violin. And, because he plays tennis and swims a great deal, he is so tanned he does not need to wear make-up on camera.

• "The FBI" may be seen on ABC-TV in all States on Saturdays at 7.30 p.m. except Melbourne and Perth, where it is shown at 7.45 p.m.

**Television**



## Venetian Orange

...brilliant example of the fresh crop of 36 fashion colours in Emu Filigree Mohair



Here you go again . . . knitting more expertly than ever with soft-as-swansdown Filigree. Warm and wispy-light. Wonderfully economical to work with because Emu spin longest, springiest young mohair fleeces and each ball goes further. Handwashes like mad and too, so all those pure tints delicate two-tones keep glowing.

Emu Leaflet No. 0215 gives instructions for this long-line V-neck button through. At all Emu Wool counters.

**Emu** for colour

Distributed by:  
D. & W. Murray—N.S.W., Vic., Old., Tas.  
Goode Durrant & Murray—S.A., W.A.



# "Having a wonderful time"

● At Sotheby's, the London auction rooms where Rembrandts and Renoirs change hands, 1600 originals of Donald McGill's brash postcards, which generations of holidaying Britons inflicted on friends, brought £2000 sterling.

**D**ONALD MCGILL'S postcard jokes of the 'twenties and 'thirties made their point with all the subtlety of a sledgehammer.

He knew only two kinds of female—the giggling flapper and the giggling flopper.

His flappers were always on the point of being compromised. His floppers were uncompromisable and uncompromising. They were in full control of their uncontrollable bulk.

They were fat and 40 and married and militant. They were unsinkable, even in the chilly waters of Blackpool, Margate, Brighton, Scarborough, and Skegness.

Like Leviathans they floated, floundered, flirted, and flabbergasted. Their males were undersized, undernourished, understated, and under-the-thumb. They took the blame when crab, shrimp, eel, lobster, codfish, squid, or octopus made an underwater pass at their matriarchal mates.

McGill's men were bruised and bewildered by the bulk of the women who sat on their knees in collapsible deckchairs, or who called for their ineffectual life-saving efforts two yards from the beach, or who tried to make a 7st. swimsuit fit a 20st. figure.

Donald McGill's world was the half-awake world of the 'twenties and 'thirties, the early dawning of emancipation for women — and for men.

## Naughty, saucy

For the first time, the miners, the shipyard workers, the navvies, the mill-hands, the shop assistants, the farm laborers could afford a seaside holiday.

Until World War I ended, Britain's "watering places" had been the province of the well-to-do.

The palm-courts, the terraces, the esplanades, and the croquet lawns underwent a swift sea-change with the working-class invasion of the 'twenties.

"I Do Like To Be Beside the Seaside" was then — and still is — one of the most emotive of British music-hall and pub songs.

There was something relaxed, free, compulsively gay about the pebbly beaches and the bathing machines, and the clingy knitted-wool swimsuits and the funny "what-the-butler-saw" peepshows on the pier.

Naughty, even saucy, in fact. Donald McGill put his finger on it. His humor was totally escapist, essentially naive, unblushingly vulgar, fundamentally sexual, but it was never "dirty." It was crude rather than rude — and it made people laugh.

It might be raining in Blackpool or blowing a gale in Skeg-

ness, but you could still send a postcard to your relatives and friends, trapped at home or at work, boasting you were having a marvellous time in a special world where Victorian primness had evaporated and happiness was a buxom beauty bursting out of a too-tight swimsuit.

For half a century, McGill worked like a beaver, painting up to ten postcards a week for fees measured in shillings rather than pounds.

His braw, brash, breezy style gave him a virtual monopoly of the field, and 100 million of his postcards were sold before he died in 1962, aged 87, leaving only £735 sterling.

## Social "message"

Three generations of Britons inflicted McGill's inoffensive bawdiness on their friends and relatives through the post, and now a fourth generation is crediting him with a deep social "message" which probably never crossed his mind.

George ("1984") Orwell once wrote of McGill's postcards: "What you are really looking at is something as traditional as Greek tragedy, a sort of sub-world of smacked bottoms and scrawny mothers-in-law, which is a part of Western European consciousness."

Did this occur to McGill when he trotted out his cast of characters for the postcard trade? His stereotypes were the red-nosed drunk, the shy honeymooner, the nagging mother-in-law, the rolling-pin housewife, the roly-poly bather, the girl surprised in the bathroom, and the doctor surprised in his surgery.

Did the people who wrote "Wish You Were Here" on his postcards recognise any part of themselves or their lives in McGill's work?

Nobody knows. Nobody bothered to find out.

But artistically, if not socially, McGill's work is undergoing revaluation. Some of his original grace the walls of Annabel's, London's smartest nightclub.

And recently, at Sotheby's the auction rooms where the auctioneer's take is ten per cent of a king's ransom, Donald McGill's originals came up for sale.

There were 1600 in one lot, stacked unceremoniously in cardboard packing cases. They brought £2000 (\$4300) — knocked down to an Ontario dealer who hopes to resell them singly, or in sets, doubtless at a profit, if, as is not unlikely, McGill ever becomes a fad.

Two thousand pounds for 1600 drawings doesn't sound like a great deal of money. But it is still a lot more than Donald McGill had when he died.

—LARRY BOY



Sea bottom at Brighton



"Good heavens! I dreamt I was married!"



Left: "Do you think I need to take anything more off, Doctor? It was mother I came to see you about!"





Above: "What do you mean — looking for bags with false bottoms?"

Below: "I'm just bursting with rude health at Margate."



Above: "You can't come in. I'm half naked!"  
"Well, I'll shut one eye!"

Right: "I'm contented with my lot at Blackpool."







Better things for better living... through chemistry. "Du Pont" is a registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibres, not the hosiery shown here. Sole distributors in Australia and New Zealand: H. Ross (Melbourne).

London says legs

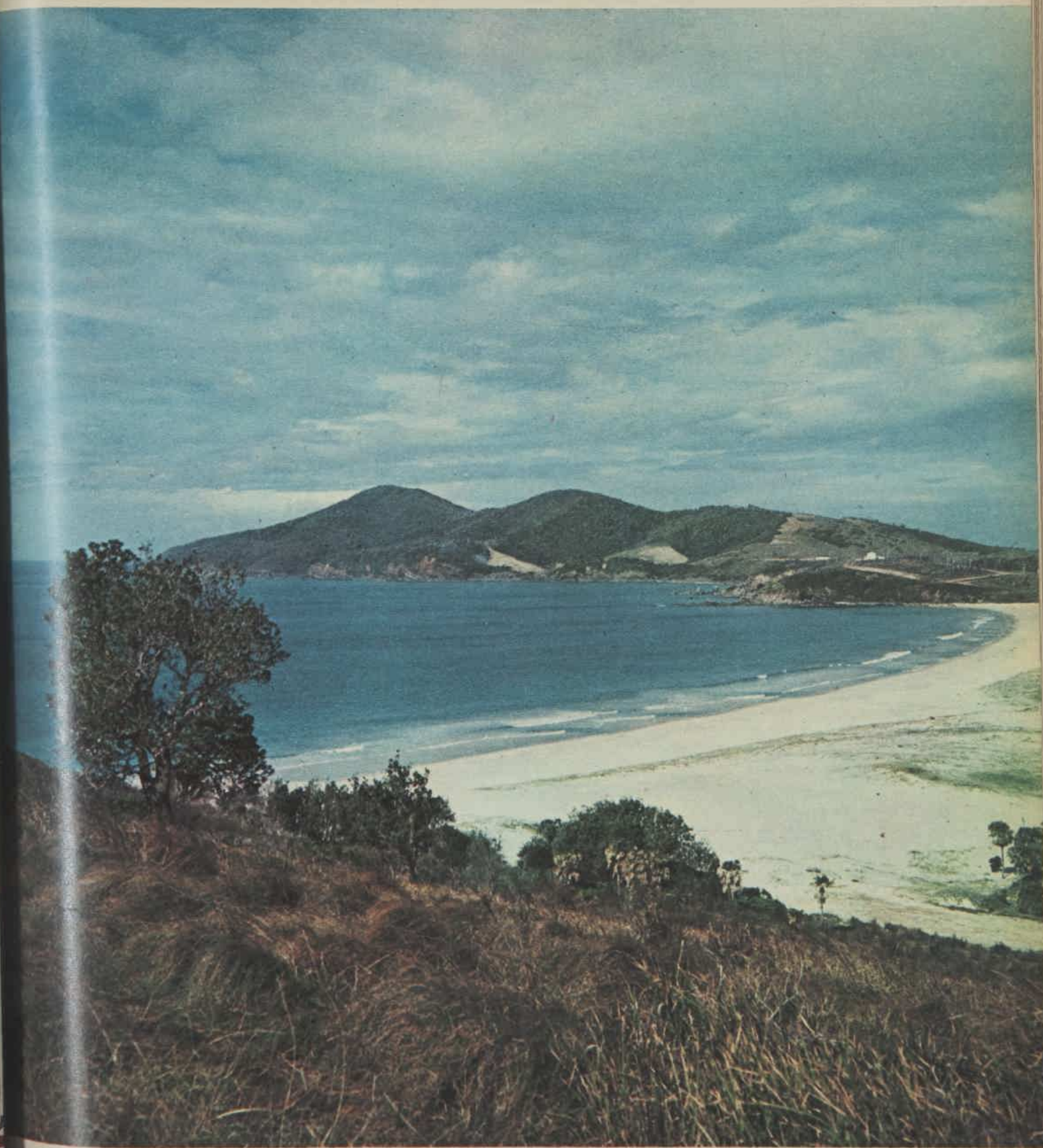
kayser  
says  
cantreце\*



Skirts have reached an all time high! What will fashion do next? Thank goodness for panty-hose! Gives you a great start—especially when they're made from Du Pont's very special nylon 'Cantrece'. English model Penny Yates says Hip-Hi Hose from Kayser are perfect for the mini-minis! Made from 'Cantrece' nylon they have a soft matte finish, new no-wrinkle comfort. Stretch gives impeccable fit. 'Cantrece' nylon, for the world's most wonderful panty-hose: Hip-Hi Hose by Kayser. \$2.50.







## HEADLANDS IN A QUIET SEA

**T**HE rounded knoll of Bennett's Head, bright with tawny grasses and stands of banksia, looks across the sand dunes and sea of One Mile Beach to the neighboring headland of Cape Hawke. This lovely beach, typical of this part of the New South Wales coast, is near the towns of Forster and Tuncurry, which face each other across the mouth of Wallis Lake. The lake estuary is a popular spot for fishermen.

Picture by Mr. R. Kembrey, of Mayfield, N.S.W.

**BEAUTIFUL  
AUSTRALIA**





# Enter this easy contest...

**First Prize: \$5,000. Second Prize: \$2,000. Third Prize: \$1,000.**  
**Plus 100 consolation prizes of Cadbury's delicious products**

How many cows are there in the huge Cadbury herd? The answer to this question can be found in the following clues. Read them carefully, then make your calculation on the entry form in this advertisement. Your entry could win one of the three terrific cash prizes, or one of the novel consolation prizes.

**HERE'S THE FIRST CLUE:** The Cadbury herd provides an average of 26,767 gallons of milk daily... so when we talk about oceans of sweet, fresh milk that go into Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate, we really mean it.

**HERE'S ANOTHER CLUE:** The Cadbury herd is distributed over 285 farms. This assures better care for the herd, quicker handling of the milk, quicker

delivery to Cadbury's own dairies... all of which helps to make fresher, creamier tasting Dairy Milk Chocolate.

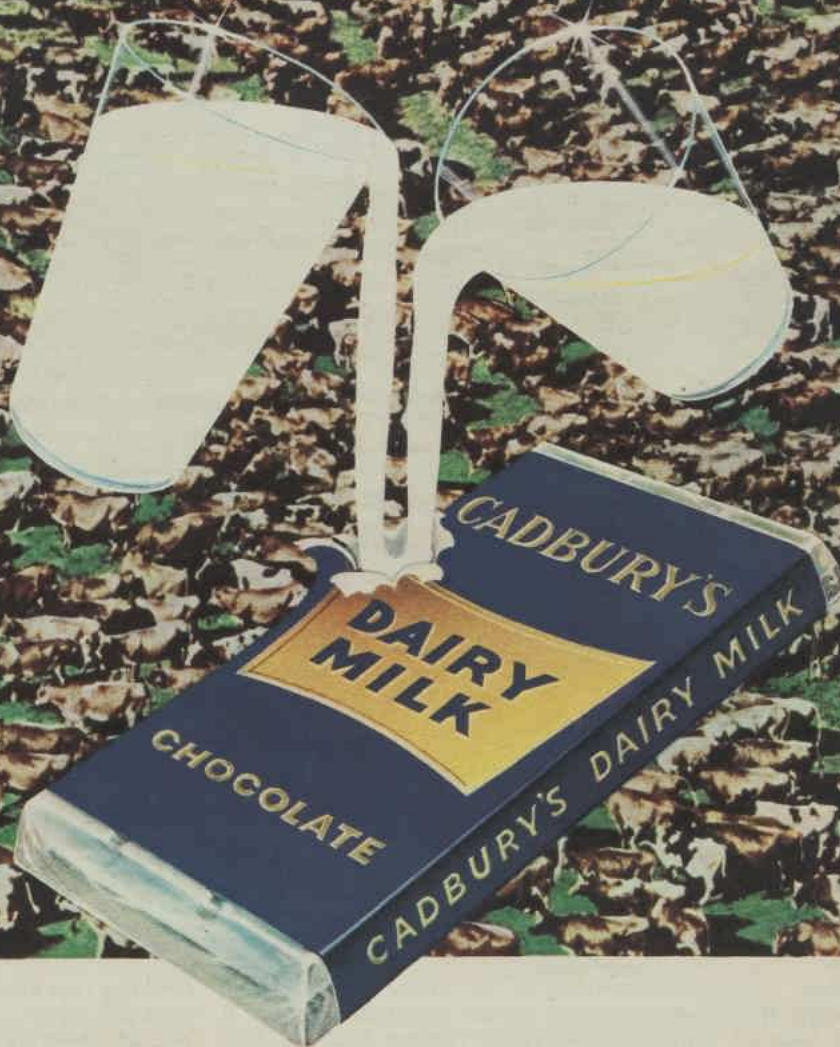
**ANOTHER CLUE:** Each cow provides an average of 13 pints of milk daily.

**AND STILL ANOTHER CLUE:** There's a glass and a half of pure, fresh full-cream milk in every half pound of Dairy Milk Chocolate... that's why it has that creamy, creamy Cadbury taste.

Now send in your completed entry form. Remember, you can enter as often as you like and there are free entry forms wherever Cadbury's block chocolate is sold.

**Entries close 31st May! Send yours in now!**





PART OF THE CADBURY HERD

# there's \$8,000 to be won

(Cut out this entry form)

## HERE'S HOW TO ENTER.

There are three parts to be filled in.

1. Calculate the number of cows in the Cadbury herd from the clues provided in this advertisement, and write your answer in the space provided.

'I calculate there are \_\_\_\_\_ cows in the Cadbury herd.'

2. Complete the following sentence using not more than 10 extra words.

'I like Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate because \_\_\_\_\_'

3. Print your name and full address here

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Post your entry to  
Cadbury's 'How Many Cows' Contest  
G.P.O. Box 5000Z, Hobart, Tasmania, 7001

## READ THESE RULES

There is no entry fee • Send as many entries as you like  
• Entries may be on plain paper • All entries will be examined • The prizes will be awarded to those entrants who correctly calculate the number of cows and whose sentence completion is considered most apt and original • Judges decision will be final, and no correspondence will be entered into • Closing date for receipt of entries is Friday, 31st May, 1968 • All prize winners will be notified by mail, and major prize winners will be listed in the daily press on Thursday, 20th June. Anyone can enter except employees (and their families) of Cadbury Fry Pascall Australia Limited, their Subsidiaries and advertising agents.





## NEW **RONSON** TABLE CHEF

serves up a whole new fun-world of table-side cooking

**Cooks or warms right at the table!** The Table Chef is a portable 'gas-range' that cooks with the clean, odourless heat of Varafume butane. The adjustable flame offers a complete range of temperatures for all types of dishes. You cook old favourites or exotic new

recipes, right at the table. Try Sukiyaki. Swiss Fondue. Crepe Suzettes. Flambe. A new, Special Issue Recipe Book is free with your Table Chef and tells you how. You dial the heat you want with the control knob at the tip of the handle. Use a high setting for rapid heating, boiling liquids,

cooking raw meat and vegetables or raising cooking oils to the correct temperature. You can deep fry, braise or percolate coffee and keep it piping hot at a medium setting. The warming of thick soup or casseroles is done at a low setting. The Table Chef is so versatile.



**\$29.95**

Ronson Table Chef and Special Issue Recipe Book complete with 'Ceramiware' Frypan by Susie Ann

# RONSON

**NEW TABLE CHEF DOES EVERYTHING YOUR KITCHEN RANGE CAN DO ANY PLACE YOU WANT IT TO**



Page 24



It's all good, clean fun. No smoke. No odour. No spills. No splatters. Ronson Table Chef burns only clean butane gas — from a Multi-Fill injector that will last for up to 13 hours of low-flame cooking. You fill it as easily as your Ronson gas cigarette lighter.

### CERAMIWARE BY *"Susie Ann"*

The new fashion look in cook-n-serve ware — tough and beautiful 'Ceramiware'. Heart of even-heating open hearth steel with Ceramiware fired-on both sides. The surface is so tough it invites stirring — can never fade or chip. See the whole series of pans, casseroles, pots in new 'Ceramiware' by Susie Ann.

75711

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1968



## SEPARATE LIVING AREAS

● Designed by the owner, Mr. A. Aloni, for his family's comfort and convenience, this 40-square house in Brighton, Vic., has two living areas, one for the children, the other, quite separate, for the parents.

Continued overleaf



Landing (above) is central feature of Mr. and Mrs. A. Aloni's house at Brighton, Vic. Silky-look wallpaper offsets the lacquered Japanese papier-mache butterfly pictures. The gold-painted wrought-iron staircase has teak handrail.



## HOUSE of the WEEK

Pictures by  
Michael Coyne

"Where we practically live" — The Alonis' swimming-pool in the back garden, with five-year-old Jonathan floating in his canoe. Children's wing, right, has steps (not shown) leading down from the railed deck. Below is store-room door.

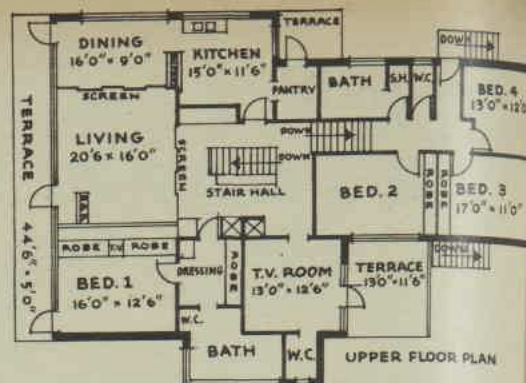
Three steel square columns, with flower-filled tubs at the bases, support the wide deck at front of house. Unusual letter-box, of pre-cut reinforced concrete, is painted in light and dark brown tonings to simulate the bark of a tree.







Living-room has Japanese-style sliding doors and a feature wall of teak with built-in storage cupboards and shelves for Mrs. Aloni's favorite Venetian glass pieces. Parquet floor is of hickory from Queensland.



# RAZZLE DAZZLE DRESS?

# MATCH UP YOUR SHOES! EASY! WITH MELTONIAN COLOUR CHANGE.



Colour them matching. Colour them contrasting. Colour them fun! Easy! With Meltonian Colour Change: now available in 31 exciting fashion shades. Colour Change goes over any shade of shoe: dark, light or bright. Perfect for fabric, mesh or leather (not for suede or patent). So easy to apply you can Colour Change one pair of shoes as often as you fancy: and match and mix with all your clothes, at only 75 cents a time! And to keep all shoes looking shiny and scuff-free, use Meltonian Renovating Polish. Its deeper colour pigment restores smoothness, lustre and good-as-new looks. At all shoe shops and shoe repairers. Ask for our "Shoe Care and Colour" Leaflet.



## HOUSE of the WEEK

continued . . .

**B**EFORE designing his house, with its separate living areas for adults and children, Mr. A. Aloni, of Brighton, Vic., looked round for a site that would be particularly suitable for the children.

"It is in a quiet court which is ideal for children's safety and is only 500 yards from the beach," Mr. Aloni said. "The children's schools are within walking distance, too."

Built on three levels, the house, on the street frontage, covers nearly all the width of the land—56 feet. Its severe lines are softened by three steel square columns with flower-filled tubs at the bases. The columns support a wide terrace, which has a wrought-iron, steel-slat veranda edge. At each end a glass wall acts as a wind break.

Mr. and Mrs. Aloni's living-room, dining-room and bedroom open on to the deck. Their bedroom is a self-contained suite with a tiny hall and door which separate it from the rest of the house.

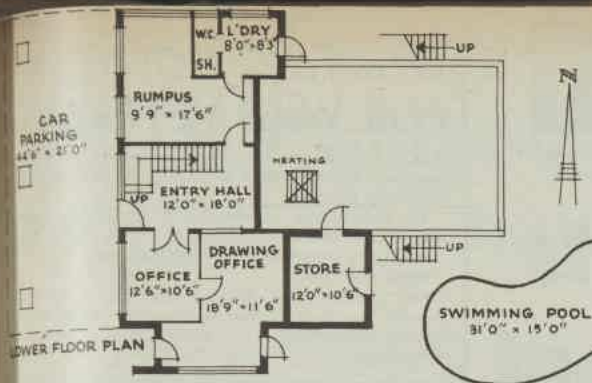
The children, aged 15, 12, and five, have their own bedrooms, bathroom, and television room, with access across a deck and down steps to the kidney-shaped heated swimming-pool.

On the ground floor Mr. Aloni's office, a rumpus-room, and the entrance hall. In the centre of the house is the landing where the walls are papered in a silk paper with a gold look which makes an effective background for some lacquered Japanese paper mache butterfly pictures.

The terrazzo entrance hall and staircase give a cool, open feeling. The staircase, supported on steel channels, has balustrade of gold-painted, square wrought-iron and a terrazzo handrail.

The children's section on the mezzanine floor. The third level contains a kitchen and breakfast room through to the dining area which leads into the living





In main bedroom a convertible day bed is covered to match gay cotton bedspreads, bolsters, and curtains. Teak storage wall at right conceals a television set, which has remote control from beds.



room. These two rooms can be separated by sliding doors, which are panelled in clear plastic.

Centrally heated throughout, the house is comfortably furnished without being too lavish.

The living-room has an oriental flavor. It is a colorful room with Japanese-style sliding doors, an entire wall of teak built-in cupboards for storage, and a stereogram, and with shelves for Mrs. Aloni's favorite Venetian glass pieces.

On the parquet floor (of Queensland hickory) is a beautiful Spanish rug in vibrant red, orange, and black. Heavy silk full-length red curtains are pulled across at night and cover fibreglass centre curtains which, during the day, filter the hot afternoon sun from the west.

Ceramic fighting cocks in turquoise match the turquoise wool tweed covering of the sofa and tub chairs. Teak tables are scattered about the room, and there is an unobtrusive cocktail bar with a brass railing footrest built into the window wall.

Teak is featured in most rooms; the master bedroom, for example, has a wall of teak cupboards concealing a television set which has remote control from the beds. In this room colors are warm, with full-length curtains and matching bedspreads and bolsters in tangerine and lime-green-striped chunky cotton. The heating, as in the living-room, is ducted from the ceiling.

In one of the children's bedrooms, that of 12-year-old Michelle, a teak desk for homework forms part of a built-in unit of drawers and cupboards. A spare bed is contained in a specially built teak cupboard.

Indirect lighting is used in most rooms, with sometimes a lamp brightening a corner.

Doors are finished with laminated veneer for easy cleaning and maintenance.

Another feature of the house is its permanent privacy.

"Because of council regulations, this court is a restricted area, and flats will not be permitted, so we feel quite sure we'll never be overlooked," said Mr. Aloni.

—Barbara Curnow



## Deep Secret

When hair looks this beautiful who would ever know there was grey there last week? One Shampoo with Decoré Oil Colour Shampoo Rinse and grey goes, hair takes on a new and younger depth of colour. Decoré is the biggest-selling permanent hair colourant in Australia—and yet no one ever talks about it! Neither will you. You'll be so pleased at the natural look, why would you tell anyone you owe it all to Decoré? Choose your natural colour or go dramatically darker—or brighter. There's a colour that is right for you, and Decoré Oil Colour contains lanolin to keep hair healthy, lustrous. If you are unsure which Decoré colour suits you best, clip a lock of hair and send it to the Decoré Advisory Bureau, Carlton Arcade, 55-63 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Phone 28-8502.

DECORÉ OIL COLOUR SHAMPOO RINSE



# What a clever way to keep them guessing.

DECRA

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# ACTION



## QUIET

Anyone knows Tampax tampons help you go all out for action. But what about the quiet corner of your life?

Here are some of the "quiet" advantages of Tampax tampons.

1. You can sit for hours with no discomfort.
2. Whatever you wear, you're perfectly at ease.
3. Tampax tampons are very unobtrusive. You can carry a couple in your bag under a hankie.
4. You don't have any disposal problems.
5. And Tampax tampons always keep your secret. Quiet!

Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and the Economy 40's at substantial saving.



DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR  
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

**SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY**  
If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001.

## Advertisement

### Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

# COMPACT

• RUTH GALENE, dancer and choreographer.

## Ruth puts best foot forward...



"THERE is so much talent in Australia striving to express itself, that I feel something must be done to give it that chance," Ruth Galene, well-known dancer and choreographer, said.

Ruth, slim, elfin, with determination gleaming from her intense brown eyes, was talking of her venture — the formation of the New Dance Theatre, which she hopes will become a permanent company.

Its debuts will take place on April 28 and May 5 at the Cell Block Theatre, East Sydney Technical College, Darlinghurst, when a group of top professional dancers will present four contemporary works, choreographed by Ruth herself.

### COMBINATION

"It will be modern Australian ballet — a combination of classical and every known danceform — to express our personality, our situation in the world."

Ruth, who came to Australia from Germany when she was five, was an expressionist dancer as a child and switched to classical ballet at 15.

She has just returned from a four-month world-tour, during which she studied at the George Balanchine school in New York and, when in London, made arrangements to mount a new ballet for the Western Theatre Ballet company.

Married to Peter Frank, an importer, with an eight-year-old son, who "is very rhythmic but scorns dancing," she also finds time to run a ballet school at Turramurra, suburban Sydney.

The cast she has chosen for the new ballet company includes Max Phipps, Peggy Watson, Elaine Plumb, Gloria Scott, Robin Moss, Brian Hokin, Bill Stewart, Keith Little, Vera Goldman, and Robin Lee.

"Finance?" said Ruth. "We have none. We just dived into this. It was the only way to start. The Arts Council is printing our programs, the Elizabethan is letting us have scenery, and the dancers are paying for their costumes."

"After the performance we will repay them and the costumes will then become the property of the company."

## WRITING CONTEST FOR WAR VETERANS

• A story-writing competition for disabled ex-servicemen and ex-servicewomen in New South Wales will be held again this year.

The competition is sponsored by the Returned Services League and the N.S.W. Repatriation Department. It is being conducted as a therapeutic aid. Prizes total \$300.

Full details can be obtained from Mr. R. W. McDonald, Secretary, Returned Services League Story Writing Competition, c/- Repatriation Department, Grace Building, 77 York Street, Sydney 2000.

■ When a friend, Mrs. Peter Mann, recently returned from a trip to India with samples of Picasso-like prints made in one of the villages, Mrs. Hans Pott, of Canterbury, Vic., renewed an old interest.

A more serious form of art printmaking had consumed so much of Mrs. Pott's time that she had almost forgotten her former hobby—making batiks.

Now surrounded by her curious tools of trade — drinking straws, different sized soup ladles, and very old newspapers—she is busy making batiks, creating the designs as she goes along.

(For the uninitiated, the straws are used to "dribble" a design of wax, the ladles — of different sizes — to smooth it on in varying widths. When the wax has dried the material is dyed. The wax is then removed by ironing over it with a newspaper — an old one, so that the printer's ink does not come off—between material and iron.)

Mrs. Pott, who teaches batik making at a girls' school, uses the same process of "dribbling" for yet another hobby — printing on canvas, this time using household enamels for a medium.

### • 'Child's-play'

Both German-born, Mrs. Pott and her husband, Hans, a lecturer in German at Melbourne University, have a small daughter, Omega, aged nine, who loves to play in her mother's large studio in her home.

Batiks are also a hobby for Mrs. Mann, a neighbor.

"I brought a lot of them back to Australia with me to try to help the villagers who made them in India," she said, showing us a large table piled high with dress lengths printed in various bright colors and bold designs.

"I felt this was a form of Indian art particularly accep-

## ARTIST PAINTS WITH A STRAW

table to the Western world and the people of the village who make batiks work hard for little reward.

"The designs — unlike most other Indian work which depict their country folklore — are abstract. In fact, the best way to describe them is to say they are like Picasso's paintings."

"And yet, without any influence from the Western world, those villagers create the designs themselves," she added.

Each length of material is marked with the designer's name, so that the purchaser can order more batiks from the same artist.

Because she feels there is a market for the batiks in America, Mrs. Mann will take several with her when she accompanies her husband on a trip later this year.

She is sure of the popularity of the batiks there and hopes to hold an exhibition



• Surrounded by some tools of trade, Mrs. Pott "dribbles" wax with a drinking straw and fine paint brushes at a stage of preparing an Indian batik.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1960

## Customer is always right

IT was a common enough occurrence: The plane landed safely in Charleston, South Carolina, the passenger alighted and made her way to the baggage counter — only to find that her luggage had gone astray.

The airline promised to find it. She went off to her hotel — annoyed.

At 11.30 p.m. the airport manager received a call from the lady who was inquiring, with some urgency, whether her luggage had been found. It hadn't been.

She explained that it contained pills that had to be taken at once. The manager offered to get her the medicine if she would tell him what it was. Then, his report continued:

"She advised that they

were birth-control pills and they must be taken immediately and we would be responsible for any child born. She wanted to know if I would be willing to take the child if it was born. I advised her that if it was a girl I would be more than happy to, as I only had boys."

The problem was solved when one pill was obtained. It cost the airline 20 cents plus \$2 for taxi fare to deliver it to the passenger.

The manager's memo reporting this affair concluded: "With the world population explosion as it is, I feel each of us should do our part in helping to curb the birth-rate. Surely the first thing that will help in this is the prompt delivery of passengers' luggage!"



# How many of these 9 Campbell's Vegetable Soups have you tried?



**VEGETABLE SOUP:** Every vegetable you can think of—16 of them, simmered long in a nourishing beef broth.



**SCOTCH BROTH SOUP:** From a real Scottish recipe. Tender mutton, pearl barley and fresh vegetables in a mouthwatering meat stock.



**CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP:** Chunks of tender chicken, noodles and five garden vegetables in real chicken broth.



**MINISTRONE PARMESAN SOUP:** Soup Italian style! With parmesan cheese for real Roman flavour.



**VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP:** Tender chunks of beef and six of the best loved vegetables in a nourishing beef broth.



**TAGLIARINI SOUP:** Made from an Italian style recipe — with three kinds of noodles, minced beef and juicy pieces of tomato in a mouthwatering beef broth.



**Old-Fashioned STOCKPOT SOUP:** Most like your own home-made! Seven garden grown vegetables simmered in a meat broth.



**NEW COUNTRY BROTH SOUP:** A thick and nourishing soup with 6 garden vegetables, mutton and long grain rice.



**OLD-FASHIONED VEGETABLE SOUP:** A real Old-Fashioned Soup thick with long-cut vegetables in a rich beef broth.



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# HOW'S YOUR EARNING POWER?

● Here is your own personal forecast!

**C**AN you predict your own financial future? Yes, says Johnson O'Connor, president of one of the United States' best-known vocational guidance services. According to Mr. O'Connor, the size of your vocabulary is one of the best possible indications of your earning capacity.

Many school drop-outs who have gone on to become successful in business, he says, score much higher on word tests than does the average graduate. Furthermore, since women tend to marry men with vocabularies similar to their own, a single girl's vocabulary score is likely to predict her future husband's income level. Amazing? Well, whether you believe all or part of the theory, you'll want to take the test to see how you make out.

(In each series, circle the word that is most nearly identical in meaning to the word that is in *italics*.)

1. Did you see the *clergy*?  
funeral / dolphin / churchmen / monastery / bell-tower
2. Fine *louvres*.  
doors / radiators / slatted vents / mouldings / bay windows
3. Like an *ellipse*.  
sunspot / oval / satellite / triangle / volume
4. Dire thoughts.  
angry / dreadful / blissful ugly / unclear
5. It was the *affluence*.  
flow rate / pull / wealth / flood / bankruptcy
6. Discussing the *acme*.  
intersection / question / birthmark / perfection / low point
7. How *odious*.  
burdensome / lazy / hateful attractive / fragrant
8. This is *finite*.  
limited / tiny / precise / endless / difficult
9. Watch for the *inflection*.  
accent / mirror image / swelling / violation / pendulum swing
10. The *connubial* state.  
marriage / tribal / festive / spinsterly / primitive
11. See the *nuance*.  
contrast / upstart / renewal / delinquent / shading
12. Where is the *dryad*?  
water sprite / fern / dish-towel / chard / wood nymph
13. Will you *garner* it?  
dispose of / store / polish / thresh / trim
14. A sort of *anchorite*.  
religious service / hermit / marine deposit / mineral / promoter
15. *Knarled* edges.  
twisted / weather-beaten / flattened / ridged / knitted
16. Is it *bifurcated*?  
forked / hairy / two-wheeled / mildewed / joined
17. Examining the *phthisis*.  
cell division / medicine / misstatement / dissertation / tuberculosis
18. *Preponderance* of the group.  
absurdity / heaviness / small number / majority / foresight
19. Ready to *expound*.  
ppp / confuse / interpret / dig up / imprison
20. Staring at the *relict*.  
trustee / antique table / corpse / widow / excavation

## ANSWERS

- |               |                |                  |
|---------------|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Churchmen  | 8. Limited     | 15. Ridged       |
| 2. Mouldings  | 9. Accent      | 16. Forked       |
| 3. Ellipse    | 10. Marriage   | 17. Tuberculosis |
| 4. Dreadful   | 11. Shading    | 18. Majority     |
| 5. Wealth     | 12. Wood nymph | 19. Interpret    |
| 6. Perfection | 13. Store      | 20. Widow        |
| 7. Hateful    | 14. Hermit     |                  |

## What your answers indicate

If you are between 17 and 20 years old and scored 15 or more correct answers, you'll probably become well off; with a score around 12, moderately well off; around 7, hard up; less than 4, poor.

If you are between 21 and 30 years old and scored 17 or more correct answers, you'll probably become well off; with a score around 14, moderately well off; around 9, hard up; less than 5, poor.

If you are over 30 and scored 19 you'll probably become well off; with a score around 16, moderately well off; around 11, hard up; less than 7, poor.

# TWO DIET TRIUMPHS

By JUDITH McFADDEN

**J**UST a year ago, in June, 1967, the Women's Weekly published the story of my success in dieting to reduce from 13st. 2lb. to 10st. 2lb., and its results — a change in figure, clothing, and general self-confidence.

During the past few months I have discovered two women who have achieved the same state of being "formerly fat." I want to bring you not only their stories, which are inspiring enough, but also an attempt at analysing why they succeeded this time, when they, as so many of us have done, had failed before.

The first lady — I can't tell you her name or show her picture, for professional reasons — is a nursing sister living on Sydney's North Shore.

One of my neighbors was in a Hornsby shop when this slim, petite blonde was being asked by some friends "how she managed it."

She told them about the Women's Weekly and Judith McFadden, and how she owed her new figure to the article (and a lot of hard work). My neighbor spoke up, and, after a talk over the phone, Sister came to see me.

Her story is quite remarkable. It was hard for me to believe that she had ever been really fat, but after looking at a few pictures and a bit of talk it became obvious that she was a dieter from way back — 20 years, in fact.

She read that article last year in the hairdresser's, and went back next day to ask for the magazine to keep. (She had to buy two more copies as they were out.)

At that time she weighed 11½st. — 11st. 11lb. — bust, 38in. bust, 30in. waist, 42in. hips. She is only 5ft. 3in. tall, and in her words "looked like a ball."

She had to buy very expensive, well-cut clothes to keep looking well.

She had been dieting from 11½st. to 10st. every year, and going back up again. She knew only too well the feeling of despair and despondency that hits every fat person when they buy clothes or go anywhere near a beach or party or camera.

She said to herself, "That woman has been through exactly the same thing as I have. If she can do it, I can."

She started on the Women's Weekly "Best Ever," and in two weeks had lost 12lb. She commented,



JUDITH McFADDEN

"It's the first diet that didn't leave me perpetually hungry."

She didn't lose for a week after that, but went down again the next week.

Each week, Monday morning, she wrote down her weight on a dated list in the kitchen. Each time she became discouraged (don't we all!) she looked at it to see the steady downward trend.

The first moment of triumph came when she walked into a shop and bought a size 16 dress off the peg — it used to be a size 20.

When she reached 10st., where she had always stopped before, she met a barrier. For three weeks she stayed on the same weight, and nothing made any difference, she couldn't budge that scale. But she kept on dieting, and finally the break came.

"After that," she says, "there was no stopping me." Now she weighs 7st. 12lb. and her measurements are

## "I watched Isobel shrink"

33in. bust, 23in. waist, 33in. hips. She wears a size ten dress, and her shoe fitting has gone down a full size.

She looks young and sun-tanned, and has "never felt healthier." She used to have trouble with blood pressure, but not any more.

This sounds like a fairy-story, too good to be true, but every word of it is solid fact, and behind it lies eight months of hard, hard work. She deserves every compliment her friends and patients pay her — she has done it all herself.

She has one worry left — she feels like a reformed alcoholic (a "foodoholic," perhaps?), because if she starts on something that she used to love to eat it is almost impossible to stop until she has eaten the lot.

● Judith McFadden, of Mt. Colah, N.S.W., who wrote this story, is herself a triumphant dieter. Last year we featured her own story of losing 3st. She keeps slim by staying on a diet. It is:

**Breakfast:** 5oz. yoghurt; 1 cup coffee, half milk, half water.

**Mid-morning:** Small glass tomato juice with one or two teaspoons of gelatine in it.

**Lunch:** Salad with 2 hard-boiled eggs, or 4oz. salmon, or small piece cold meat, or 1½oz. cheese. Black tea or coffee.

**Dinner:** 2 grilled chops, steak, chicken, or whatever the family has, so long as it isn't fried. Green vegetables. Cup of coffee, half milk, half water. Mrs. McFadden sometimes varies lunch, eating either 2 poached eggs on a thin slice of toast or 4 diet biscuits or rolls with not too much high-calorie filling, or 2 pieces fruit, 1oz. cheese, and a large glass of iced coffee made with 4oz. milk with water and ice (no ice-cream).

Then she pays for it in weight. I think this hits us all at times; there are a couple of suggestions that can help, which I'll tell you about later.

Sister's maintenance diet is scientifically worked out. She counts calories, keeping a guide always handy. She allots herself 1200 calories a day, and divides them into six parts:

200 — 1 pint skim milk, made in morning and used in drinks all day, with a nightcap on retiring.

200 — Cheese (she likes the tasty kinds) or butter.

200 — Green vegetables, varied each day, and fruit.

200 — Carbohydrates (crispbreads or diabetic rolls).

400 (two parts) — Meat or fish.

She is experimenting with increasing the calories to

from others, so with a slightly cynical heart I wished her luck and hoped for the best.

I watched Isobel shrink. We belong to the same church, and every three or four weeks she would happen to be sitting in front of me. Alas for my concentration on the sermon!

One time I noticed she was not her usual well-groomed self. Then I realised it was because her dress was baggy and was dragged in at the waist by its belt.

Next time I saw her, she was wearing a very pretty red woollen one, which fitted her. Then about six weeks later she had it on again. It looked like a tent.

Friends who had been saying to me how slim I looked started saying, "But have you seen Isobel Williams?" in a tone of awe and wonder.

My star had been eclipsed. She reigned in my stead. Now we're the same size again — slim.

That is what I observed, here is the story from her side:

She paid her visit to the doctor on April 30, when her weight was 14st. He informed her that if she remained the same size she would, within three months, develop either a heart condition or diabetes, and was also prone to accidents because of her weight.

Isobel is by no means inactive. She had walked that 14 stone many miles round the district delivering church circulars and doing charitable work, and the strain on her heart and feet must have been considerable.

But, as she puts it, "I have always thought of myself as fat, healthy, and happy, and I have never been thin in

I had heard that story



Some people are always failing in their attempts to diet. They succeed for a while, then eat more than ever, living in a state of despair and feeling guilty at their every food binge. Here, some dieters explain how they managed to get slim, and stay slim.

From 14 st. ➡



ISOBEL WILLIAMS a year ago, weighing 14st., at the christening of a friend's baby.

To 10½ st. ➡



ISOBEL WILLIAMS after she had lost 3st. 9lb. Mrs. Williams says she feels ten years younger — so well she "just couldn't go back to being fat."

my life." So this warning came as a shock, especially when the doctor added, "I would much rather treat you as a diet case than as a chronically ill woman."

So the very next day, May 1, she began dieting, reporting back periodically for checking and advice.

She started on a daily caloric intake of 1200, and after six weeks reduced it to 1000. In November it went up to 1100.

On Christmas Day, she broke her diet for the first time — had some baked vegetables, Christmas pudding, nuts, and sweets. After tea she got on some new scales — she weighed 10st. 8lb.

So in under seven months she lost 3st. 9lb.

She says now, "It didn't take long, really."

I asked her how she had managed to be so strong for such a long time, and this is her answer:

"When you have been overeating for many years, you tend to think of food as a consolation, and you become a compulsive eater."

"You have two appetites, one in the stomach and one in the brain, and with a compulsive eater the brain overrules the stomach."

"When you become at all upset, you have to make sure that the brain does not control the eating — that you stop and think every time the urge to eat comes upon you."

"Another thing to keep in your mind is that it is just as easy to say 'No thank you' as it is to say 'Yes, please.'"

Isobel made a number of sacrifices. She gave up eating fatty cheese, which she loves, mayonnaise, and sugar in her tea and coffee.

"It was a bit awful at first, but I'm used to it now. If anyone gives me sugar in tea I just can't drink it."

Her capacity has shrunk so much an extent now that she can't overload her stomach. In fact, she has had three bilious attacks after eating rich cream cakes and other dainties.

This is the diet Isobel followed, with the aid of a calorie counter, for those seven months:

#### BREAKFAST:

1 poached egg on a very thin slice of rye bread toast.

1 slice thin rye toast with a scrape of butter and a thin spreading of marmalade.

#### LUNCH:

In winter, a large helping of thin soup.

or  
In summer, salad with a small serving of either

cottage cheese or lean meat.

1 piece of fruit.  
Tea or coffee.

#### DINNER:

1 small potato.  
Green vegetables or carrots.

1 LEAN lamb chop, or steamed fish or chicken, or a very small piece of steak, or an inside cut of roast lamb or veal (no fat).

1 piece of fresh fruit.  
Tea or coffee.

Nothing between meals, and very careful counting of calories. If the calories looked like going over the allotted number, she stopped eating. She also included one or two prunes every day to prevent constipation.

Her most difficult period of the day is at about 5 p.m. when she is getting the tea. This is when I find it hardest, too.

Her solution is the same as mine — find something extra to keep you busy. Put away

the ironing (leave it till then deliberately!), hear your child's spelling, set the table, cook something extra for the family (but watch their figures!). But keep occupied; don't stand over the stove.

(I keep a list of things about which I have said "I must do that" — little tasks like oiling doorlocks, polishing brass handles, mending toys, shampooing the leaves of the indoor plants.)

Isobel now looks and feels about ten years younger. She no longer has trouble with her feet, and finds that she does not tire so easily. She says that she just couldn't go back to being fat, because she feels so good the way she is.

#### Now, WHY DID THEY SUCCEED?

Sister says, "It's not will-power — it's patience." You have to keep on plugging away, even if the scales say you're getting nowhere, until the break comes.

Isobel says, "Don't let your brain control your ap-

petite." She also says that the fright the doctor gave her helped. But even he admits now that he didn't expect her to succeed.

The real answer lies in wanting to be thin, in knowing that nobody has to be fat if they don't want to be.

You have to develop a new attitude to food, to use it only to appease hunger (and only just appease it), not to "make you feel better."

Incidentally, this state of being slim isn't all beer and

and I throw half of it away — into the dustbin.

I do the same with the next one. And it's a bit hard to take another when you have already "wasted" two half ones and will have to "waste" another if you go on.

It's a combination of pride and avarice — pride says you should stop, having already made the first gesture, and avarice says "what a awful waste."

Isobel thinks herself into

#### Not alcoholic, but foodoholic

skittles. The "beer" has to be very much under control. We are all "former fatties" and the weight just piles on if we let ourselves go. And it's still easy to go on a binge. Here are a couple of possible ways to stop.

My approach is to the pocket. Whether it is the first, fourth, or tenth item in the binge, I tell myself I can do without half of it,

her stomach instead of her brain, and thinks about how much her stomach will resent having all this excess food forced upon it.

Sister's dated list is a good idea. She had it drawn up in three columns, one for the date, one for her weight each week, and a third for comments and the diet used that week.

She found that it helped a

lot to look back when she was feeling discouraged, to see how much she had lost since six weeks before. It gave her the strength to keep on going.

A most important thing to know is that each of us, when we reached the weight which had always made us think ourselves "thin enough" before, found that we had met a barrier, and that the weight just wouldn't go.

This is the real danger point. Your friends start saying, "You mustn't lose any more," and the temptation to stop is tremendous.

But each of us found that if you keep going the scales eventually go down again.

I think this is probably the real reason that we "made it" — as Sister says, "patience!"

It also helps to know that other people have had exactly the same experience, and that it is possible for everyone. It's that new attitude that counts. And the end result is worth it!





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## MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

### The garden in May

In May, gardens are inclined to look suddenly sparse. It is an in-between month, but there are jobs to be done.

**TAKE** stock now of what promise the garden holds. It is not too late to do some bolstering.

Quick flowerers such as linaria, virginian stock, or alyssum can still be sown to flower in spring. Lupins and ranunculus will also give a good account of themselves, even though they do not reach prime until well into September. Seedlings of nemesis or livingstone daisy will also establish in time for the spring show.

Everlasting daisies are also worth sowing now — a clump or two where they are to flower, in a fairly sunny, well-drained area.

With a little trimming back here and there, you could make space for more



● A double ranunculus mixture, at Yates Trial Ground, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

By ALLAN SEALE

color, especially in the rockery-type garden, where trailing or carpeting plants such as cerastium (snow-in-summer), lotus, succulents, and others have encroached beyond intended limits.

These carpeters will look better for a trim if you maintain a natural shape, and lift them at the edges and cut away any dead mat from underneath.

You can move dahlia clumps now to make way for the spring show. If the plants are still green, lift the clumps carefully and transfer to an out-of-the-way position. Dig a wide, shallow depression, pack the clumps in side by side, then cover exposed roots and tubers with soil so they don't dry off too quickly.

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Old clumps of polyanthus carried over from previous seasons will do best if divided and replanted without delay. Shake or wash the soil away to give a clear picture of the clump. It will have a woody centre crown, usually surrounded by several new crowns or plants developing a new set of roots. With a sharp knife, nick these off the old crown and replant as separate new plants — close together, to retain the effect of a large clump. The woody centre crown is discarded.

When separated, polyanthus tend to regain the vigor of new seedlings. Revitalize the soil with a dusting of complete plant food and well-rotted compost (if available) before replanting.

After planting, a watering with rogor or meta systox is usually a good idea, as during summer the clumps often become infested with aphids, mealy bug, or red spider.

Once re-established, give a fortnightly watering with a complete liquid manure such as Thrive, Aquasol, or Zest.

Stop feeding azaleas until spring, or a burst of new foliage could mask the flowers. Check them occasionally for lace bug (a dull, silvery mottling of foliage, then an all-over dull, bronze appearance). Spray or water over with rogor or meta systox, or spray thoroughly under the foliage with azalea spray, complete pest killers, malathion, lindane, or non-poisonous pyrethrum spray.

Also watch for petal blight on early blooms if this disease has been prevalent. It shows up first as transparent flecks over the blooms. With moisture, these may turn brown. The bloom then shrivels and remains dead on the bush, instead of shedding.

Control now may minimise later outbreaks. Spray with zineb or maneb. Some specialist growers use a mixture of both.

Do not let bare branches of deciduous shrubs tempt you to prune. Flowering peaches, weigelas, guelder roses, etc. are

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 253

After foliage yellows off, cut back and store in a less moist position.

Label the clumps before they are taken up, and when they are to be cut back and moved again, mark a few tubers in each clump with indelible pencil. This remains visible for a surprisingly long time. Don't divide them until September at the earliest — preferably not until the shoots or eyes are showing.

During storage, check occasionally for snails and slaters. Slaters can usually be kept in check by watering the clumps occasionally with malathion diluted to ordinary spraying strength. This also helps control slugs and snails, but it shouldn't replace snail baits.

Chrysanthemums can be cut back tidily after flowering. Some people lift and move these as suggested for dahlias, but at this early stage replant very carefully, to make sure that the roots don't dry out.

not pruned until after flowering; crepe myrtles and roses are better left until at least the end of June, later in cold climates.

Cut back luculia when the flower finishes, leaving 2 to 4 leaves at the base of the comparatively new stem carrying the flower — i.e., don't cut into old wood; luculias resent it. Spread or renew mulch around its base, to eliminate weed cultivation and soil caking. Luculia can die out if roots are disturbed, or clayey soils cake.

Watch for aphids on young seedlings, especially on ageratum and stocks (distorted, downward cupped foliage) and on cinerarias (on young centre shoots, or underside of leaves). Treat as for lace bug on azaleas.

Roses will soon be comparatively dormant. Stop feeding, and don't cut any more until pruning time, unless the odd bloom is fancied for the house. Spray for black spot, in areas where this disease is found, with phalton, zineb, or a complete rose spray, thoroughly wetting foliage and surrounding soil. This will destroy disease spores that would carry through to the next season.

House plants often look sick at this time of the year, because they resent cold, and sudden changes of temperature — especially in well-glassed rooms where temperatures are high by day, then drop suddenly at night. Move such plants farther from the glass, where there will be less change in temperatures.

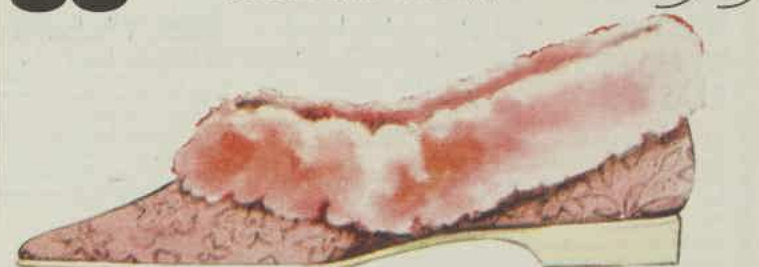
Also move them well away from radiators and other forms of direct heating, as the relatively low humidity of these conditions upsets them. A common symptom of this is browning and shrivelling of leaf margins.

Watering of house plants exposed to cold conditions causes excessive foliage yellowing — and complete rotting, in the case of sanseveria and others sensitive to cold, moist soil. The soil in the container should appear just damp half an inch below the surface, but dry on top. Exceptions are plants in constant warmth, or winter-growers such as cyclamen. Here, the soil may be kept evenly damp.

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## BEING A LISTENER

WHEN two good listeners meet, "Curious," it is usual for them to converse in an intelligent manner, each realising when he or she has said enough, and it is time to give the other party a chance to speak. When a person is referred to as a good listener, it does not mean that the individual maintains absolute silence.

\$2 to Edna Ferris, Wilmot, Tas.

PERHAPS when two good listeners meet, the result is better than some conversations. In "Under the Greenwood Tree," Thomas Hardy wrote: "Silent? Ah, he is silent! He can keep silence well. That man's silence is wonderful to listen to."

\$2 to Mrs. J. Vivian, St. Ives, N.S.W.

THE other day a friend of my wife came to see us. I thought she was quite nice and would like to have talked to her. But they kept up such a continuous conversation that I could not get a word in edgewise — or any other way. When the lady left, my wife said to me, "What is wrong with you? Why were you so unsociable? The whole time my friend was here you never said a word!"

\$2 to Mr. W. F. Patmore, Caloundra, Qld.

EVERY article on the subject of how to be popular includes the advice, "Be a good listener." So if we all want to be popular, who's going to do the talking? Or does it mean that we are going to have wonderful "listening sessions" of peace and quiet? To many mothers, this possibility sounds intriguing.

\$2 to "Ambree" (name supplied), Holbrook, N.S.W.

THE idea that good listeners are also good conversationalists is more often wrong than right. Most good listeners are just that — and drift away to a world of their own while the speaker is going twenty-to-the-dozen. To be an interesting conversationalist entails a great awareness of current trends in most fields, plus a good vocabulary, mellow voice, clear diction, and a ready wit. On the other hand, a good listener can get by with a blank mind and a listening attitude.

\$2 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Taree, N.S.W.

WHEN two good listeners meet, one can almost hear the "Whew! Isn't it lovely to be away from the yaketty-yak?" But, seriously, the advice to be a good listener means not to monopolise the conversation, to keep one's attention on the person who is speaking, then to give intelligent replies, so making good conversation. I like to talk — but not to gossip. I also like people who talk.

\$2 to "Magpie" (name supplied), Gunnedah, N.S.W.



## LETTER BOX

## Vanishing Granny

WHATEVER has happened to Granny and her husband? Among the grandparents of my acquaintance, few are ever called Grand-anything. The ladies are Nan, Nanna, or Ma; the gentlemen, Pa. To my ears, these titles sound better suited to goats or sheep. When I asked one little girl how her grandmother was, she obviously did not know of whom I was speaking.

\$2 to "Oh, Grandmama" (name supplied), Jeeralang, Vic.

## In real trouble!

AS I was going shopping, my grandmother asked me to make her funeral-fund payment for her. She hadn't been able to get there and was a few weeks overdue. When I gave in the book and money, I was gruffly and seriously told, "This is overdue. I hope she is not dead or she is in real trouble."

\$2 to Mrs. B. Nugent, Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

## Smile—if it kills you

FAMILIES usually copy the mother's moods. If you wake up feeling as though you didn't care tuppence what happens, don't let the family see you like that. Smile — if it kills you. Put on lipstick, powder your nose, bring out a bright breakfast cloth. The family will react to your efforts and be smiling. Soon you'll be feeling much better, too — and a much happier day will lie ahead.

\$2 to "Elsie" (name supplied), East Fremantle, W.A.

## Automation!

THE jet age seems to have far-reaching effects. My class of five-year-olds was acting out "Jack and the Beanstalk" in a drama lesson. I am a square, and when Jack got to the bottom of the beanstalk I expected him to go through the motions of climbing. He merely pressed an imaginary button and said, "To the top of the beanstalk, please."

\$2 to Miss R. Netherington, Liverpool, N.S.W.

## Warmth somewhere

DURING a recent visit to Canberra to see my family, there was a sudden drop in temperature. My daughter happened to feel her young son's hands, declared that they were frozen, and told him to go at once and put on warm socks!

\$2 to "Grandmother" (name supplied), Alice Springs, N.T.

**Ross Campbell writes...**

## TROUBLE AHEAD

"HAROLD, while I think of it..." began Mrs. Dilwood.

I knew from the words that she was going to ask her husband to do something inconvenient.

Sure enough, she went on: "Would you see if you can fix that squeak in the car seat?"

"I'll have a try," he said glumly. "It's always hard to fix squeaks."

"While I think of it..." is one of those red-light expressions that mean a request is coming.

At meal-times it may take the form of "While you're on your feet..." While you're on your feet would you please get the marmalade (or tomato sauce, or peanut butter, or serving spoon)?

"There's just one other thing..."

is another saying I have learned to be wary of. It tends to come when I am leaving home to go to work.

The one thing may be: Would you remember to buy those rubber gadgets for the legs of the chair in the living-room? If you're going near Potts Brothers would you take back that cardigan? It doesn't fit. Can you think of something to give Auntie Bet for her birthday?

A more serious red-light is: "There's something I've been mean-



ing to tell you." This may crop up at the office, or over lunch, as well as in the domestic field. It can be relied on to herald unwelcome news.

What has he or she been meaning to tell you?

"I've decided to resign from the committee. I can't stand the bickering any longer."

"You're putting on far too much weight."

"We want you to go to Flathead Bay next Sunday to judge the sandcastle competition."

Still more ominous is: "I didn't want to mention this in front of the children, but..."

It is likely to precede a bomb-shell like:

"Uncle Jim has been arrested for bigamy."

"The Donklings were burgled last night."

"Prudence has started smoking marihuana."

Even a simple "By the way..." is often a danger signal.

Typical ones I have experienced were:

"By the way, the car battery is flat."

"By the way, the girls need new shoes."

"By the way, I told Beryl we'd go and see their color slides."

However, I suppose all these phrases serve a purpose. They prepare a person for bad news.

As when a lady I knew said to her husband: "By the way, while I think of it, there's just one other thing I meant to tell you. I didn't like to mention it in front of the children, but I'm going to sue for divorce." At least he had been warned.

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## THE PROF IS OFF THE BEAM

● Professor Richard Russell, former head of the School of Furniture Design at the Royal College of Art in London, thinks desks for mini-skirted secretaries should have "modesty panels."



"The time spent leg-gazing by bosses could mean the difference between clinching a big order or not," he said.

An academic sometimes seems to lack A firsthand knowledge of the facts of life. At work in cloistered halls he loses track Of commerce and attendant jungle strife.

He studies grades of human appetites, Which are the strongest, which will tend to rear, And rates them all according to his lights, Comparing food and power, money, sex.

A businessman likes pretty girls, my word! But when the stake is money, watch the guy! He'd laugh to think his mind could be deterred By such a trifle as a glimpse of thigh.

— Dorothy Drain

## Port or suitcase

MANY English folk do not understand Aussie ways.

During a trip to England, my husband and I stayed with his sister. When, in reply to my question as to whether he had brought in the port, he replied, "Yes, I put it in the bedroom," his sister (until next morning when it was explained that port was our word for suitcase) imagined that we must have been imbibing in a room.

\$2 to Mrs. K. Howland, Pilliga, N.S.W.



THE FIRST LIPSTICK THAT IS AS KIND AS IT IS BEAUTIFUL  
— Innoxia Super Jewelfast



Lips that make lifelong promises, that unfold beautiful words.

Lips that whisper, kiss, sing and shout and pout. They are almost the most feminine thing about any woman and demand the very exceptional.

For such lips, your lips, Innoxia have created Super Jewelfast.

The first lipstick ever to combine fashion in colour and a texture in sympathy with the sensitivity of every woman's lips.

Lips are too sensitive to withstand the sensation of harsh lipstick contact (not always apparent in the beginning), and much too important to expose to experimentation.

Super Jewelfast is a new experience.  
Soft and gentle and kindness itself.

It moves onto your lips all the beauty of pure

colour suffused with light. Innoxia knows how you feel about texture. The smoothness and shine is conceived to give your lips a gleaming, firm, dewy look, that is never wet or greasy.

The colour-true shades. All the protective care that you would expect from the Innoxia approach to formulation are apparent the moment Super Jewelfast touches your lips. And it's in a very dominant white and gold case.

The very natural way you apply a lipstick is a feminine, personal and intimate thing.

After all, lipstick is a very part, the very heart of being a woman. Make Innoxia a part of you this day. Remember the name.

Super Jewelfast. Once you've tried it, you'll never forget the name. From your appointed Innoxia retailer.

INNOXA

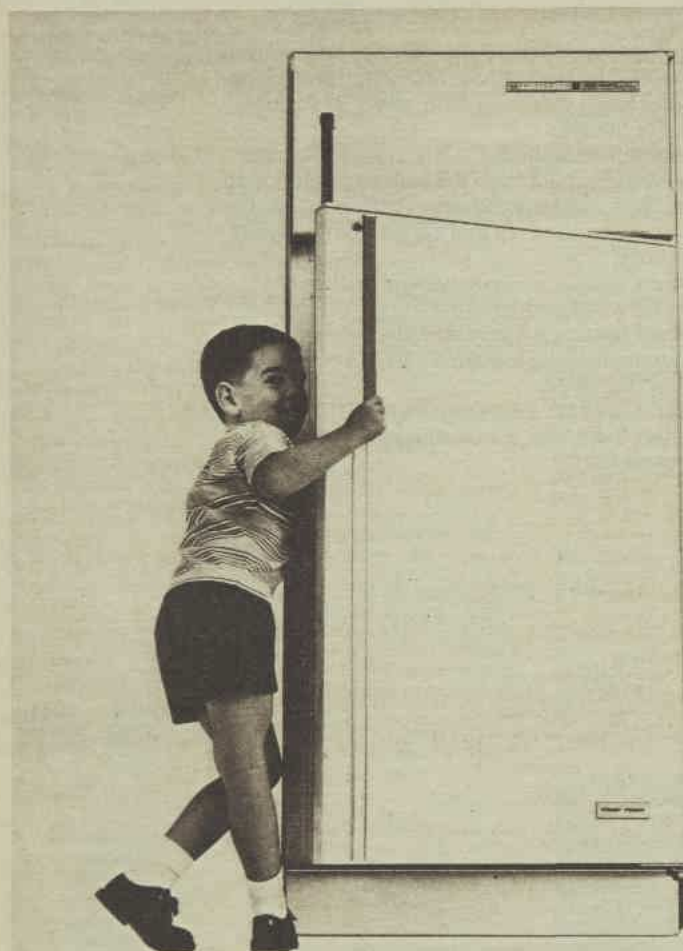


SUPER JEWELFAST LIPSTICK



Now there's a real difference:

# Frigidaire is kid-proof!



## Keeps food safe in a month of continuous above-century heat!

During the summer months, room temperatures can be anywhere between 43°F and 73°F above the ideal temperature for storing perishable foods. This alone is hard work for a refrigerator, but summer's also the time when children make most demands on the fridge for cold drinks, ice blocks and the like. That's why Frigidaire is tested in a heat chamber producing above century conditions... not just for a day or two, but for more than a month continuously!

Throughout this time, the Frigidaire must keep its 'cold' down to the ideal temperature for food protection, whilst laboratory technicians simulate a tribe of youngsters opening and closing the door to help themselves to the goodies. And Frigidaire comes through with flying colours. That's why we say, it's more than a fridge... it's a Frigidaire, acknowledged by independent authorities to be the performance leader.

Only Frigidaire appliances are backed by GMH reliability.

**FRIGIDAIRE**  
Product of General Motors-Holden's Pty. Limited



MEMBERS of The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour, 1968

## London welcomed

—IT WAS REUNION TIME FOR MANY

**E**VEN Buckingham Palace was not entirely unaware of the arrival in London of the 1400 members of The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour, 1968.

For the Changing of the Guard, the band of the Welsh Guard played "Waltzing Matilda," "Click Go the Shears," and the "March of the Anzacs."

This was on top of a warm welcome from the London weather man, who, for our first day, ordered early spring sunshine.

Left to our own devices, we could spend a year or more in London discovering its delight without being wearied, but ahead of us are a week's tour of England and Scotland, and 23 glorious days on the Continent, where we will visit seven different countries.

Then there are 23 "leisure days" with freedom to wander the English countryside or search the farthest-most corner of England.

Associated with these itineraries, every one of the 1400 tour members has a mission of one kind or another, a private sentimental journey.

### Sisters meet

This is catered for by the tour "leisure period," when we give away "hard" travel to become individualists, following our own bent.

Mrs. I. Hardy, of Ridgehaven, S.A., will visit two sisters she has not seen for 20 years.

Mr. Marcel Pearce, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., who is accompanied by his wife, Joyce, will make a stop-over at Brussels to meet for the first time an aunt,

Madame Marguerite Doffing.

She is a sister of Mr. Pearce's mother, Mrs. F. Allen, of Rozelle, N.S.W., who left Belgium as a war bride after World War I to settle in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wines, of Waratah, N.S.W., have each taken six months' long-service leave from the N.S.W. Education Department for the tour. They plan a reunion with their daughter, Robin, wife of Dr. Robert F. Brown, who, before leaving for Edinburgh to do his FRCS, was on the staff of Sutherland District Hospital, Sydney. Dr. Brown is now surgical registrar at the City and County Hospitals in York.

Mr. and Mrs. Wines' son, Dr. Robert Wines, formerly

asked Mrs. Carstens to become a penfriend.

With unavoidable breaks in World War II, letters between an Australian and a Frenchwoman have shuttled back and forth ever since.

Mr. George Warren, of Brisbane, will visit Exiles in Belgium, to see the grave of a brother killed in battle 52 years ago.

Mrs. Olive Byles, of Croydon, Vic., will also make a pilgrimage to the grave of a brother in Belgium.

Mr. Gordon Fisher, formerly headmaster of the Armistead School, N.S.W., describes his tour as "primarily for pleasure—the world is an oyster ready to be opened." But he admits to having other fish to fry.

Mr. Fisher, who is accompanied by his wife, Mary, will continue his almost lifelong study of battlefields in France and Belgium, which he visited previously with Dr. C. E. W. Bean's "Official History of World War I" in his hand. A brother is buried in Flanders fields.

Mr. Fisher also will visit Oxford and Shrewsbury, where he taught in 1931, and will give talks to Rotary Clubs and Country Women's Institutes.

Mr. L. E. Brown, of Devonport, Tas., has many interests. He is Chairman of the Tasmanian Potato Marketing Board, a member of the Devonport Marine Board, and Warden (president) of Latrobe Municipality.

He will gather new ideas for the manufacture of potato crisps for a Tasmanian plant, investigate cargo-handling methods in the Port of London, and look into local government trends in the U.K.

There will be more than sentiment in the visit of Mrs. E. N. Smith to her old

of Sydney Hospital, is also on the staff of the City and County Hospitals.

They hope to be still in England in May to welcome their first grandchild in Dr. Wines' household.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Larkin, of Eagle Heights, Qld., stepped off the tour ship Orcaades to meet their son, Dr. Kerry Larkin, and his wife. Dr. Larkin is doing his FRCS in London.

Mrs. Dorothy Carstens, of Warwick, Qld., will meet for the first time a penfriend of 40 years' standing.

This marathon correspondence began when Mrs. Carstens, while still at school, wrote an article subsequently published in an American magazine.

The article made such an impact on Madame Pierre Souty, of Blois, in the French chateau country, she





They are pictured on arrival at Tilbury with the Orcades' Captain J. D'O. Green.

## our world tourists

school, Notre Dame, Manchester. Mrs. Smith, head of the junior school at Roseville (N.S.W.) Girls' College, is devoting much of her free time to a probe of new methods of teaching mathematics to young children.

She said, "I hope to help in equipping youngsters at home for the intelligent study of mathematics in their senior years. If there is an easy way of doing a hard job, why not search for it?"

Mrs. Smith's husband, a craftsman builder, will study new trends in building comfortable low-cost homes.

Top stock-breeding stations, calf-rearing farms, and agricultural colleges will be a powerful magnet to Mrs. Mary Hellisen, of Gladstone, Vic. With her husband, she hopes to apply newly gained knowledge to the more efficient running of their farm property.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Graham, of Sylvania, N.S.W., will have a reunion with their daughter Ellen.

With her neighbor, Miss Margaret Whitburn, Ellen sailed for North America in February last year on the first stage of a working holiday around the world. After

this reunion, the four will tour Scandinavia.

One of the most jovial young men of this tour is 24-year-old Dick Osborne, of Concord, N.S.W., who is travelling with his grandmother, Mrs. C. Brocklehurst, of Lane Cove, N.S.W.

On the Orcades' sports deck, Dick looked and sounded anything but a dis-

ciplinary officer at Sydney's Long Bay Jail. In Britain, he will make a study of penal systems to write a thesis.

At the end of a hard day's London sightseeing tour, members gather to compare notes in the lounge of any one of the 14 comfortable West End hotels where they are quartered.

## Proud fishermen

**C**ATCHING 100lb. sailfish at Acapulco made three tour members the happiest men in the Orcades.

A party of fishing enthusiasts hired a deep-sea fishing boat for the day to try this exciting sport.

We loaded ourselves and a hamper lunch from the Orcades' pontoon at 10 a.m. — and returned triumphantly at 5 p.m. with seven flags flying from the mast.

This denotes the number of sailfish "struck," but one got off the hook.

Four members who got their fish were Tasman Long,

of Perth, and Bill Membrey and his brother-in-law, Harry Wood, both of Victoria.

The other successful members of the party were our Tour Director, Keith Fuller, a member of the Travel Escort Team, Margaret Minos, and the Entertainment Officer in the Orcades, Clifford De-Lyle-Turner.

We sailed five or six miles offshore before the lines were set and it was no more than four minutes later that Tasman Long got a strike. From then on, our day was made, and each strike made it better.

Incidentally, travelling through the Panama Canal, watching the locks work, must be one of the world's most interesting sights, and everyone crowded the decks to see it. From there they waved to tour members who made the overland trip from Balboa to Cristobal and were watching from shore.

Shore travellers also visited historic Old Panama and were entertained with Panamanian dances after lunch before visiting the Zoological Gardens and driving through the jungle bordering the canal.

Captain J. D'O. Green arranged a buffet lunch on deck, so we didn't miss a minute of the fascinating trip. And many a sunburnt face proved our utter absorption in the day's voyage.

— Micky McNicoll



**FISHING PARTY.** From left, Mr. Tasman Long, Mr. Bill Membrey, Mrs. Long, Mr. Clifford De-Lyle-Turner, the Orcades' Entertainment Officer, Mr. Harry Wood.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1968

THE DIFFERENCE IS:

# Frigidaire has 3 new ways to make cooking easier



### 1 Exclusive new grilling method

Sizzling-crisp outside, juicy inside. That's how the exclusive Frigidaire griller cooks your steak and chops, because it gives *more* heat. Unlike conventional grillers that waste up to 25% of their effective heat, the Frigidaire griller concentrates *all* its searing, penetrating heat on your meat... seals in juices that mean full flavour. Cook for the whole family at the same time, too. The Frigidaire grill unit is almost twice the size of others... a real time-saver.

Cleaning is a snap. Grill for a whole month with the Frigidaire spatter-free griller, and you'll never see a speck of spill fat. No messy separate griller shelf to clean... you just remove the whole griller after use, and wash it right along with the dishes.

### 2 Unique new easy-to-set controls

At last... automatic oven controls that are easier to use than any you've ever seen. With the new Frigidaire 'Cook-Master' automatic oven timer, you don't have to set the Start time. Just decide when you want to eat, how long and at what temperature you want your meal to

cook. 'Cook-Master' timer does all the arithmetic... turns on the oven at exactly the right moment. So simple, and so sure! Grilling is easier too. No inconvenient shifting of shelves or racks to get perfectly-cooked rare, medium, or well-done grills. The exclusive Frigidaire 'Vari-Grill' gauges just how much heat is necessary.

### 3 Frigidaire bothers to build in more help

Even the lowest priced Frigidaire models have a giant heated plate warmer, press-button interior lighting, pilot lights to tell you when surface elements are on, and a lift-up top for easy cleaning. With Custom Deluxe models you get this and a Rotisserie and Kant-Slide griddle, to name just two of the many ways Frigidaire builds-in more help. Why not see your Frigidaire dealer soon or write to Frigidaire Advertising Department, P.O. Box 163, Dandenong, Victoria, 3175, for further information. There's no obligation.



**FRIGIDAIRE**  
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ONLY FRIGIDAIRE APPLIANCES ARE BACKED BY GMH RELIABILITY





## OVERLAND TO DARWIN

● Mrs. K. Greatorex with Fitz and another Territorian friend.

# Grandmother

● I've done it, and I'm not ashamed to say that I'm proud of my effort. It began as a dream 40 years ago, to amble around Australia, but never looked like becoming reality.

AFTER all, one doesn't expect a grandmother over 50 to gallivant around the country towing an 18ft monster.

When the chance came, I grabbed it, although friends in Adelaide, where I started, said I was game, but quite mad. I was not alone. An 87-year-old Territorian friend, Fitz, who was to join his contemporaries at the Old Timer's Home in Alice, decided he would rather do the trip with me than go the easy way by train or plane. My son, Michael, 11, and his dog, Cobber, completed the party.

We travelled on the Stuart, Mid-Western, Newell, Oxley, and New England Highways to Brisbane, then followed the Bruce Highway to Townsville before turning west on to the Flinders and Barkly Highways to the Sturt Highway.

River crossings, plains, mountains, towns; all revived memories of lessons learned at school many years ago.

Where the road ran parallel to the railway line, many times bore mute witness to the vast area under cultivation. Lucerne patches sparkled like emeralds in the irrigated river stretches, and the mountain ranges formed a backdrop for some of the island's beautiful scenery.

We had a bit of bad luck when, after several days of light rain, the wheels of the van sank into a soft shoulder which subsided under its weight. In slow motion for we were only doing 10 mph.

### Traveller's Tale by K. GREATOREX

the van went over a 3ft. embankment against some trees, turning the car on to its hood.

No one was hurt, but the monotony of waiting for the car to be repaired, while vans pulled in and out of the park where we stayed, was most frustrating. And it rained most of the five weeks we were there.

The van had been taken to Brisbane for repairs, and it was nicer than any homecoming when at last it was hooked on to the car and we were once more travelling north.

After weeks spent cooped up in a tiny van, it was sheer joy to be driving along a sun-drenched coast, to stop where a small boy and his dog could swim, run, and chase seagulls, and meals were eaten to the music of waves breaking on the shore.

Then inland again through ever-changing scenery, where roadside barbecues under the shade of a large tree, or on the bank of a river, were a source of great pleasure.

A highlight of a day's run was to stop at the top of a ramp where I'd openly admire and secretly thrill to the magnificence of the beauty spread out below.

For me, the most memorable was the day we looked out over a vast carpet of various greens interspersed with squares of silvery pink. This was country, and the greens were different stages of growth. A closer look proved the silvery pink an illusion of distance — it was the reedlike plume of the cane flower.

## The Young Adventurers in Bondsland

BONDSLAND'S such a very special place. An exciting adventureland where young fashions have all the fun and never grow old...where they can play all day in cotton 'plush' velour and say good-bye to fussing in active young Acrilan. It's a wonderland for Mothers too! It's such a never-never care world. So take them there this season by counting Bondsland's small blessings. One, two...see the Red, White and Blue! Three, four...and the colours galore! Five, six...watch them match and mix! Seven, eight...all up to date! Nine, ten...they're happy again! So while their world is young...just make it wonderful in Bondsland.



Style 42969. Parka with raglan sleeves, drawstring hood, elasticised waist. AS1, AS2. \$4.99. AS3, AS8. \$5.50

Style 45012. Adjustable slacks with detachable straps. Replaceable waistband. Stirrup straps. AS1, AS2. \$3.75

Style 95015. Rugged jump suit, button shoulder openings. Contrast binding. 'Weather Cock' motif. AS1, AS2, AS3. \$4.99

Style 12936. Polo neck pullover. AS1 and AS2 \$1.59, AS4-AS8 \$1.79, AS10-AS14 \$1.99

Style 95697. 2 piece A-line Set striped binding on pique collar & cuffs. Button back opening. Flower applique and pocket. AS1, AS2, AS3. \$7.99

# BOND'S





# made this dream come true

There had been a faintly disturbing noise coming from under the car for several days, and this had now developed into a grating thump. It proved to be a very worn bearing caused by a buckled rear wheel, a fact not noticed when the car was under repair.

We were in Mackay, and the caravan park on the beach, with its large shady trees, was the paradise I'd dreamed of through the long cold southern winters. We left reluctantly when the car was fixed, as time was running short; also clouds were filling the sky and I had no desire to be caught in a tropical downpour. By the time Townsville was reached, the skies were sunny again. Townsville—there isn't the space to tell of the five wonderful days spent there.

A delightful rest area on the Campaspe River was our last camp in Queensland's tall timber country. Ahead lay the vast expanse of the black soil Downs, denuded of every vestige of growth.

Several miles out of Pentland the bitumen ended, and then, what a nightmare. Van and car vibrated like a jack-hammer as we shuddered along at speeds varying from 10 to 20 mph.

Before leaving Adelaide, my main worry about the trip had been the Julia Creek area. The police at Hughenden, however, were most reassuring, although they gave warning of two creek crossings as the tow-bar was a bare nine inches from the ground.

Driving into the sun is no pleasure at any time, and with the perspex cover I'd had put on to protect the windscreen from stones thrown up by passing vehicles, it was impossible to see even the outline of the road. When we finally reached Richmond, my arms ached from holding the car on the road.

Next morning the rough black soil gave way to the red of the inland. The road no longer stretched monotonously ahead as far as the eye could see, but wound around through low scrub, over depressions which in the Wet would be raging torrents.

Apart from being enveloped in clouds of choking bull-dust over these depressions negotiated in low gear, nothing untoward occurred, and I was able to maintain 30 mph for most of the day.

A feeling of elation swept over me when the dirt road gave way to bitumen once more, and I let this go to my head. Had I known it was mountains all the way from Glencurry to Mt. Isa, I'd have stopped. However, I remarked

blithely that we would keep moving until I was tired.

An hour and some 35 miles later it dawned on me that no rest areas were provided for weary travellers on this road. The lights of Mt. Isa were a welcome sight at the end of the longest day's run (261 miles) of the trip.

Three days later we crossed the Northern Territory-Queensland border. Familiar landmarks loomed up and vanished behind

us as I coaxed an extra five mph out of the car.

It was good to be back in God's own country.

There was no lack of hospitality or friendly faces in the Alice, where I stayed five weeks with my eldest son and his family. Michael went reluctantly to finish the last few weeks of the term at school.

I said goodbye to Fitz and started on the run to Darwin,

but somehow without his company it was not the same. We camped along the road, stopping only for petrol and to eat when we were hungry.

Nearly 20 years have passed since I did a slow trip up the "bitumen," and every township has grown out of all recognition. At Dunmarra, the homestead is now a hotel, with a motel and other buildings around it. However, Noel Healy, the owner,

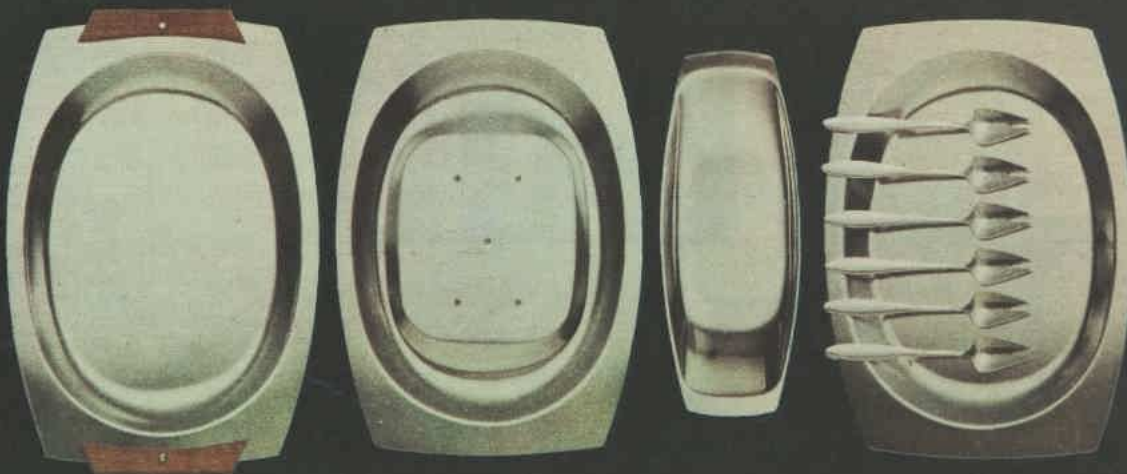
hadn't changed, and after his warm welcome I felt I was really back in the Territory.

After spending a night with friends at Pine Creek we started out on the last leg of our wonderful journey. Like the pre-war Darwin to old identities, the place I left in '59 is but a memory. Now a city with its suburbs spreading out even farther into the virgin bush, it is still to me the only place on earth to live.



**Perfect entry for the perfect entrée: a Grosvenor stainless steel tray.**

**Price? A steal from \$2.95**



Above from left:  
Smorgasbord Tray, 14" x 10", with removable Teak handles. \$6.50  
Spiked Carving Tray, 14" x 10". \$6.50  
Savoury Tray, 12" x 5". \$2.95, with removable Teak handles. \$3.95  
Smorgasbord Tray, 14" x 10", with 6 buffet forks. \$9.30

*Grosvenor*

**WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE**

LITERATURE IS AVAILABLE FROM MYTTON GROSVENOR LTD., BOX No. 1, P.O. SOUTH MELBOURNE, VIC., 3205



• Son Michael and Cobber.



## Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exercising and unsuitable diet.

Neglect — and reliance on superficial relief — invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets — now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles.

Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

★ Simple and dignified treatment.

★ Two tablets with meals.

### Varemoid tablets

The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

PRODUCT OF SYMA SWITZERLAND  
DIST. BY S.E.A.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 731—INSTANT SKIRT

Skirt requiring only one seam is available cut out to make in olive/cream/white, sage-green/red/tan, or deep olive/gold/tan. Sizes 32 and 34in. hip, \$3.50; 36 and 38in. hip, \$4.00; 40 and 42in. hip, \$4.40; 44 and 46in. hip, \$4.80. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

### No. 732—DUCHESS SET

Duchesse set is available traced ready to sew and embroider on white, cream, pink, or blue pure Irish linen. Price is 99 cents, plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

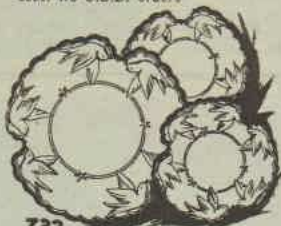
### No. 733—TEAPOT COSY

Checked teapot cosy with foam insert, rick-rack braid and bias binding supplied is available cut out to make in blue/white, yellow/white, turquoise/white, or red/white cotton. Price is 89 cents, plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/8 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



731



732



733



What do you do with an overweight husband?

# Let him have it:

Even slimming with Sweetex natural-tasting, no-calorie sweeteners has its moments. Like when you start getting nice and slim, only to find your better half's getting nice and fat. What to do? Slip him Sweetex, too. Instead of fattening sugar. After all, someone has to look after him. And if you don't, who will?

Available from all Chemists, in pocket packs of 200 and 500, or the elegant petit point purse pack of 250.

From your Sweetex pack

or his very own



## As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 24

### ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ In the main a fruitful and fortunate week with felicitous focus on gambling luck, 25th, perhaps a windfall or legacy—and happy emphasis on love and romance, 29th-30th. Get important business transacted this week—mixed-up stars are round the corner.

### TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.  
★ You're in your self-promotion cycle, and could not have picked a better week—next week is not so co-operative. Opportunities galore offer for successful moves and to enrich your personal life. Let the password be "expansion!" Marriage matters are under momentous stars, 30th.

### GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.  
★ There are only mini-bad spots in a favoring week. Have you an important letter to pen? Write it, 25th—which could also see a happy surprise. Conjugal relations improve, and 30th is ideal to front the boss for a concession. Perhaps a successful short trip?

### CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Home and loved ones—so dear to the heart of the chemist children of Cancer—come under smiling rays, especially 25th. Finances could be boosted, particularly by making a new play, 30th, when enterprise will more than pay off. Perhaps muddle, romance-wise, though.

### LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.  
★ You can exercise your organising ability to the full and, what's more, enlarge horizons. You've got the "walk" sign to go ahead—so get cracking before next week, which is not so bountiful. Finances, too, are assisted, 25th, but expansion and progress are chiefly underscored.

### VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ You could have the opportunity to break down, by unusual ways, conditions that have long fenced you in, since originality and clarity mark your thoughts and analytic ability. Perhaps you receive a surprise through the mail from a friend. However, 30th could be slightly muddling.

### LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
★ Friends and family co-operate to keep you happy and do you kindnesses. Perhaps a cherished wish comes surprisingly true. There's opportunity to escalate a little career-wise, 29th-30th, but it wouldn't hurt to keep an eye on the budget—there's a bit of deception around.

### SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.  
★ Your personal affairs could get into a minor muddle, 30th, but the day is mainly good, as is the whole week. April 25-26 focus career and status; 28th gives scope for some new venture. In brief, it could prove a swinging time, but next week gets tough.

### SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ A lot of nice things can happen to you. For example, 26th-27th is more than gambling-lucky, and for a sign that loves to gamble, this is good news indeed! Besides Cupid is in jovial temper, 29th-30th. Just watch out for misunderstanding.

### CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ True Capricornians are not over romantic and sentimental, they are practical wights who tend to harness romance to the chariot of ambition. Anyhow, romance blooms with spring loquacity. Any austerity in the marriage tie is also mitigated by beneficent influences, especially 29th-30th. Friends assist.

### AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.  
★ Your popularity could be at its zenith this week and your relations with the world at large amicable and successful. It's fine to push work, career, status, and ambition—more so since next week is mostly adverse. Married folk enjoy happy times. Spot of muddle, 30th.

### PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ It's fine for legal business, especially for signing contracts to do with work or employment. Lady Luck is more than usually accommodating, 26th-27th. A short journey could result in financial increase. Money comes easily through lottery or bequest. Just beware of confused thinking, 30th.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1968



# SITMAR

## fun

WAY TO EUROPE AND UK

To be young. To go to sea. To have fun. To sail away with Sitmar Line. Think of it. Four fabulous weeks of blue water sailing. The fun-seeking people you'll share it with. New-found friends who'll laugh and play in the sun with you. The swimming pool parties. The deck games. The fine foods and wines. The cabarets. All the wonderful things that go to make sailing with Sitmar a never-to-be-forgotten experience. You'll stop over from the frolicking fun of ship life at places like Papeete (Tahiti), Balboa, Cristobal, Caracas (Venezuela), Curacao, Acapulco and Lisbon. Each one fascinating in a different way. Each one exciting in every way. See your Travel Agent soon; ask him for the latest Sitmar Fares and Sailings Schedule. Then sail into the funset on the Sitmar ship of your choice. Castel Felice, Fairsea, Fairsky, Fairstar.





● Dashing suit, left, in white wool. The red-and-white sash on the short jacket is matched to the hat trim. The skirt has a loose, swinging panel.



● White wool coat with flared skirt, above, has a wide navy leather belt matched to the navy beret. Neck scarf in red, white, and blue.

● Coat in blue-and-white check wool, below, has gigantic revers which run the length of the coat and form a panel each side.



# FIVE NEW LOOKS from ITALY





● Superbly tailored suit, above, is made in dark brown wool and is worn with a white blouse. The jacket is belted in black patent leather. The skirt has all-round box pleats.

● White wool suit, right, has an easy-fit, single-fastened jacket with a standing collar and slanted pockets. The pleated culotte skirt is well above knee-length.

● Here, precisely timed for winter, are some fresh new looks from Italy. The fashions have snap and gaiety and are tailored with Italian perfection. Watch the new swing to skirt-lines, because it's one way to identify this season's fashions. About color: White alone and flipped with red, white, and blue looks new and chic, and checks are in fashion. Belts should be noted; they look newest when they are wide.—BETTY KEEP.





# Teal:



The luxury of 25 perfumes blended by Robertet of Paris, one of the world's greatest perfume houses. All at a price you can afford to use everyday. 59c

I HAVE enclosed a drawing of a teapot and wonder if you can tell me something about it, please. I don't know how old it is. There is no manufacturer's name or number. The lid, handle, and spout are painted in gold with a plum-red piece down the centre. On the right-hand corner of the picture on the teapot are the words, "Angelica Kauffman." The china is not unlike Royal Doulton.—A. Woodhill, Christchurch, N.Z.

Without a personal inspection I cannot possibly attribute your teapot to a particular potter, but it was made about 1880 to 1890. The scene which embellishes your example is copied from a painting by Angelica Kauffman, I suspect that it is transfer printed with some slight touches of hand coloring. Examples similar to yours were made in Staffordshire and also by potters in Austria and Germany, hence the difficulty presented in making a definite attribution.

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I WONDER if you can tell me about my four-piece set of deep blue glass (picture enclosed). Only the stopper pot is signed. The signature is in gold, the letter or number "7". — Miss V. H. Rolf, Armadale, Vic.

Your charming set was made in Venice about 1900 to 1910.

COULD you please tell me about cartwheel pennies? I haven't heard of them before, but my sister-in-law in England has a tin of enormous pennies and half-pennies. — Mrs. E. Senior, Maroubra, N.S.W.

The "Cartwheel" pennies were struck by Mathew Boulton, of Soho, London, in 1879. They were produced by mechanised means with the aid of steam. Weighing one ounce—over 740,000 tons were produced!

● Staffordshire teapot



● Worcester vase

## Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

RECENTLY I brought home a vase from England (picture above). The markings on the base are "Flight, Barr & Barr, Worcester, No. 1 Coventry Street, London." There is also an impression of a small crown, then the initials "F.B.B." under that, with an "X" under that again. The vase is nine inches high. The floral display is only on one side. Could you give me some information regarding the age of this vase; its rarity or otherwise; whether the front section is hand-painted? — M. J. Brehey, Benleigh, Vic.

This rare and exquisite porcelain Worcester vase, circa 1825 to 1830, was made at the celebrated Worcester works founded in 1751 and still in operation until the present day. Your vase was made by Messrs. Flight, Barr, and Barr, who were the proprietors of the works from 1813 to 1840. The mirror-shaped panel depicting hand-painted naturalistic flowers applied with precision and the turquoise ground together with the rich gilt embellishments on the scroll-handled, plinth base, and rim, etc., are all characteristic of the ceramic palette in use during the second quarter of the 19th century.

I AM writing on behalf of my fiancée, Mr. Philip Rodger Geytenbeek, of Tasmans, S.A. We would like to know a little more about a teapot (picture at left). The teapot was given to Philip by his English grandmother and apparently it is handed down through the generations to the oldest male bearing the name "Redfern." There appear to be no markings on the teapot except on the lid, which is marked "improved." There is a chip of the spout, and from that we gather that the teapot is either made of earthenware or very soft china. Where the blue is chipped it is a light brown color — Miss Lettette Driver, Summertown, S.A.

The teapot, which is Staffordshire pottery, is a typical mid-Victorian example of brown earthenware treated with a monochrome blue glaze. It was made about 1855 to 1865.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1960



# So many Women wanted a light, fine, luxury hold hairspray ...that we made one!

Dear Polly,  
"Help! Hair lacquer is ruining  
the condition of my hair!"

Dear Polly,  
"Constant spraying is doing my  
hair no good!"

Dear Polly,  
"I have fine hair and need a  
fine hair spray!"

Dear Polly,  
"Hair spray is dulling the  
lights in my hair!"

4377.—Bridal dress in sizes 10,  
12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34,  
and 36in. bust. Butterick pat-  
tern 4377, the price 75c in-  
cludes postage. Order patterns  
from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O.,  
Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No  
C.O.D. orders accepted.

## DRESS SENSE

By  
BETTY KEEP

• The belted slim-line  
wedding dress, above,  
with lace trim is my  
design choice for a reader  
who lives in the south.

HERE is part of the  
reader's letter and my  
reply:

"I have bought a length  
of white bridal fabric and  
31 yards of 6in. lace and wish  
to combine the two in a  
simple design. I would  
prefer a dress with a  
high belt."

The design I have chosen for  
you features the details you men-  
tioned, and I think the effect is  
classic and becoming. To order  
the pattern, underneath the  
illustration are full details.

"Are very fitted, straight  
pants still being worn?"

Not really. The newest pants  
have straight, easy-cut legs and  
are slightly belled at the bottom.

"Is a bolero-jacket still in  
fashion? If it is, would  
it be worn with a dress or  
included in a suit?"

The mini-jacket was reintro-  
duced in the recent spring collec-  
tions. It can be co-ordinated with  
a dress or suit. St. Laurent  
showed a mini-jacket and match-  
ing mid-calf skirt, plus a blouse  
tucked in and firmly belted. The  
outfit was designed for late-day.

"I have a leopard-skin  
collar I would like to use as  
a trim for a new winter  
coat. What colors could  
I team with leopard?"

Choose from red, beige, black,  
or white.

"Would it be possible to  
obtain a pattern for  
maternity separates consisting  
of slacks and a sleeveless  
top? The sort of top I  
need is to wear over a sweater  
or warm blouse. I take  
size 14 in patterns."

Our pattern department has  
a good design for maternity co-  
ordinates. The pattern includes  
pants, skirt, and a sleeveless top.  
To order, quote Butterick pattern  
4113, the price 65c includes post-  
age. Pattern is available from  
Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croy-  
don, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D.  
orders accepted.

"What type of hat would  
be suitable to wear with an  
afternoon frock made  
in a very fine wool?"

Wear a turban made in the  
same fabric as the dress.

"I have just finished making  
a velvet jacket and  
wondered if there is any way  
I could press the seams  
without marking the velvet."

Stand your iron on end, heat,  
and cover with a damp cloth.  
Hold the velvet lightly to avoid  
fingermarks and run the wrong  
side of the velvet against the  
cloth-covered iron. This will  
press seams and steam out any  
wrinkles.

"For my wedding I am  
wearing a white crepe street-  
length dress and matching  
jacket. Would it look  
correct to complete the  
outfit with a white tulle veil?"

I think a small pillbox or a cap  
of small blossoms would be more  
appropriate than the veil you  
suggest.

"Is it correct to have a  
formal wedding dress made  
without a train?"

Quite correct. A formal wed-  
ding dress without a train looks  
best in ankle-length with a to-  
the-floor tulle bridal veil falling  
from some type of bridal head-  
dress.



Poly Spray's the name. New Poly Spray.  
It doesn't dull hair. It doesn't clog hair.  
It doesn't rob hair of condition. In fact it doesn't  
do any of the things that ordinary hair sprays do.  
But then Poly Spray is no ordinary hair spray. It's  
a "luxury-hold" spray. Holds all types of hair...  
and holds... and holds. Without showing.

You see, "Luxury-Hold" Poly Spray is the first  
clean hair spray. It's clean, clear, has a light,  
quick-fading perfume, and special built-in con-  
ditioners... so it actually adds to the natural  
beauty of your hair. Leaves it clean, soft,  
natural... and pleasant to touch.

Costs \$1.45. And worth every cent (you'll be  
surprised how long one can of "Luxury-Hold"  
Poly Spray will last!)

**POLY** hair cosmetics  
Internationally Renowned

At Pharmacies and Department Stores...  
Ask the Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor about  
the fine range of Poly Hair Cosmetics.





# *Cottontails:* 2 ounces of freedom.

So light, so white, so soft on you . . . feel free, stay smooth in 'Cottontails'. A mere two ounces of absorbent cotton, ready to slip on under to-day's sleek winter shapes. In Bond's quality cotton that comes up fresh and white again, they're cut out for freedom with 'action' gusset and 'nylo rib' legbands that really keep their place! SSW-OS. Breezeweight 75c Interlock 79c.

**BOND'S**



# Classics go pop!

● In this modern day and age many students who are doing music at school as one of their subjects find classical music rather boring. Although we have to study certain classical pieces, our teacher also lets us study pop records. Lessons are divided into classical first, and then pop, and class co-operation has improved. It is quite interesting to find out what instruments are played on the Monkees records. More music-teachers should introduce classic-pop lessons, for the results have been very effective.

—“SILENT SAINT,” East Milton, N.S.W.

## Fashion protocol

CLOTHES for the teenager have swept all before them. However, Princess Anne looks sadly out of step in her motherly, majestic outfits. Other girls her age are skimming about in daisy, skimpy, brightly colored numbers. It's a pity royal fashion advisers are not more chued-up. Princess Anne need not look like a Shrimpr, but she looks like a matron. —Christine Ivory, Launceston, Tas.

## Adult question

HOW old must we be to be adults? At 18 boys are old enough to serve their country overseas but not old enough to drink in some Australian hotels. At 14 we are compelled to pay adult prices at theatres, etc. But if we are under 16 we are not allowed to see adult movies. Some States judge teenagers old enough to hold a driver's licence at 16, but others not until they are 18. Could there not be a little more conformity? —“The Young Ones,” Somerton Park, S.A.



## Beauty For Your Eyes

The delicate tissue around your eyes can be kept velvety soft and smooth and completely free from wrinkle-dryness, enhancing the true beauty of your eyes. When giving your complexion its nightly nourishing creaming, with Ulan vitalizing night cream, gently fingerprint on a little extra around the eyes and leave it to become absorbed naturally by the warmth of your skin. This nightly massaging will soon erase tiny lines and crow's-feet.

## LETTERS

### Don't give up!

FOR those doing their Leaving, this will be the first year in which they will have to work hard to pass. Start work now, and do not leave it until third term. Even students in junior forms — if they get the right attitude to work now — will find Leaving a much easier year because they will know how to work. If you do fail at the end of the year, don't leave school—this is not facing up to reality.

## For teenagers

### First class!

SCHOOLBOYS who wear their school uniforms into town or to weddings, parties, etc., are made fun of by people. They do not realise that the parents of these boys spend some hundreds of dollars yearly in keeping them at school, and that there is little or no money left over to spend on excess clothes. On these social occasions uniforms look neat, attractive, and generally better than the clothes worn by working boys of the same age. —P.D.B., Petersham, N.S.W.

### Out of control

IN a recent class discussion I was surprised at the number of students who saw no need for speed limits, especially on the open road. They said that modern roads and cars were made for high speeds, and that individuals should have the sense to drive at a speed at which they thought they could control their cars in case of emergency. What I don't understand is how they could so completely ignore the statistics proving that most accidents of a serious nature occur at high speeds and—also the fact that most people think they can do more than they actually can. —Mary Teye, Mount Gambier, S.A.

### Best of everything

I AM 17, which is the perfect age. I am young, but not a child, and can enjoy some of the advantages of the adult world without having to shoulder any of the responsibilities. I am young enough to continue learning without having to apply it to any useful purpose. I am old enough for my opinions to be considered seriously, yet young enough not to be expected to have serious views on all subjects. I am old enough to love. At 17 I can have the best of the two worlds of childhood and adulthood, belonging to neither, and escaping the more unpleasant aspects of each. Seventeen is marvelous. —“Seventeen,” Findon, S.A.

Go back. You will be a year older, and stand an excellent chance of passing, because you will be more mature and have more will-power to work. I had to repeat Leaving, and am now doing Matriculation. —Janet Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

ROUND  
ROBIN



Adair

## HOW BRAINY ARE YOUR LEGS?

I SEE that women with long, slim legs are supposed to be smarter than lasses with short, heavy ones.

Long-legged lovelies generally come from a higher social class than girls with short legs.

And they get better jobs and more handsome, successful husbands.

A research team at a British university has come up with these theories during a survey involving the photographing of the legs of 1000 women.

For two pins I would take on that job.

Looking at legs has always been my Achilles' heel.

I think that's what they call calf-love.

Why, one of my favorite tunes is the old number “Shanks For the Memory.”

A lot of stock expressions relating to intelligence and allied matters will have to be changed if the research team is right.

I suppose people will now have to say, “She hasn't got a brain in her legs.”

And, “She needs her legs read.”

Not to mention the problem girl Army leaders will face if they don't want to brand their soldiers as dumb-belles.

To say now that an army marches on its stomach doesn't leave a leg to stand on.

On a broader scale, perhaps the problem of clever people being lured away from their homelands should be described not as a “brain-drain” but as a “leg-drain.”

Short girls could have a bone to pick with the researchers, but tall girls must have a thigh of relief.

Of course, short-legged girls might try to make out they're smarter than they are by wearing shorter mini-skirts.

But, at the risk of being torn limb-from-limb by them, I must point out that it's a shin to tell a lie.

When you care enough to give the best...

**Give Polo**

Gift boxes of three also in floral

Gift boxes of six—also in plain with coloured borders

Gift pack of three pure Irish linen in a variety of corners

**Polo**

Give her pleasure!  
Give her daintiness!  
Give her quality!

CLASSIC  
HANDKERCHIEFS

ON DISPLAY EVERYWHERE RIGHT NOW

If King Arthur had known about

## TILT-A-DOR

he'd have installed one over every drawbridge.

For your garage, insist on TILT-A-DOR overhead garage door fittings — they last longer, look better, tilt and lower as light as a feather. See your door specialist!



## Wish for a Winter relaxing happy in easy care Bri-Nylon'

The ladylove look,  
so soft and feminine.  
A fanciful lace and ruffle  
jumper to crochet up in  
easy-caring PATONS YARN.  
The style is perfect. The fit,  
great. Now check the label.  
It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead,  
you're assured of the quality.

*'Bri-Nylon' means  
easy care knitwear you  
don't have to fuss over.*



95 Collins Street, Melbourne;  
55 Hunter Street, Sydney.

*'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade mark.*



This label looks after the quality.

PATONS YARN



## Have you ever had that feeling called boredom?

THE longer you pamper it, the more depressed you feel, and the lazier you become. Don't let it get to that stage — recognise the signs, and stop it in its early stages, then try some suggestions from our list of cures.

You'll be amazed at how much better you feel, and how much you can actually get done on those "don't-feel-like-doing-anything" days.

If you know you have got a long, empty weekend ahead, and feel like being creative, plan what you want to do before the boredom sets in, and get any materials you may need for your "suddenly exciting" project.

Think of some ideas for an anti-litter campaign and design the posters.

With luck, you might find some odd bits of wood and enough left-over paint to make yourself a window-box. Decorate with imitation wrought-iron (if you didn't buy any beforehand, paint a pretty design on the front), then plant your favorite small flowers. Guaranteed to cheer you and your room.



## For teenagers

Weed a garden for an elderly neighbor.

Write a book (only a small one) on child-psychology theories of your own.

Feel like doing something mad and zany? Then find some beaut, big trees (gums are the best for this), and climb them.

Design your dream house.

Buy a second-hand bicycle and paint it hot-pink, or orange, or red, whatever mood you feel in, then add a few perky daisy motifs. As well as beating the blues, you have your own transport, a gem of a bike, and a weight-reducer.

Fill in some tedious hours by making Christmas or gift cards out of bark. Find the paper-thin type and leave it soaking in water for a few hours. When it's soft, gently pat dry and pull or cut into the shape you want, then press pieces between a book to flatten. Paint Aboriginal drawings on the bark and glue on to hessian, then glue this on to the front of your card. The Mexican idea of vividly colored flowers looks good, too.

Teach yourself the guitar.

# CURES FOR BOREDOM

Go fishing.

Yawning and boredom go hand in hand, so while you're feeling in the mood you may as well learn to yawn delicately. Practise in the mirror until your yawn is perfection-plus.

Or try writing a satirical poem on the Bonnie and Clyde craze.

Build an enormous sandcastle on the beach—but pick a time when it's almost deserted.

Ring up the local orphanage or home for neglected children, and see if you can get permission to take some of them out for the day. It can be a picnic, the zoo, the beach (if you're absolutely sure you can cope), or a day at your home with lots of old clothes and make-up supplied to let them have the time of their lives.

Any perfectly plain stationery tucked away? Then brighten it up, and yourself, by adding wisps of dried flowers to a corner, a beautifully printed monogram, psychedelic patterns, a gay Union Jack, and hosts of other things better left to YOUR imagination.

Or wait for a stormy day and go beachcombing. Don't leave anything undiscovered — rock-pools, seashores, sears, all the nooks and crannies you can find. Then see if you can run the length of the beach in ankle-deep water. (Avoid 90-mile beaches!)

Make lists. On EVERYTHING. There are budget lists, winter wardrobe lists, things-to-do lists, things-you-haven't-done lists, things-to-buy lists, people-to-see-or-ring lists, holiday-you'd-like lists, and lists, lists, lists. You'll probably throw them out but you've got that self-contented feeling of being very, very organised.

Make a tree-swing.

If you're lucky enough to live near a harbor and a ferry service, and if it just happens to be a cold, windy day take a trip on the ferry. Choppy seas are so exciting.



Make a list of your friends with telephone numbers, addresses, birthdays, anniversaries, likes and dislikes. It can be so helpful when you have gifts to give and can see at a glance what would be most suitable.

Untidy rooms are depressing, and littered books and magazines help to make it untidy. So make yourself a bookcase from brick or masonry blocks and planks of timber. Paint the bricks to match your room and stain the timber a dark brown. Use the bricks as bases or dividers, and use the planks as shelves.

Learn to stand on your head or walk on your hands.

Paint a self-portrait.

Cut-out recipes have a funny way of never doing anything more than being just cut-out. With plenty of time on your hands (as you DO have if you're bored) you've got the perfect opportunity to finally make the big plunge and get them into some sort of order. Buy some filing cards and glue each recipe on to a separate card (even better, type or write them out), and if you have room, add a picture of the dish. Hunt round for an attractive box, decorate, then catalogue your recipes away under their respective headings.

Still bored? Then what about creating your own notice board? Cover a piece of heavy cardboard with hessian or some other sturdy fabric, back with felt and you're ready to decorate. Make a letter pocket in a contrasting color and pin on with bright enamelled tacks. Edge a small calendar with a thin cord, and tack on top of board, then use the remaining tacks to pin a few felt flowers, and any invitations or bills you mustn't forget. Attach some cord to the back of the board and hang on your wall.

Just think.

— MARGARET ANN KANDAL



## "Regency"

An exclusive accessory for the fashion-conscious woman. Opulent jewelled spray of 24 ct gold-finished sterling silver, sparkled with brilliant coloured stones. This exquisite brooch has been designed by craftsmen for the unique collection of Originals by Simpson. \$11.80 at jewellers and leading department stores.

ORIGINAL  
by  
**Simpson**

When a girl wants to feel well on those unwell days — only **cyclopane** will do.



Today's women are right to demand a genuinely feminine answer to a very personal feminine difficulty. As a modern woman, then, you should know about Cyclopane Tablets!

First, during those trying pre-menstrual days, Cyclopane Tablets, working gently and effectively, will bring you calm and comfort. But they go further. Cyclopane's balanced formula continues to work right through your period, too—relieving pain, cramps, backache... Cyclopane Tablets leave you relaxed and cheerful, free to accept and enjoy every social engagement.

**cyclopane**  
TABLETS

to feel well on those unwell days

Now — from your chemist only. A product of S.E.R.A.

570CYC

## BLADDER IRRITATION HURTS WOMEN

Simple infections of the urinary tract are very common at all ages, and probably bother twice as many women as men. These infections by irritating the Kidneys and Bladder may cause frequent burning, itching, urination, thus embarrassing you during the day and disturbing your sleep at night. Secondly, backache and muscular aches and pains may result. For quick, soothing relief of urinary tract symptoms try Cystex which has been sold and recommended by registered chemists throughout the free world for 40 years.

THE MAGAZINE

OF BRIGHTER  
READING 15c

Everybody's



# THE GROOM WORE 'SOMETHING BLUE,' TOO

"SOMETHING BLUE" for their wedding day was the aqua-blue gear Kim Hamilton and Robyn Haughey added to their outfits for their marriage in Sydney recently.

A young fashion photographer, Kim wore a white linen suit which he designed himself, with an aqua shirt and pocket handkerchief.

His bride, a well-known teenage

model, wore an aqua veil and a matching velvet waistband and rose on the Victorian dress she made herself.

Kim, 19, and Robyn, 18, decided to have a really different wedding outfit when, a few weeks before the big day, Robyn announced how she'd like to wear her new aqua patent shoes to the service.

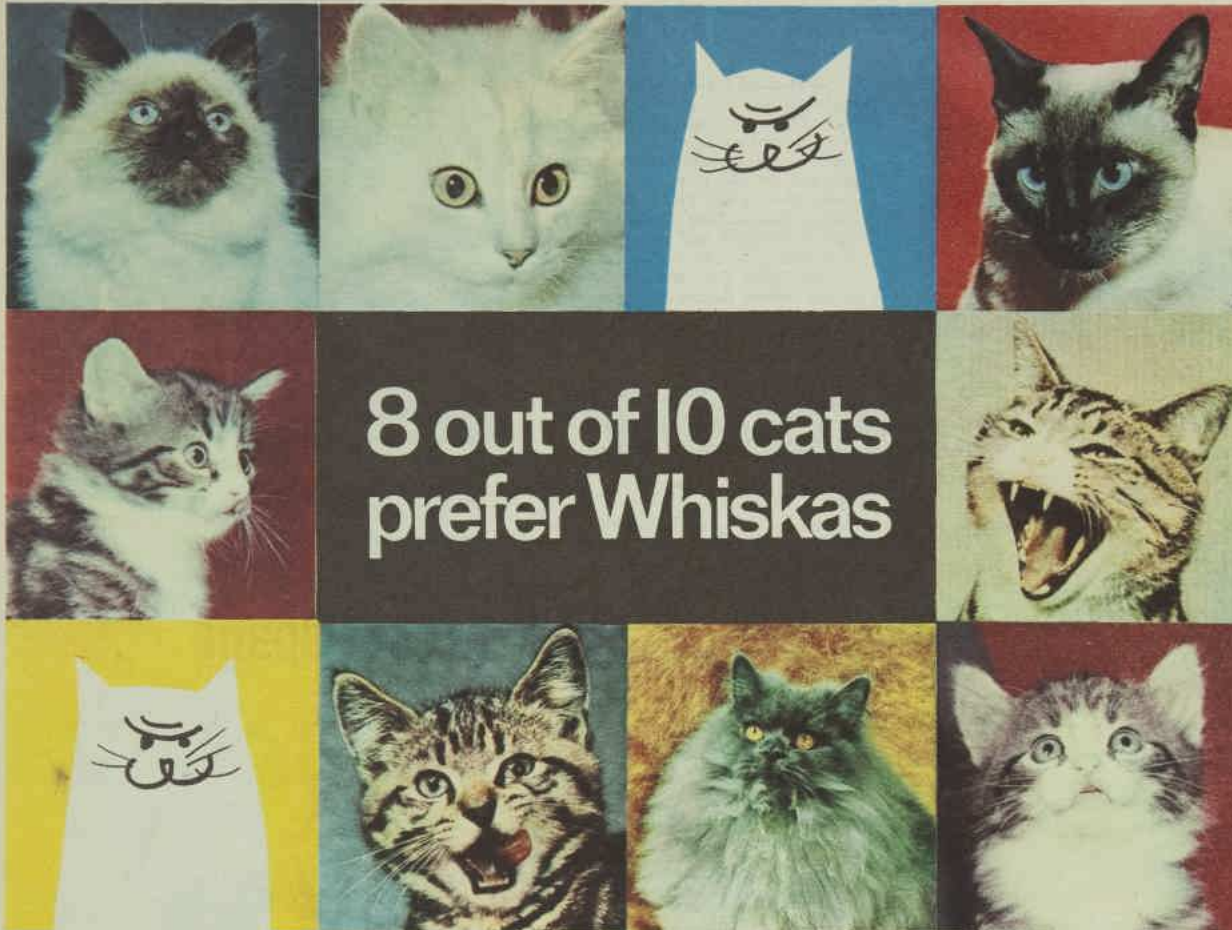
Kim thought it sounded like a grand

idea and suddenly a mod marriage was "happening"—and did, at Mowbray Chapel, at suburban Chatswood.

Robyn is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haughey, of Stanmore, N.S.W.

Kim is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton, of Roseville, N.S.W.

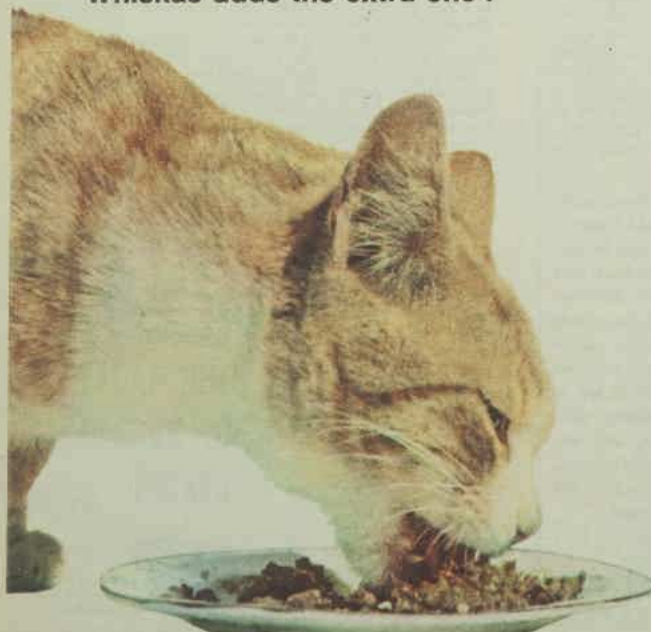
—KERRY YATES



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## GO-MANGO





## For teenagers

● A recent story studied signs of a young girl approaching emotional maturity. A reader (a mother) replies:

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... the first time he subscribes — out of his own pocket — to an adult magazine and stops swapping comics all over town.

... the first time he puts his arm around a girl on the tennis court and demonstrates how to improve her serve instead of showing her how — with his most powerful stroke — from the opposite end of the court.

... when he genuinely feels sorry for the girl who comes crashing on the ice-rink — even if he does still laugh along with the others.

... when he gives up trying to impress the prettiest girl in the school with droopy bouquets — and starts looking at the tie-pins and cuff-links with the girl down the street in view.



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... when, instead of stamping off to his room to sulk, he laughs and stays in the discussion when he has been proved wrong.

... when he wakes up that it's just as important to impress his prospective girl's mother as it is to impress his prospective girl.

... when he, instead of the barber, directs the shape of his haircut.

... when he can think of everybody else as just part of the human race like himself instead of classing 90 percent of them as "drips, squares, or doddering old fools."

... when he brushes cake-crumbs off the knee of his pants at a party.

... when he gives up wearing his swim trunks as underpants.

... when he discovers that Mum and Dad weren't "right all the time" — but that at least they showed more sense than he did most of the time.

... when he enjoys calling someone "Sir."

... when he dutifully presents his cousin Timmy with his treasured collection of match-box cars and starts reading the road-rules folder.

... the first time he tells his father what's wrong with the family car and is eventually proved right by the garage mechanic.

... when he refrains from ridiculing his sister's latest crush and merely shrugs his shoulders.

... when he puts his dirty clothes out in the wash instead of stuffing them in the nearest drawers.

... when he can't remember in whose backyard he and his gang built their last "fort."

... when he decides that driving a fire engine isn't the "best job in the world."

... when he uses his handkerchief before he sniffs the third time.

... when he feels the need to put his feet up occasionally and think of his day's achievements instead of tomorrow's adventures.

... when he admits that he should have stayed at school those extra two years.

... when he takes his shoes off to clean them and pays as much attention to the backs as he does to the fronts.

... the first time he remembers to write home — without being prompted.



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EVERY WEEK

THE ARTS AND  
ENTERTAINMENT

Not every child can be top of the class, but every child should have the opportunity to develop his talents to the full. Most parents are concerned with their children's progress at school. They often would like to help, but are not sure how to go about it. Sometimes they go about helping in entirely the wrong way and do more harm than good... but we parents CAN do a great deal toward helping our children lead a more productive school life.

## How you can help

**D**IFFICULTIES with schoolwork are not always caused by low intelligence. Two of the most formidable barriers to effective learning are a poor attitude to school and emotional disturbance.

Let us look first at the problem of attitude. Unfortunately, there is a tradition of anti-intellectualism in Australia, and this is passed on to the children.

A child will never succeed if, basically, he does not think education is important, and the best teaching methods are doomed to failure if the child has a "couldn't care less" attitude to learning.

Parents must let the child know that they consider learning to be important, and teachers worthy of respect.

Ask your child how he scores in his weekly tests. When his score improves, have some little reward for him. When it plunges, stand by with some cheerful encouragement: "Never mind, try harder next week."

The child who is emotionally disturbed cannot learn effectively, either. There are two ways you can help.

First, maintain a happy home atmosphere where the child can find affection, interest, and support. Don't involve your child in your conflicts and worries. He cannot concentrate on his work if he is brooding over domestic problems.

Second, make sure the child goes off to school clean, tidy, and well equipped. It is tremendously important to be accepted by the other children — and other children can be very cruel.

A teacher may be told: "I don't want to sit next to her. She's got dirty hair." Or "He wears awful clothes." (An unadorned uniform is best.)

Find out what school equipment they need. A child always having to borrow a pencil or ruler is not popular.

Often these little children become social outcasts at school. They rarely work to their fullest potential, and lead a pretty miserable, lonely life.

Homework is a problem. Teachers complain that either the parents do the child's work for him or that the child does nothing at home.

Both these extremes, of course, can be avoided. Set aside a definite period for homework, in a room as free of noise and distraction as possible. Young children need some supervision. Make a point of helping with spelling lists, basic tables, and other facts to be learnt.

Don't interfere with his written work, apart from ensuring that it is neatly done. If a child is unable to cope with work, make a note of it for the teacher, such as: "Johnny was having difficulty with this sum" (or sentence, or whatever).

The older child can work more independently, but it is still a good idea to find out how much homework has been given, and see that enough time is spent on it.

**SPELLING:** You can give specific help at every age. Poor spelling will place your child at a disadvantage in almost every school subject, but if you are prepared to take an active interest you will find he makes a gradual but definite improvement.

Let us look at why a child has difficulties with spelling, then see how you can help. Some reasons for failure are:

1. Emotional disturbance.
2. Poor attitude.
3. Poor language development.
4. Defective speech.
5. Poor reading ability.
6. Poor visual recall.
7. Lack of auditory analytic skills.

I have already dealt with the first two points. For **POOR LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT** and **DEFECTIVE SPEECH**, you can help by encouraging the child to talk. Ask him to tell you what happened on the TV program he has been watching. Ask pertinent questions about it, and for heaven's sake, listen!

Encourage him to tell you how Soccer or cricket is

played. Ask him for his opinion sometimes: "What do you think causes road accidents?"

If his speech is poor, DON'T interrupt him to correct him. Try to remember which words he has trouble with, and discuss them with him later. Use them correctly and often in your own speech. Make an effort to speak more slowly and clearly yourself, and face the child when speaking to him so he can see how the sounds are made.

**POOR READING ABILITY:** If you have a local library, take your child and enrol him. Ask the librarian's advice on suitable books for his age and interest. When buying a book, go to the children's section of a good book store and ask advice. Turn the television off occasionally, and read with the child. Make a game of reading signs when you go out. Read every label at home.

**POOR VISUAL RECALL:** This needs time and direct help. Set out below is the drill used when the child "learns" his spelling. See that he brings home his list of spellings, and each evening take him through this drill.

1. Make sure he can read the word.
2. Talk about the meaning, use it in a sentence.
3. Say and spell the word aloud.
4. Close eyes and get a picture of the word.
5. Write the word on paper.
6. Check the word. If correct, write twice more. If not correct, start again from step 3.

**LACK OF AUDITORY ANALYTIC SKILLS:** The development of these skills is best left to the teacher.

Other subjects on the school curriculum need a more general approach. Let us see where you come into the picture.

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION:** A physically weak child dreads sports sessions. Don't coddle your child. In our climate, he should spend as much time as possible in outdoor activities. Bush walks in the winter and swimming in the summer are within the scope of every family. A healthy child has more zest for work. He is energetic, and mentally alert.

Don't place too much emphasis on winning at sport. Encourage your child to enter for the sheer joy of "being in it." Teach him to accept wrong decisions, bad luck, etc., in a sporting spirit. A poor sport is unpopular and is not chosen in teams.

**SOCIAL STUDIES:** With television, radio, and newspapers, the modern child should be well informed on the world around him, yet a teacher often finds that less than half the class know the name of the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition. Their ignorance of local government is even more startling. This information is part of your child's syllabus. As parents, you should know these facts and discuss them with your child.

Hang some maps in your child's room, and buy him a globe of the world. When news items are read or televised, find them on the map or globe. Don't neglect your own district. It is not difficult to gather information about the history and geography of your area, and collecting it can become an absorbing family hobby.

**MATHEMATICS:** Over the past decade mathematicians, psychologists, and educators have been involved in a wholesale reappraisal of mathematics in education, and by directly helping with homework sums parents may be interfering with the child's learning and do a good deal of harm.

How, then, can you help your child, when a recent Education Department research bulletin says that 80 percent of desirable jobs in 1970 will require a "new" mathematical education?

This bulletin also says: "Direct evidence... indicates fairly definitely that poor attitudes have an adverse effect upon performance, and this effect is relatively greater in arithmetic than in other school subjects."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1968



## By KATHLEEN DAWSON

Kathleen Dawson, an experienced teacher, has a Certificate of Remedial Teaching from Brisbane University, which has brought her also into child welfare schools, and among delinquent, sub-normal, and emotionally disturbed children. While doing remedial teaching she learned some of the difficulties and worries parents have over their children's schoolwork.

# your child at school

... Negative attitudes especially seem to be lasting; at least from primary school to university level."

(So, mothers, beware! Don't air your aversion to maths in front of your children.)

"Children should find pleasure in mathematical thinking for its own sake... The pleasure associated with personal discovery in mathematics may be a reality for children at all levels..."

When next you feel tempted to help your child, remember the strong emphasis that is being placed on personal discovery.

You can most help your child with mathematics at pre-school level.

Here are some ideas to help him develop a mathematical concept:

Discuss with your child whether objects are taller or shorter, heavier or lighter, whether distances are longer or shorter. Watch the traffic, noting faster and slower vehicles. Let him feel warm and cold objects.

Provide him with measuring cups, spoons, jars, and let him play with water, sand, gravel, or even dirt. Let him handle a pound of butter, sugar, tea. Show him how to weigh them on your kitchen scales.

Discuss what happens on different days of the week. Note the time on the clock when Dad goes to work, or when the favorite TV program goes on.

See that he understands the relative position of objects — e.g., high, low; up, down; over, under; back, front; middle. Use these terms often to your child, and make sure that he knows what you mean.

Let the child see, and, if possible, handle, forms such as a circle, square, triangle, and oblong, and such solids as cube, cone, and ball.

Even a small child can hand over the money for bus fares or for ice-cream or sweets. Teach him to recognise the various coins and their values.

There are many nursery rhymes and jingles with number ideas, e.g., "One, two, buckle my shoe..." useful in reinforcing the child's idea of number.

Take every opportunity to count objects with him, letting him touch the things as he counts. Ask him to fetch two spoons, three clothes-pegs, etc.

To help develop an idea of fractions, show him how you cut a piece of fruit in half, or in quarters. Show him half a cup of milk, a quarter of a pint bottle. Let him see how you share a pie among four or six.

**NATURAL SCIENCE:** Children enjoy the study of natural science because they are interested in everything around them — plants, animals, rocks, the atmosphere, the solar system. Stimulate and keep alive this wonderful curiosity.

You won't stand a chance of answering every question he fires at you, but you can help him to find out. Go to the local library, or write to the museum for information. Encourage him to observe the world around him with wonder. You'll find his enthusiasm catching!

**ART:** Your child may or may not be particularly gifted at art, but with stimulation he will improve. Spare the time when he is little to set out some drawing or painting materials for him. (Butcher's paper, even newspaper, will do.) Hang colorful prints in his room. Think about subscribing to an art magazine, and take him round art exhibitions. You may discover a new interest yourself!

**MUSIC:** Again, as with art, it doesn't really matter whether a child is talented or not. Start building a record collection of a variety of the different forms of music. If you are uncertain, ask the teacher's advice.

As he gets older, take him to concerts — folk, jazz, orchestral, or musical comedy. Make the effort. You may find it more fun than sitting at home watching television.

If you can summon up the energy to share your child's interests, you will find your family life will become more meaningful, and you will grow closer together as your children grow older.

When working with delinquents, I found their common opinion of their parents to be, "They're not interested." Don't let your child have cause to say this of you.

## And a Sydney mother writes about what it is like to have hard-studying children in the household:

AS the mother of two high-school students, I was asking myself, "Can my children cope with the extra work under the Wyndham system? Is there any way I can help?"

To find the answers, I attended a lecture by a senior high-school inspector. I have followed his suggestions with success.

High-school students now must absorb more knowledge than ever before. Teachers instruct them, and guide them toward self-help, but they must read widely, and do research for assignments.

Form IV, School Certificate year, and forms V and VI are years of concentrated study. Regular study habits developed in earlier years now become most important.

No high-school student ever has "no homework tonight." There is always revision or research if no study is set.

Parents should see that their children have regular study hours. Older students, tired after a heavy day at school, need to relax first so they are fresh to tackle their study after their evening meal.

Younger children can do

By JUNE HAWKINS

their homework before dinner, and retire early.

Students need a flat desk or table with a good light, in quiet surroundings. In small families, most students have a desk in their bedroom, but in larger families they usually use the dining-room table. Give this room over to them during study hours.

Too much noise, especially in the same room, makes it hard to concentrate. Keep any entertaining you do for weekends.

All members of the family should have household jobs, apportioned so they don't interfere with study. Those studying hard could have fewer domestic chores in term time.

Senior high-school students must be ready to do some study in the May and September holidays. A couple of hours after breakfast each day is a good idea, leaving the evenings free. After all, they do have to study every evening in term time.

There must be time for relaxation, too. Some students, particularly girls, become over-anxious and over-studious, and should be encouraged to have hobbies. Let them spend one day a week at these.

Senior students cannot afford time to go out on weeknights, unless to a drama night, a French night, or films to do with schoolwork.

Ban television on weeknights, but allow viewing at weekends and on holidays if they want it.

Outings with members of the opposite sex cannot be completely banned, but students should try to remain uninvolved.

Parents must deny themselves the pleasure of their children's company on outings and trips which would interfere with study. Sacrifices made for their children's needs are rewarded by the children's success and character development.

These rules, at first sight, may appear stringent, as they did to me when I decided to apply them, but I explained to my children, and they agreed to try. Although at times I feel restricted, this system has been successful.

It is strengthening the characters not only of my children but also my own.



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# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● D'you remember the time when the thing you wanted most in life was to change your name? Not by marriage; but that ridiculous, embarrassing, and highly unsuitable first-name your misguided parents inflicted on you.

EVERYONE goes through this at some stage in childhood, and I expect it's no more than a belief in magic, a conviction that the self you're dissatisfied with would change into something altogether more exciting under a better name.

I thought of this the other day when I answered the phone and a voice asked how I was, and then said, "Can I speak to Henry, please?"

As the voice at the other end (a very youthful one) had greeted me by name, I thought I might straighten the matter out by asking who was speaking.

"Doesn't matter, it's a wrong number," the voice said firmly, and the receiver was hung up.

I'd just got back to the ironing-board and the ironing when the phone rang again, and the same voice and I went through the same inquiries about my well-being, followed by, "Can I speak to Mike, please?"

"What's this Henry jazz?" I asked Mike when he'd finished his conversation.

"I dunno," he said. "That's what they call me now."

"But you can't suddenly get a new nickname without knowing why," I said. "Henry who? Henry what?"

"Just Henry," Mike said. "I don't think it's a bad name."

I'd always thought that this name-changing phase was restricted to girls, but within a day or two I discovered that the telephoner, whom I've always known as David, is refusing to answer to anything but Peter, while another friend is getting no family co-operation at all in his attempts to change his name from Robert to Rupert.

I suppose I might have known it would happen with Mike, because as a very small child he had a habit, when asked his name by kindly old ladies in buses and shops,

of giving any name that had caught his fancy in the last hour or two.

Usually they came from something he'd heard on the radio and often they were male names, but not always. Once in a shop when he was three I heard him admit to the name of Winifred.

"That's a strange name for a little boy," the baffled old lady said. That left Mike equally baffled. He couldn't see what was strange about it.

Di went through a phase of persuading her friends and trying to persuade her family to call her Arabella. She thought it was exotic and way-out and extreme, and far less dull than Diana, but though Kat obliged by calling her Arabella for a time, somehow it didn't stick.

Katherine herself has always longed with all her heart and soul to be called Jane, "because nobody, not anybody, could misspell it."

Poor lamb, she claims to have discovered (and suffered) seven different ways of spelling her christian name, and she fell deeply for Ogden Nash when she found the lines in his poem "What's In a Name? Some Letter I Always Forget," which go:

"And I can't speak for you, but for myself there is one dilemma with me in the middle of it,

Which is, is it Katharine with a K or Catherine with a C, and furthermore is it an A or is it an E in the middle of it?"

For girls, the age of about 13 is the height of the name-changing craze. In my schooldays we had an epidemic of it of such frightful proportions that all the school records were getting into chaos and a special rule was made that name-changing wasn't allowed.

That didn't really foil us for long, because we took to devising more desirable second, third, and fourth names.

I still have a copy of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of English Verse" with the initials F.V.P. sandwiched in between the names I was entitled to.

I can't remember now what they stood for, but if I read through the Golden Treasury from cover to cover I'd probably find out, and the odds are even that F stood for Francesca, which seemed to me the ultimate in glamor when I first heard it.

## Poor Miss Daly became

### Daly Bread — then Crumbs

AT the same time this name-changing was going on, we had a positive passion for nicknaming.

A girl whose name was Daly had to answer to Daly Bread, which we thought was excruciatingly funny, and which has stuck with her all her life, though it's usually shortened to Crumbs.

Another girl had a father who was vastly proud of his family's name and didn't want her to lose it when she married. Let's say his name was Blank. He had her christened Penelope Blank, so her full name was Penelope Blank Blank — and, inevitably, she was known as Ditto.

Poor Ditto didn't have much luck with names. She married, shedding one of her Blanks, and when she was going to have a baby she announced to the world that he or she would have a one-syllable name that couldn't be shortened or played about with.

What she produced was identical male twins, quickly named Mark and Ian in the pious hope that nobody could do anything with those names.

She reckoned without that particular closeness of twins. When they were about seven they started calling each other Angus, a name they adopted from a neighbor's dog.

And so Angus they'll remain, I expect, to all those who can't see any real difference between them, and the ex-Miss Penelope Blank Blank is doomed for life to dittos of one sort or another.

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# BABY KANGAROO IN AN APRON POCKET

● Penny was an appealing little joey adopted by a Queensland family after her mother was shot. BETTY WESTWOOD, who tells about it here, says baby kangaroos are as much trouble as a baby — and when they leave you to go back to the wild, you feel as if you've lost one of your children!

MY husband once rescued a joey from certain death by cold or dingoes after its mother had been shot by hunters.

He brought it home in a sugarbag. When our four children opened the bag, out popped a

pair of long, grey ears, followed by a pair of such big, soft eyes that our hearts were won at once.

The joey we named Penny. Another three months of pouch life lay ahead of her if she was to survive, and duplicating a marsupial pouch seemed an intriguing challenge.

Penny had to be kept warm, protected from noise and light, and fed often and correctly.

We lined a shopping bag with plastic and made her some bedding of clean rags, in which we nestled a hot-water bottle. This had to be refilled regularly, day and night.

She had to be fed around the clock, too. We taught her to drink from a tiny dish, so we wouldn't have to hold a baby-bottle later on.

At first, I had to hold her, bundled in a rug, with my fingers gently pressing her velvety nose down into her drink of warm, sterile, infant's formula milk.

Often, impatience chafed me as her little pink tongue lapped its way slowly through her feed.

At feeding times, the children never tired of watching the joey's tall ears revolve like radar antennae at the slightest sound.

When she grew a bit older and bolder, Penny would pop her head out of her bag and give a peculiar little chattering cry to remind us it was feed time.

She graduated to a warm box as she grew bigger, covered at first to protect her delicate eyes from too much light.

## Wanted company

As she grew older, she slept less and wanted company. If I left the room when she was awake, she was unhappy. She would chatter and scold, and when she grew stronger, would hop out on to the floor and wobble about looking for me.

She got cold if she stayed out too long, her "thermostat" not yet adjusted for living outside the pouch for long.

So I stitched a big pocket into the front of my apron, and when I went outside to hang up the washing or water the garden, Penny rode with me.

Penny was so like a human baby to care for. She certainly took as much time and attention. Why did I bother? I ask myself now she is gone.

But she was such an appealing and affectionate pet. She had a funny way of getting into her bed.

She would tuck her nose under her paws and somersault in, landing on her back with her long, strong tail and toes stuck up in the air.

That, I suppose, was the way her mother had taught her to climb into the pouch, and that was all she remembered to do.

Even when she was able to live outside and had her own little house, she would come seeking me, giving her chattering cry. I would have to bend down while she somersaulted into my lap for a cuddle.

We have had many pets in our household, dogs, cats, and birds, but none of them was like Penny.

When she finally found a mate, who used to hop on to our farm at night and lead her away into the bush for nocturnal rambles, I anticipated her departure with a painful dread.

When at last she didn't return, I admit I felt as if I had lost one of my own family.

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# NEW ZEALAND

WHERE THE HOLIDAY ACTION IS



A travel  
feature  
by  
Peter  
Harding



● Nature is an earth-shaking force at Rotorua, New Zealand's largest tourist resort.

**T**OURISM is New Zealand's most joyously booming industry. The number of overseas guests has much more than doubled in the past six years, and the reasons are so obvious.

The big jetliners have brought that country, once "last and loneliest," now close to the rest of the world and so close to Australia as to put things on the pleasantest drop-in footing.

The New Zealand currency devaluation put its dollar on about the same level as Australia's which means that our money buys much more there than it used to.

Above all, and all the time, there is the multi-

splendored lure of those 100,000 square miles of mountains and vivid pastures, sub-tropical forest, boiling pools, and large, handsome lakes, so quickly accessible one from another.

And there is the charm of being in a country so young that its national origins are still partly present and visible amid its daily life.

There has been remarkable development lately of hotels, restaurants, transport, and tourist facilities generally.

New Zealand is at its spectacular best in autumn, winter, and spring. It is in the temperate zone and has an island, not a continental, climate. Even in winter the snow is mainly at the high-country resorts, the places you visit to admire

and have fun in before returning to the air-conditioned coach or warm hotel.

Because of New Zealand's dependence on primary exports, it has been having national balance-of-payments problems. The visitor wouldn't notice it — the 2,750,000 inhabitants are still among the most comfortably off in the world. But they now have an extra incentive to attract and please tourists.

They are old hands at it. Americans, so exacting in matters of comfort, have been going there for 80 years and now go in crowds.

But Australians are everywhere — it's no trouble at all at any resort to find someone from your town or suburb. And in larger numbers than ever, they keep returning.





HOLIDAY

# It's one big fish story



● Homeward bound in the Bay of Islands.

"THAT," said the complete angler from Kaitia, "is a remarkable catch. I haven't seen a fish that size for ages."

I was happily showing my first catch of the day, a 2lb. red snapper flapping on the sand of Ninety Mile Beach.

"In fact," he went on, "I think it's a stranger — it must have come from somewhere else, it's so small."

I laughed. Big-fish talk isn't to be taken seriously.

But in the next hour I beached a seven-pounder and he caught a 13-pounder.

New Zealand has been one great fish story since the god Maui pulled the North Island out of the ocean.

On many a beach on any fine afternoon you have an interesting little picture: at the edge of the surf a man is paying out a line and back up the beach there's Mum, sitting beside a hand-winch, ready to help pull in.

At the other end of the line are 15 or 20 hooks, and a contraption affectionately called Galloping Gertie. This is simply a weighted frame with a flap which opens at

each wave but closes for the back-surge, so taking the line with a series of small leaps far out in the surf to the shellfish-beds where the snapper feed.

There might be 100lb. of fish on the hooks when the time comes to haul in. The winch is often needed.

At Whangaroa, Northland, a resident who regularly takes parties of 28 out in his launch claimed that the average individual catch was something like eight 5lb. snapper. In the annual local contest this year the best three snapper caught were all over 16lb.; last year the best was 22lb.

In winter the fishing is mainly for hapuka (groper), "averaging 20lb. to 28lb." Of course, winter or summer, there is the odd day when nothing bites — if there was anything certain about fishing it wouldn't be a sport.

At almost any New Zealand resort the visitor can quickly arrange to join a party for a few hours' fishing, with hired gear. In big-game waters a launch, usually fitted for a party of four, can be hired for the day.

Trout-fishing, of course, is the best-known glamour sport, and the best served, and no one who gets among the big ones so common in the lakes and rivers of both islands would forget the experience.

To mention only one favored place, trout weighing about 4lb. are "usual" in the Tongariro River, and fierce fighters 7lb. to 9lb. are "not uncommon."

## WHERE TO GO?

AUCKLAND and Christchurch have the two airports equipped to receive big jetliners, and both are excellent jumping-off points for land tours.

As cities, too, they have their particular attractions: Christchurch with its English look, the parks, the dreamy little Avon River. Auckland with its large busy hotels and briskly growing nightlife, its dozen extinct volcanoes, and two harbors — a point of interest at the moment is the unorthodox widening of the Harbor Bridge by a Japanese firm, using steel brackets: the "Nippon clip-on," as people call it.

For the tourist liners, Wellington, clinging to its steep hillsides, and Auckland are the main ports of call.

Starting from the north, here is a lightning sketch of outlying resorts.

**Northland:** Two-hundred-mile peninsula, for long known as the holiday playground for Aucklanders, with a world reputation among big-game anglers; now one of the fastest-developing tourist zones. The beautiful Bay of Islands and Whangaroa Harbor (Americans are buying some of the islands); the incredible nobility of kauri forests, the reminders of early white settlement (New Zealand's oldest house, at Kerikeri, is still occupied by descendants of the family who took it over in 1832, and they still run the oldest shop, next door, in New Zealand's oldest stone building).

**Rotorua:** World-famous since the gay 'nineties, with its mineral waters to drink and bathe in (facilities recently enlarged), its shaking, rumbling world of steam vents, boiling mud, and other sulphurous charms; large, open Maori settlements; lovely little lakes.

The way south leads to more thermal resorts, to big Lake Taupo (boating and year-round angling), and the majestic group of snow-clad peaks, with their sometimes mildly active volcanoes and popular ski slopes (Ruapehu, Chateau Tongariro).

There are many other parts of the North Island to visit: for instance, the Waitomo glow-worm caves, a town like Napier, the Wanganui River "backdrops," Mt. Egmont.

"Travelling in the North Island," said a man I met from Coonamble, N.S.W., "every bend in the road is like turning another page in a picture-book."

On most of those pages the ruling color is green. The South Island is another world, with its white alps and lion-colored high tussock plains, glacier-gouged lakes and fiords, calm farmlands with trees from England and Scotland, and brilliantly clear air.

Under 12,349ft. Mt. Cook is the Hermitage, celebrated for high-living and simple view-watching, as well as climbing, walking, skiing. Has an artificial snow-maker to help out.

At Queenstown, farther south, anyone could stay happily for weeks, jaunting on the lake, visiting old gold-rush hamlets, fishing, using the ski slopes, ice-skating in winter.

Don't be afraid to travel so far south in winter. Queenstown boasts an average of 2150 hours of sunshine a year, about the same as Auckland, and has much less rain than Sydney; and winter, the boosters add, is the most settled season.

Te Anau and Wanaka lie on their own big lakes on the roads to the scenic miracles of Milford Sound and the Franz Josef and Fox glaciers on the West Coast.

Dunedin and Invercargill, with their Scottish traditions, are cities to visit. The Marlborough Sounds, in the north of the South Island, are a favorite holiday place for New Zealanders, not well known otherwise (swimming, fishing, resting).



● Above: Leaping trout near Rotorua. Below: Relaxing on the golf course in front of The Chateau on the slopes of Mt. Ruapehu, in the centre of the North Island.





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## Countryside provides meals to remember



NEW ZEALAND



HOLIDAY

● Air New Zealand chef, in the flight kitchen at Auckland airport, prepares food to be served on flights.

## Food for gourmets

FOR many years the food-fancier's idea of New Zealand was of a country whose people, descendants of Britons, had inherited a tradition of "good plain English cooking," with dishes like corned beef and cabbage, stewed chops, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

Today, New Zealand, one of the world's top food-exporting nations, is a land for gourmets.

Migrants from Europe have helped to shape the change, but the basis has been in the food itself — produce as diverse as the many regions it comes from.

Admirably projecting this image overseas are the inviting menus of Air New Zealand, the country's international airline.

A dozen different cheeses from Taranaki province, in the North Island, oysters from the far south, lamb from Canterbury province; these foods from contrasting regions are just a few from the airline's larder.

Air New Zealand even had a law changed to enable it to become probably the only airline serving breast of pheasant to all its passengers, both first and economy class.

To preserve pheasants' amateur status as game, New Zealanders have long been forbidden to breed them for the table. But recently the Government amended the regulations to allow game farms to breed them for Air New Zealand.

So passengers can now eat breast of pheasant when their plane is outside New Zealand.

This dish on the airline's menus accounts for about 6000 corn-fed pheasants a year. The flesh, incidentally, is superior to the ordinary game pheasant.

To the airline's flight kitchen at Auckland airport, crayfish are flown alive by amphibian aircraft from the Bay of Islands.

One of the more off-beat delicacies recently introduced is smoked eel.

These are silver eels, caught from the crystal-clear streams around Ngaruawahia, the seat of the Maori "royal family" and the present Queen Te Ata. A Dutch-born businessman catches the eels by an electronic device and processes them in his smoke-house for the seafood export trade.

Soups on the airline's menus include *bisque de toheroa*, made from the shellfish which is found on just a few beaches and carefully protected by law.

Roast lamb and green peas, for many years almost as traditional for New Zealand's Christmas dinners as turkey is in Britain, has been a long-established main course on Air New Zealand menus.

The prime export-quality lamb the airline uses in several of its meat dishes comes from the windswept Canterbury Plains, which stretch for more than 100 miles under the Southern Alps.

On the far side of the Alps, in Westland province, are the bushclad slopes where venison is obtained, another main course.

But the airline's menus cover a wider gourmet horizon than New Zealand alone. Its route network covers the whole of Polynesia, so it's not surprising to find some Polynesian dishes on the menu, too.

One of these is roast sucking pig, Hawaiian-style, garnished with pineapple, cherries, stuffed olives, and tomatoes, a popular "food spectacular" from the restaurants of Hawaii. — Special reporter.

### Let's not be formal

TRAVEL formalities between Australia and New Zealand have been further simplified in the past few years.

Australian citizens and British subjects of European origin living in Australia need no passport, visa, or entry permit. Naturalised Australians are asked to show proof of naturalisation.

Only an oral Customs declaration is required from incoming air passengers, and this may eventually be the case at N.Z. sea terminals as well.

Visitors are charged no duty on personal effects, and before the flight either way (or on the ship) can buy a variety of goods at a duty-free store — for instance, a camera — but never for resale, of course. Rules differ a little at each end: New Zealand admits one bottle of spirits duty-free, Australia three.

New Zealand strictly bars any significant drain of its currency, so make sure you change your money back to Australian before leaving. Do this at the airport or wharf or, if it's a large amount, at a city bank.

### WHERE IT'S DONE WITH MIRRORS!

IN a 1200-mile South Island tour in a rented new station sedan, I was never on a dangerous road, although some steep sections under repair had to be negotiated slowly.

There is one road so awesomely high and narrow, the road to Skippers, in Otago, that it has a sign warning off "nervous drivers." We passed it by; many tourists go there by bus for the thrill of it.

Elsewhere we came on a sign to end signs: "Eleven One-Way Bridges";

and another saying, "Eight-series Zig-zag"; and bends so sharp that large mirrors stand at the side of the road as a safety measure.

But driving in New Zealand is grand fun. The highways are open, uncrowded; and most are reasonably fast (though there is a countryside speed limit of 55 mph). Surface sealing is extending into remote places.

Rules of the road are much the same as here, and Australian driving licences are valid.



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● Glenhu Bay on Lake Wanaka, in the South Island's low-rainfall belt. This is one of the most beautiful of the big southern lakes.



● A guided party of sightseers on the Fox Glacier. They don't need experience, only boots hired at the hotel. Guide supplies the skill.



● In the magnificent region near Milford Sound, inexperienced walkers, young and old, are taken on a three-day hike, sleeping in huts.

Side jaunts can be an exciting, amusing, rewarding part of the tour

## Breathtaking... but safe

**T**HE bus I was in plunged off the road. Not an accident report, but an everyday happening now in New Zealand's decidedly go-go tourist scene.

The bus whooshed down a ramp and dashed along Ninety Mile Beach in the oddest sightseeing trip you could imagine. The tyres swished over hard, wet sand, a big surf on one side, dunes on the other, dotted with shell-hills of centuries of Maori toheroa feasts.

Anglers stood in the surf. Godwits and gulls rose in our path.

The jaunt, breathtaking but safe, is made at low tide and calls for an experienced driver—it was our man's 637th trip.

Long ago a world speed record (164 mph) was made on the beach. Local fishermen have always driven along it, and this year, on the day of the annual surf-fishing contest, 800 cars and vans stampeded for the best spots, with a police sergeant at their head to see that the rules of the road were observed—it is still officially a highway, since it was for a long time the only route along this peninsula to New Zealand's northern tip.

Now, after 46 miles, we turned smartly right and drove hilariously up the bed of a shallow, winding river for another two miles to a road, and on to the northernmost cape, the place where spirits of Maori dead leapt into the sea on their journey to the Polynesians' mythical ancestral land.

Back we went overland down the peninsula, through kauri gumfields—the early diggers found gum worth £25 million in their money.

A drink at the northernmost pub, a pause at a Maori village, and home to the motel called Orana ("Australian for 'welcome'") at Kaitiaki. Cost, \$6 for the day.

New Zealanders enjoy dreaming up these off-beat jaunts. They show gusto and, because of their long experience of tourism, careful attention to detail.

A TABLE was booked for a spot of gracious living at Queenstown, the tourist town under the Southern Alps, and to get to the restaurant we took a five-minute walk and entered a red-painted steel pod with two seats and sliding doors.

The attendant threw a switch and the gondola rose smoothly, almost vertically, suspended from a cableway up a mountainside. Several minutes later and 1460ft. higher, it stopped. We were at the restaurant.

The dinner? Up to the best resort standard. The view? Imagine mountain-encircled Lake Wakatipu stretched out in the twilight, the town almost directly below us, its first lights twinkling.

The tables are at the windows, and we turned our table-light off as we enjoyed the scene, the food, wine, and coffee, mulling over an ambition: to be there again, in winter.

The gondola ride costs \$1 return. The cableway is always carrying tourists for a meal or snack or just to take photographs. Some get up under their own steam, even 70-year-olds. (This has been the scene of the district's annual mountain race, last won by a shepherd with big boots and a pole; time, 32 minutes.)

Cableways, cable-cars, and ski-lifts are to be found in many parts of New Zealand. Near Queenstown is a ski-lift to the top of 5314ft. Coronet Peak, running up the

country's best ski-slope to one of its best views, with a restaurant at 3800ft.

**T**HE jet-boat hurtled up the rapids so far into the Alpine ranges that there was only an inch or two of water between the six of us and the Waimakariri River's shingle bed.

No cause for alarm: these "squirrel boats" propellerless but shooting a rooster-tail of spray behind them, skid over the surface—they would ride a heavy dew, as the saying goes. Breathtaking, certainly, but safe, comfortable, too.

There was a barbecue lunch at a side creek with a waterfall, beech trees, and lock-up zinc cupboard; the boat skidded downstream, all the faster with the 7 mph current added to its 30 mph.

Cost for the day: \$9 each, plus transport out of Christchurch.

There's nothing quite like this kind of boating. The water-jet unit is a New Zealand invention, with practical uses on its rivers. (In these boats a team of New Zealanders and Americans made the first journey up the Colorado River, through the Grand Canyon.)

Now you find them everywhere, and on my New Zealand tour we made use of them on the Waiau and the Shotover—in goldrush history "the richest river in the world": 11 tons of alluvial gold was won from it.

### NEW ZEALAND



### HOLIDAY

**T**HE nine-seater plane flirted with the peaks and high snowfields, and passengers made love to them with their eyes. We flew across the Alps to amazing Milford Sound, landed beside the hotel, and later flew back on a circular route to Queenstown.

Fare, \$14, and worth every cent for the memories. During the flight an American travel writer showed me his notebook—he had just scrawled excitedly, in a running commentary to his readers, "Good thing I'm not a speaker but a writer—I'm breathless!"

In another tourist plane, this one fitted with skis, we were taken over the highest ranges, the 17 peaks rising over 10,000ft. in their icefields which feed the biggest glaciers outside the Himalayas and polar regions.

People of all ages make such trips. Weather permitting, the planes land on the snowfields to land skiers and sightseers, giving a heady taste of mountaineering to tourists 20 minutes or so away from their hotel or motor camp. Cost \$8 to \$12.

**I**N the far south of the South Island a 90-passenger launch took us across island-dotted Lake Manapouri, from the shore that has an annual rainfall of about 40 inches to the shore with 160 inches; there we piled into buses and were taken over a mountain pass to Doubtful Sound, in the 300-inch belt, all in an hour or two. Geographically New Zealand has astonishing quirks.

Across the marvellously endowed stretch of water called the Bay of Islands, in northern New Zealand, the fast launch Meteor II took us island-hopping. In these parts Maoris' ancestors arrived in their ocean-going canoes; here the first white settlers, and battles were fought. ("The tribes would rather fight than eat bread fast.")

And on a mainland wharf that evening I watched the official weighing of a 630lb blue marlin, caught by one of the 600 crews in the biennial international fishing contest.



# HOTEL COMFORT

IMPROVEMENTS in tourist accommodation, in quality and quantity have been the most dramatic of all changes since my last New Zealand tour six years ago.

The improvement covers hotels and motels, right down the price range to motor camps and cabins.

Auckland, the largest city, is leading the way. Its two newest hotels, with 332 and 200 rooms, have strikingly changed the skyline. Smaller plushy hotels have risen in pleasant places a little out of the city—one is happily positioned on a harbor headland.

The recent late-closing liquor reform in New Zealand is bringing about an upgrading in hotel entertainment and, competitively, in nightclubs and restaurants.

As befits the other international jet city, Christchurch, in the South Island, has acquired two sophisticated hotels near the airport.

Generally speaking, in the best New Zealand city hotels a twin-bed unit with bathroom and TV set costs \$10 to \$15 a day (the price could include an extra bed for an under-15).

The trend is to give guests a motel-like sense of independence, while not stopping room-service. In an Auckland hotel I made coffee from a stocked cupboard and fridge in the unit.

The same hotel has thermostats on its baths. You twist a dial.

Motels throughout the country are similar to Australia's, which is to say that they vary from excellent to nondescript. The main difference in custom is the fact that most don't serve breakfast outside the dining-room, except by arrangement. Instead, they have the makings in each unit.

Some motels run first-class restaurants.

Far out in some of the choicest tourist country, by mountain, fiord, lake, bay, and forest, the famous chain of tourist hotels run by a State-sponsored corporation sets the standard. They have always been very good, and now there are more of them.

These dozen or so hotels have the advantage of the pioneer in each region: they chose their own site and did it superlatively well, so that the average guest has a spine-tingling view from his picture window and private balcony or terrace.



● Mt. Egmont, 8260ft., the perfect volcanic cone.

Units are usually designed like a sitting-room or studio, and you control the central heating for yourself.

Mostly the rate for a twin-bed room, with bathroom, is \$15 a day (meals optional and extra), and for a "standard" twin-bed room \$7 a day, but the charges are greatly reduced from May to late October.

During that half-year, guests staying at least two nights pay only half. The

single-room rate can be as low as \$3. (Concessions are somewhat different at the two biggest ski resorts, but still substantial.)

In parts of New Zealand, hotel accommodation is still inadequate, and that is just one of the reasons why you should avoid making your tour in the December-January period, when just about all able-bodied New Zealanders are enthusiastically dashing around in their own vacation.

## The life of the country

BESIDE the highway in southern Westland was a solitary structure, a simple freezing chamber, with "Venison depot" on the door.

We got out of our car to chat with a meat-hunter, as the shooters call themselves in the venison trade.

He was about 30, unshaven, tired. That morning he had shot a 200lb. doe a

mere ten minutes from a road and spent an hour and a half hauling it to his truck.

Venison was a fairly new export of New Zealand's, he told us. Most of it was going to West Germany.

There were many meat-hunters in the mountains, some taken there in helicopters, which also lifted the carcasses; and now a freezer ship was being prepared with pads for two helicopters to operate from the fiords.

This and more we learnt in the quick roadside chat. We looked up at the ranges with new interest, and I reminded myself again to lose no chance of talking to people.

Tourists need to seize their opportunities on the wing, and not spend too much time on the little beaten track between hotel, bus, and souvenir shop. On stopovers, buy a local paper for clues.

Find out something of the life of the country.

Sometimes it's made easy. A visit to one of the many high-country sheep stations is an excursion included with some packaged tours.

There are no roads to 34,000-acre Cecil Peak Station; I got there across Lake Wakatipu from Queenstown in a launch with 60 other passengers. From the lakeshore two old white buses, driven by the station-owner and a son, took us to the homestead.

We had a farm-style afternoon tea; the station-owner explained the run; we looked around, under century-old Australian gums. Does it seem unexciting? Gradually another of New Zealand's

strange little worlds was taking shape in the mind.

This man and his son, with 15 horses, 20 dogs, and a few occasional musters, have been farming a steep 6500ft. mountain to the top, driving their 8000 merinos down below the snowline in winter.

Only the wool is sent away (by lake steamer, of course). Conditions are so rugged that the flock barely holds its own in numbers: any increase goes into dog tucker. (South Island farmers last month installed, in sober gratitude, a large roadside statue to "The Sheepdog.")

The trip to Cecil Peak Station is popular among all kinds of tourists, because it gives an authentic glimpse of local life. "Authenticity" is a word increasingly heard in New Zealand as communities pay greater attention to their early history.

Folk museums have been created, and the overseas tourists love them.

Lately there has been a move in the north to reconstruct an important Maori pa, a fortified hilltop used in the wars, by clearing the big terraces and trenches, erecting new palisades and firing platforms.

A much more humble Maori village, the kind that used to be put up quickly near the sweet-potato patch in some temporary bush clearing, has been set up at Kerikeri, Bay of Islands, and the result is oddly fascinating. It reveals something of the ordinary life of the country long ago.

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"PUSH the button *un*," the launch hostess said. I was having trouble adjusting a seat, and for a moment wasn't sure whether she meant the button went in or up.

The difference between New Zealand and Australian accents seems to be growing. Australians think some New Zealanders say "Suddney," and they think some Australians call it "Seedney."

Well, it's one more point of difference between the countries, one more reason why travel is interesting. *Vive la difference—or Dufference!*

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● Picture, taken from a mountainside restaurant above Queens-town, shows the cableway which brings the diners there.

NEW ZEALAND



HOLIDAY

## The planning is easy

BOAC, and Pan American — offer reduced fares to travellers on packaged tours.

Within New Zealand, hotel and transport interests also offer concessions. So that period is the most economical time for a tour, whether organised or independent.

### In great variety

The packaged tours are in great variety. The cheapest range from about \$160 for seven days to \$415 for 22 days, if starting and finishing at Sydney — those from Melbourne and Brisbane cost a little more.

The tourists stay at good-standard hotels and motels, usually two or three sharing a room. Comfortable coaches are used, and incidental sightseeing, such as a guided walk on a glacier or a launch trip down Milford Sound, may be included in the price.

Tours taking in some of the best resort hotels cost more, and it is more again in the Christmas-New Year holiday period.

Cheapest of all the organised trips are the winter "club tours," booked by any special-interest group, such as football fans, bird-watchers, rose societies, social clubs.

Winter is in fact the cheapest time for anyone to fly to New Zealand — the economy-class return fare is heavily reduced, a fact of particular interest to anglers (for some of the best trout-fishing), skiers, hunters, and camera fans.

All the year round the airlines offer large concessions to families.

Some people would prefer to cross the Tasman Sea by ship both ways, or one way by sea and the other by air. More tourist liners are available now and the bookings can usually be arranged.

Renting a car is a fine way to see New Zealand, and financially quite feasible. The rental runs from \$9.50 a week and six cents a mile for a Mini, right up to \$22 a week and 10 cents a mile for a Pontiac or Fairlane. Petrol is 39 cents a gallon.

The business is well organised. You pick the car up at the airport and hand it over at the point of departure, or some intermediate town.

It is even possible now to have a drive-yourself packaged tour. Form a group of, say, four and you can have a 12-day drive in a six-seater car, with a fixed, booked itinerary, for \$204 per person, including all motels and the return air fare to Sydney. Petrol is extra.

Two people would pay \$239 each. It's less for smaller cars.

### Flying's a joy

Or four people could spend 23 days on a 2300-mile itinerary for \$328 each. All charges are higher in summer, though. The 23-day trip would then cost \$418 for each of four persons.

Powered caravans and camping gear can be hired. New Zealand's motor camps are probably rather better than Australia's.

The main islands are linked, between Wellington and Lyttelton, by a comfortable car ferry which is said to be the world's largest, and a short-haul service between Wellington and Picton. A fairly new highway makes it possible to complete a spectacular road circuit of the Southern Alps.

Flying is a pleasure, too, in that vivid, varied country. The State owns the main air services, but the South Island tourist run between Christchurch and the Alps and Fiordland is made by an experienced private airline with an inextinguishable personality all its own.

Other aircraft have "Keep Out" signs on the cockpit door, but here it's a gentler "Admission By Invitation Only." And the invitations are given. On a recent flight from the Hermitage airfield, under Mt. Cook, the plane detoured for an affectionate look at the highest peaks, and all 26 passengers were taken, in pairs, into the cockpit over the farm-checked plains to Christchurch.

Every tourist resort of any size offers a variety of casual charter transport. Float-planes take campers, sportsmen, and sight-seers to remote lakes, jet-boats take anglers and climbers into the mountain valleys, helicopters and ski-planes land hunters and skiers in high places.

There are not just a few such facilities—there are many in both islands, and the field is briskly, reassuringly competitive.

## MONTHLY MINI-CRUISES to NEW ZEALAND

The only shipping line with regular scheduled monthly sailings to and from New Zealand. Sydney to New Zealand from only \$64.

Every crossing is a cruise! The fun of an ocean cruise can be yours... even if you have only one week to spend. Flotta Lauro's 6-day Mini-Cruises from Sydney to Wellington and return (10 days from Melbourne) give you the full excitement of an overseas cruise at a price everyone can afford (from \$115.20 return).

Have a luxurious week in holiday atmosphere—enjoy fine food, top entertainment and sightseeing in New Zealand—and return relaxed and ready to go again aboard these famous blue ships!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1968



# Share a New Zealand holiday with Judy and Eddie Thompson

—a close look at a typical New Zealand holiday

I'm Eddie. How do you do.

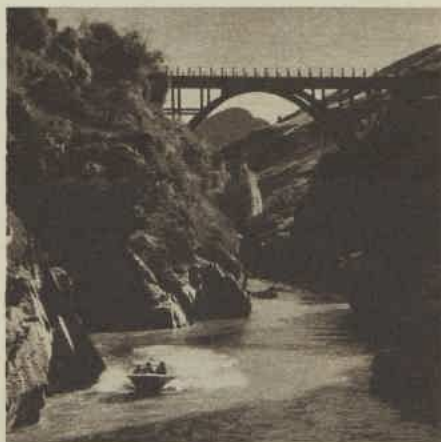


And I'm Judy. Hello.

We decided on a New Zealand holiday because we wanted to do something different ...



Like walking among leaping geysers, boiling springs and bubbling mud-pools ...



Like riding a bucking jet boat down the rapids in a rugged canyon.



Like flying by ski-plane to the head of a glacier for superb sightseeing.

and now we are ready. So grab your tickets. Your bags. Turn the page and let's go. —————→

This four page survey of New Zealand holidays is sponsored by New Zealand visitor industry enterprises.

17218  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1968

NZ104  
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# "How did we get there"



By jet. One of Air New Zealand's big quiet DC-8 jets.



Our hostess. She's just told us about Rotorua (where the geysers are). Seems it's her home town. It's like we are in New Zealand already.



Our steward. That's a special cocktail he's mixing for us. Friendly airline . . . Air New Zealand.



Food. Five Star Jetline food. Interesting—and beautifully served. What a way to start a holiday!



We found out all about Air New Zealand's Air-Conomy holidays and excursion fares from our Travel Agent and Air New Zealand. Send in this coupon and get details of this year's money-saving bargains.

To your Travel Agent or AIR NEW ZEALAND  
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Please send me information about:

Family Fares    Group Travel Concessions  
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**AIR NEW ZEALAND**



# "What did we see and do"



We found lots of fellow-Australians whom we met in New Zealand hadn't realised that New Zealand's recent currency devaluation makes New Zealand holidays much easier to afford than they used to be. Our Australian dollar is now equal to the New Zealand dollar. On average, things you buy in New Zealand cost about the same as they do in Australia.



Whether you arrive at Auckland, Wellington or Christchurch you enter New Zealand through a very agreeable city. Auckland is built around two beautiful harbours and 14 extinct volcanic cones. This is what driving conditions in Auckland are like.



During the Air-Conomy season (1st May to 10th December) tour and itinerary prices are heavily reduced. The tour we bought was reasonable but the standard of accommodation was high. It included hotels like this one at Mount Cook. It was from here that we went ski-planing. Unforgettable.



Even during the bargain season they offer you a very wide choice of holidays. Various standards of accommodation; various trip durations. You can get about by coach — comfortable and modern — by efficient local airlines, or drive yourself. Places like Milford Sound are easily accessible.



One night we went to a Maori concert. Singing and dancing and great fun. We met and spoke with Maoris at various places in the North Island. (After the concert we went swimming in a naturally heated thermal pool — you swim all the year in these pools.)



We didn't altogether expect the profusion of beautiful waterfalls all over New Zealand. We did see bubbling hot mud, steam-vents, geysers, the lot. We visited the fascinating geo-thermal project. And we bought some very interesting souvenirs, too.



A gem! There are dozens of them in the South Island. We took a fourteen day trip and saw the highlights of both islands. We look back on it as our discovery trip. As soon as we're able we're going back again for more. You just can't describe how much there is in New Zealand.

*P.S. Most people seem to go to New Zealand in the Summer — we wonder why. Actually it's best between May and November (that's Autumn to Spring). And that's when you get the biggest bargains in tours, travel and accommodation.*

**Why wait? Be like Judy and Eddie — holiday in New Zealand this year. Your Travel Agent has all the details.**



# Before you book your holiday, check that it includes some of these resort hotels



Te Anau Hotel



Waitangi Hotel



Franz Josef Hotel



Wanaka Hotel

You wouldn't want to miss the real highlights, would you? The Tourist Hotel Corporation has international standard hotels at most of the leading resorts in New Zealand. They provide excellent accommodations, gourmet meals and delightfully friendly service. (They have intriguing cocktail bars and good cellars, too.)

If you're travelling on an independent itinerary — especially when using the trans-Tasman airlines' half-fares-for-wives Family Plan — between 1st May and 24th October you can qualify for the THC two-for-one discount: two nights for the price of one at the hotels and motor inns listed — except those at Wairakei, Tokaanu, Pukaki. At the Chateau Tongariro and the Waikaremoana Motor Inn the concessions are available only at certain times. Your Travel Agent has full details.

Many of the 1968 Air-Conomy Holidays and all Top Hospitality Holidays include THC resorts. You'll enjoy your New Zealand holiday more if it includes some of these resort hotels:

Waitangi Hotel, Bay of Islands  
Wairakei Hotel, Wairakei Thermal Region  
Waitomo Hotel, Waitomo Caves  
Chateau Tongariro, Mt. Ruapehu alpine playground  
The Hermitage, Mount Cook National Park

Wanaka Hotel, Lake Wanaka  
Franz Josef Hotel, Franz Josef Glacier

Te Anau Hotel, Lake Te Anau  
Milford Hotel, Milford Sound

Pleasant and comfortable THC Motor Inns are located at  
Lake Waikaremoana,  
Queenstown (Eichardts),  
Mount Cook (Glencoe),  
Lake Taupo (Tokaanu),  
Lake Pukaki.



Tourist Hotel  
Corporation  
of  
New Zealand





He had sacrificed so much on the altar of ambition and now time was running short

# DEATH and the Senator

By  
**ARTHUR C.  
CLARKE**

WASHINGTON had never looked lovelier in the spring; and this was the last spring, thought Senator Steelman bleakly, that he would ever see. Even now, despite all that Dr. Jordan had told him, he could not fully accept the truth. In the past there had always been a way of escape; no defeat had been final. When men had betrayed him, he had discarded them — even ruined them, as a warning to others.

But now the betrayal was within himself; already, it seemed, he could feel the labored beating of the heart that would soon be stilled. No point in planning now for the Presidential election of 1976; he might not even live to see the nominations . . .

It was an end of dreams and ambition, and he could not console himself with the knowledge that for all men these must end some day. For him it was too soon; he thought of Cecil Rhodes, who had always been one of his heroes, crying "So much to do — so little time to do it in!" as he died before his fiftieth birthday. He was already older than Rhodes, and had done far less.

The car was taking him away from the Capitol; there was symbolism in that, and he tried not to dwell upon it. Now he was abreast of the New Smithsonian — the vast complex of museums he had never had time to visit, though he had watched it spread along the Mall throughout the years he had been in Washington.

How much he had missed, he told himself bitterly, in his relentless pursuit of power. The whole universe of art and culture had remained almost closed to him, and that was only part of the price that he had paid. He had become a stranger to his family and to those who were once his friends. Love had been sacrificed on the altar of ambition, and the sacrifice had been in vain. Was there anyone in all the world who would weep at his departure?

Yes, there was. The feeling of utter desolation relaxed its grip upon his soul. As he reached for the phone, he felt ashamed that he had to call the office to get this number, when his mind was cluttered with memories of so many less important things.

There was the White House, almost dazzling in the spring sunshine. For the first time in his life he did not give it a second glance. Already it belonged to another world — a world that would never concern him again.)

The car circuit had no vision, but he did not need it to sense Irene's mild surprise — and her still milder pleasure.

"Hello, Renee — how are you all?"

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"Fine, Dad. When are we going to see you?"

It was the polite formula his daughter always used on the rare occasions when he called. And invariably, except at Christmas or birthdays, his answer was a vague promise to drop around at some indefinite future date.

"I was wondering," he said slowly, almost apologetically, "if I could borrow the children for an afternoon. It's a long time since I've taken them out, and I felt like getting away from the office."

"But of course," Irene answered, her voice warming with pleasure. "They'll love it. When would you like them?"

"Tomorrow would be fine. I could call around twelve, and take them to the Zoo or the Smithsonian, or anywhere else they felt like visiting."

Now she was really startled, for she knew well enough that he was one of the busiest men in Washington, with a schedule planned weeks in advance. She would be wondering what had happened; he hoped she would not guess the truth. No reason why she should, for not even his secretary knew of the stabbing pains that had driven him to seek this long-overdue medical check-up.

"That would be wonderful. They were talking about you only yesterday, asking when they'd see you again."

**H**IS eyes misted, and he was glad that Renee could not see him.

"I'll be there at noon," he said hastily, trying to keep the emotion out of his voice. "My love to you all." He switched off before she could answer, and relaxed against the upholstery with a sigh of relief. Almost upon impulse, without conscious planning, he had taken the first step in the reshaping of his life. Though his own children were lost to him, a bridge across the generations remained intact. If he did nothing else, he must guard and strengthen it in the months that were left.

Taking two lively and inquisitive children through the natural-history building was not what the doctor would have ordered, but it was what he wanted to do. Joey and Susan had grown so much since their last meeting, and it required both physical and mental alertness to keep up with them. No sooner had they entered the rotunda than they broke away from him, and scampered toward the enormous elephant dominating the marble hall.

"What's that?" cried Joey. "It's an elephant, stupid," answered Susan with all the crushing superiority of her seven years.

"I know it's an effelant," retorted Joey. "But what's its name?"

Senator Steelman scanned the label, but found no assistance there. This was one occasion when the risky adage "Sometimes wrong, never uncertain" was a safe guide to conduct.

"He was called—er—Jumbo," he said hastily. "Just look at those tusks!"

"Did he ever get toothache?"

"Oh no."

"Then how did he clean his teeth? Ma says that if I don't clean mine . . ."

Steelman saw where the logic of this was leading, and thought it best to change the subject.

"There's a lot more to see inside. Where do you want to start—birds, snakes, fish, mammals?"

"Snakes!" clamored Susan. "I wanted to keep one in a box, but Daddy said no. Do you think he'd change his mind if you asked him?"

"What's a mammal?" asked Joey, before Steelman could work out an answer to that.

"Come along," he said firmly. "I'll show you."

As they moved through the halls and galleries, the children darting from one exhibit to another, he felt at peace with the world. There was nothing like a museum for calming the mind, for putting the problems of everyday life in their true perspective. Here, surrounded

## DEATH AND THE SENATOR

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by the infinite variety and wonder of Nature, he was reminded of truths he had forgotten. He was only one of a million million creatures that shared this planet, Earth.

The entire human race, with its hopes and fears, its triumphs, and its follies, might be no more than an incident in the history of the world. As he stood before the monstrous bones of *Diplodocus* (the children for once awed and silent), he felt the winds of Eternity blowing through his soul. He could no longer take so seriously the gnawing of ambition, the belief that he was the man the nation needed. What nation, if it came to

that? A mere two centuries ago this summer, the Declaration of Independence had been signed; but this old American had lain in the Utah rocks for a hundred million years. . . .

He was tired when they reached the Hall of Oceanic Life, with its dramatic reminder that Earth still possessed animals greater than any that the past could show. The ninety-foot blue whale plunging into the ocean, and all the other swift hunters of the sea, brought back memories of hours he had once spent on a tiny, glistening deck with a white sail billowing above him. That was another time when he had known contentment,

listening to the swish of water past the prow, and the sighing of the wind through the rigging. He had not sailed for thirty years; this was another of the world's pleasures he had put aside.

"I don't like fish," complained Susan. "When do we get to the snakes?"

"Presently," he said. "But what's the hurry? There's plenty of time."

The words slipped out before he realised it. He checked his step, while the children ran on ahead. Then he smiled, without bitterness. For in a sense, it was true enough. There was plenty of time. Each day, each hour could be a universe of experience, if one used it properly. In the last weeks of his life, he would begin to live.

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## RIVETS





As yet, no one at the office suspected anything. Even his outing with the children had not caused much surprise; he had done such things before, suddenly cancelling his appointments and leaving his staff to pick up the pieces. The pattern of his behaviour had not yet changed, but in a few days it would be obvious to all his associates that something had happened. He owed it to them — and to the Party — to break the news as soon as possible; there were, however, many personal decisions he had to make first, which he wished to settle in his own mind before he began the vast unwinding of his affairs.

There was another reason for his hesitancy. During his career, he had seldom lost a fight, and in the cut and thrust of political life

## DEATH AND THE SENATOR

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he had given quarter to none. Now, facing his ultimate defeat, he dreaded the sympathy and the condolences that his many enemies would hasten to shower upon him. The attitude, he knew, was a foolish one — a remnant of his stubborn pride, which was too much a part of his personality to vanish even under the shadow of death.

He carried his secret from committee-room to White House to Capitol, and through all the labyrinths of Washington society, for more than two weeks. It was the finest performance of his career, but there was no one to appreciate it. At the end of that

time he had completed his plan of action; it remained only to dispatch a few letters he had written in his own hand, and to call his wife.

The office located her, not without difficulty, in Rome. She was still beautiful, he thought, as her features swam on to the screen; she would have made a fine First Lady, and that would have been some compensation for the lost years. As far as he knew, she had looked forward to the prospect; but had he ever really understood what she wanted?

"Hello, Martin," she said, "I was expecting to hear from you. I suppose you want me back."

"Are you willing to?" he asked quietly. The gentleness of his voice obviously surprised her.

"I'd be a fool to say no, wouldn't I? But if they don't elect you, I want to go my own way again. You must agree to that."

"They won't elect me. They won't even nominate me. You're the first to know this, Diana. In six months, I shall be dead."

The directness was brutal, but it had a purpose. That fraction-of-a-second delay while the radio waves flashed up to the communications satellites and back again to Earth had never seemed so long. For once, he had broken through the beautiful mask. Her eyes widened with disbelief, her hand flew to her lips.

"You're joking!"

"About this? It's true enough."

My heart's worn out. Dr. Jordan told me, a couple of weeks ago. It's my own fault, of course, but let's not go into that."

"So that's why you've been taking out the children: I wondered what had happened."

He might have guessed that Irene would have talked with her mother. It was a sad reflection on Martin Steelman, if so commonplace a fact as showing an interest in his own grandchildren could cause curiosity.

"Yes," he admitted frankly. "I'm afraid I left it a little late. Now I'm trying to make up for lost time. Nothing else seems very important."

In silence, they looked into each other's eyes across the curve of the Earth, and across the empty desert of the dividing years. Then Diana answered, a little unsteadily, "I'll start packing right away."

Now that the news was out, he felt a great sense of relief. Even the sympathy of his enemies was not as hard to accept as he had feared. For overnight, indeed, he had no enemies. Men who had not spoken to him in years, except with invective, sent messages whose sincerity could not be doubted. Ancient quarrels evaporated, or turned out to be founded on misunderstandings. It was a pity that one had to die to learn these things.

He also learned that, for a man

### FROM THE BIBLE

● Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and for ever.

— Hebrews 13; 8.

of affairs, dying was a full-time job. There were successors to appoint, legal and financial mazes to untangle, committee and state business to wind up. The work of an energetic lifetime could not be terminated suddenly, as one switches off an electric light. It was astonishing how many responsibilities he had acquired, and how difficult it was to divest himself of them. He had never found it easy to delegate power (a fatal flaw, many critics had said, in a man who hoped to be Chief Executive), but now he must do so, before it slipped for ever from his hands.

It was as if a great clock was running down, and there was no one to rewind it. As he gave away his books, read and destroyed old letters, closed useless accounts, and files, dictated final instructions, and wrote farewell notes, he sometimes felt a sense of complete unreality. There was no pain; he could never have guessed that he did not have years of active life ahead of him. Only a few lines on a cardiogram lay like a roadblock across his future — or like a curse, written in some strange language the doctors alone could read.

Almost every day now Diana, Irene, or her husband brought the children to see him. In the past he had never felt at ease with Bill, but that, he knew, had been his own fault. You could not expect a son-in-law to replace a son, and it was unfair to blame Bill because he had not been cast in the image of Martin Steelman, jun. Bill was a person in his own right; he had looked after Irene, made her happy, and fathered her children. That he lacked ambition was a flaw — if flaw indeed it was — that the Senator could at last forgive.

He could even think, without pain or bitterness, of his own son, who had travelled this road before him and now lay, one cross among many, in the United Nations cemetery at Capetown. He had never visited Martin's grave; in the days when he had the time, white men were not popular in what was left of South Africa. Now he could go if he wished, but he was uncertain if it would be fair to harrow Diana with such a mission. His own memories would not trouble him much longer, but she would be left with hers.

Yet he would like to go, and

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His feet won't be completely formed for 16 years...  
one pair of ill-fitting shoes can damage them forever



... only Clarks have the right  
number of fittings to ensure correct fit!



Choose from the wide range of good-looking, trend setting Clarks children's shoes — from first walkers to party and school shoes. Left to right... PLAYDERBY — "D" fitting 3-6½, "E" fitting 2-6½ \$3.25; PUNCH — "C", "D" & "E" fittings 5-10½ from \$4.50; PATHFINDER — "C", "D", "E" & "EE" fittings 9-3 from \$5.99; JAZZY — "C", "D" & "E" fittings 5-10½ from \$4.50; PLAYWELL — "D" fitting 3-6½, "E" fitting 2-6½ \$3.25. Slightly less in South Australia.

**Clarks**  
CHILDREN'S SHOES



The closer he gets  
the better you look

## Hair colour so natural it invites close-ups Easy too!

This is our promise. We have a hair colour product to end all doubts you might have had about hair colouring. We call it Nice 'n Easy—because it is. Nice 'n Easy works like a shampoo. No fuss, no complications. You just pour it on . . . work it through . . . wait just minutes . . . rinse, shampoo. It's that easy! And the result is glorious, natural hair colour that lasts for a month or more. If you want, you can go lighter . . . brighter . . . or darker. Be the colour you've always wanted to be with Nice 'n Easy by Clairol.



CLAIROL  
*Nice  
'n  
Easy*

### Mrs. H. WIFE



"Which one of you is mine?"

### DEATH AND THE SENATOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

felt it was his duty. Moreover, it would be a last treat for the children. To them it would be only a holiday in a strange land, without any tinge of sorrow for an uncle they had never known. He had started to make the arrangements when, for the second time within a month, his whole world was turned upside down.

Even now, a dozen or more visitors would be waiting for him each morning when he arrived at his office. Not as many as in the old days, but still a sizable crowd. He had never imagined, however, that Dr. Harkness would be among them.

The sight of that thin, gangling

figure made him momentarily break his stride. He felt his cheeks flush, his pulse quicken at the memory of ancient battles across committee-room tables, of angry exchanges that had reverberated along the myriad channels of the ether. Then he relaxed; as far as he was concerned, all that was over.

Harkness rose to his feet, a little awkwardly, as he approached. Senator Steelman knew that initial embarrassment — he had seen it so often in the past few weeks. Everyone he now met was automatically at a disadvantage, always on the alert to avoid the one subject that was taboo.

"Well, Doctor," he said. "This is a surprise — I never expected to see you here."

He could not resist that little jab, and derived some satisfaction at watching it go home. But it was free from bitterness, and the other's smile acknowledged.

"Senator," replied Harkness, in a voice that was pitched so low that he had to lean forward to hear it, "I've some extremely important information for you. Can we speak alone for a few minutes? It won't take long."

Steelman nodded; he had his own ideas of what was important now, and felt only a mild curiosity as to why the scientist had come to see him. The man seemed to have changed a good deal since their last encounter, seven years ago. He was much more assured and self-confident, and had lost the nervous mannerisms that had helped to make him such an unconvincing witness.

"Senator," he began, when they were alone in the private office. "I've some news that may be quite a shock to you. I believe that you can be cured."

Steelman slumped heavily in his chair. This was the one thing he had never expected, from the time he had not encumbered himself with the burden of vain hopes. Only a fool fought against the inevitable, and he had accepted his fate.

FOR a moment he could not speak; then he looked up at his old adversary and gasped. "Who told you that? All my doctors—"

"Never mind them; it's not their fault they're ten years behind the times. Look at this."

"What does it mean? I can't read Russian."

"It's the latest issue of the U.S.S.R. Journal of Space Medicine. It arrived a few days ago, and we did the usual routine translation. This note here — the one I've marked — refers to your recent work at the Mechanism Station."

"What's that?"

"You don't know? Why, that's their Satellite Hospital, the one they've built just below the Great Radiation Belt."

"Go on," said Steelman, in a voice that was suddenly dry and constricted. "I'd forgotten they called it that." He had hoped to end his life in peace, but now the past had come back to haunt him.

"Well, the note itself doesn't say much, but you can read a lot between the lines. It's one of those advance hints that scientists put out before they have time to write a full-fledged paper, so they can claim priority later. The title is 'Therapeutic Effects of Zero Gravity on Circulatory Diseases.' What they've done is to induce heart disease artificially in rabbits and hamsters, and then take them up to the space station."

"In orbit, of course, nothing has any weight; the heart and muscles have practically no work to do. And the result is exactly what I tried to tell you years ago. Even extreme cases can be arrested, and many can be cured."

The tiny, panelled office that had been the centre of his world, the scene of so many conferences, the birthplace of so many plans, became suddenly unreal. Memory was much more vivid; he was back again at those hearings, in the fall of 1969, when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's first decade of activity had been under review — and, for the first time, under fire.

He had never been chairman of the Senate Committee on Astronautics, but he had been its most vocal and effective member. It was here that he had made his reputation as a guardian of the public purse, as a hard-headed man who could not be bamboozled by utopian scientific dreamers. He had done a good job; from that moment, he had never been far from the headlines. It was not that he had any particular feeling for space and science, but he knew a live issue when he saw one. Like a tape-recorder unrolling in his mind, it all came back . . .

"Dr. Harkness, you are the Technical Director of the National

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## READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

**PREVENT** wear and tear on the elbows of woollen jumpers by sewing an old nylon stocking inside each sleeve. — Mrs. Vollebregt, Anzac Pde., Bundanoon, N.S.W. 2578.

An easy way to lengthen a girl's school uniform. Cut garment open at each shoulder seam and insert a narrow band of the same material at each shoulder. If no similar material is available, take a piece from the inside hem and replace with a facing. — Miss Pauline Bond, 21 Speed St., Ararat, Vic. 3377.

Use a soft, nylon nailbrush to help scrub away those dirty marks when cleaning the family car. The brush, being small, is easy to use round window edges and on the chromework. Also it does not scratch the paintwork. — Marilyn Steele, 3 Parbery Crescent, Bega, N.S.W. 2550.

Place a double thickness of old nylon stocking across the hole in a sock and then darn as usual. This will make the sock last longer. — Mrs. Harold Staples, 11 Clarencetown Rd., Dungog, N.S.W. 2420.

● These useful household hints sent in by readers will help you to save time and money. Each hint wins a \$2 prize.

To chop parsley without mess, place in a narrow glass and snip the leaves with kitchen scissors until finely divided. — Mrs. A. Liddy, 2 Mandeville Cres., Toorak, Vic. 3142.

Make covers for divans out of plain or patterned towelling, tucking in all round; add gay cushions to the top. These spreads are easy and cheap to make, not bulky to wash, dry quickly, and need no ironing. They don't crease, so children can play on them. — Mrs. Dawn Paynter, 3 Lincoln Drive, Redwood Park, S.A. 5097.

After pinning a pattern to dress material, go over the paper pattern with a warm iron. This causes the pattern to cling to the cloth, making cutting easier and reducing the chance of tearing pattern pieces. — Mrs. L. Chadwick, P.O. Box 308, Wanganui, N.Z., New Zealand.

When a pane of glass has been broken, a quick temporary repair can be made by using adhesive shelf-paper on both sides. This stops the draughts, saves toddlers getting cut fingers. — Mrs. P. E. Blackley, Box 62, Wandoan, Qld. 4419.

## Neapolitan dish wins

● A spaghetti dish with real Italian flavor wins \$10 in our weekly recipe contest. LEVEL spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

### NEAPOLITAN SPAGHETTI MEATBALLS

1 lb. minced steak  
1 clove garlic  
2 tablespoons chopped parsley  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon pepper  
1 cup breadcrumbs  
1 cup undiluted evaporated milk  
2 eggs  
1 cup oil  
1 cup flour

#### SAUCE

1 cup chopped onion  
1 cup chopped celery  
16oz. can tomato puree and 1 can water or 2 cans tomato puree  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon pepper  
pinch each cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg

**Meatballs:** Combine in bowl the steak, salt, pepper, parsley, breadcrumbs, crushed garlic, milk, and beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly, roll into small balls. Toss in flour, cook in hot oil until brown on all sides; remove from pan.

**Sauce:** In same frying pan, brown onions and celery. Add tomato puree and/or water, salt, pepper, and spices. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cover, and simmer 40 minutes.

Return meatballs to sauce and simmer, covered, extra 30 minutes. Fifteen minutes before meatballs are done, cook one pound spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water. When tender, drain well, place on serving dish, pour sauce and meatballs over. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese.

Serves 6.  
First prize of \$10 to Mrs. R. Walker, Box 4, P.O., Geraldton, W.A. 6530.

### ROSELLA JAM

2 lb. rosellas  
2 pints water  
sugar

Wash rosellas, cut off stem end, remove the seed pods. Place stems and half the seed pods (discard the other half) in saucepan with the water. Reserve rosella leaves. Boil gently 1 hour, then strain through fine muslin. Place the strained liquid in saucepan, add rosella leaves, boil 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat; measure pulp with liquid and to each cup of mixture add 1 cup sugar. Return to saucepan with sugar, stir until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil and continue cooking until jam sets when tested on cold saucer (approx. 15 minutes). Pour into clean, warm jars and seal.

Makes approx. 1½ pints.  
Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. D. Whelan, 97 Broad St., Sarina, Qld. 4737.

# Because Mother's no machine she needs the help of Sunbeam



### The table-top range

Sunbeam's beautiful new 11" Frypan is lined with gleaming stainless steel — so smooth, and easy to keep clean. Cooks almost everything, from stewing fruit to large roasts—even dry grills. Automatic heat control removes for Frypan washing and storage.

### The 5-in-one cooker

With the Sunbeam Deep-Fry Cooker you can deep-fry...cook stews...make soup...boil meat, spaghetti, rice or vegetables, a steamed pudding! Accurate automatic heat control. Complete with frying basket and cook book.

### The world-beater

Sunbeam Mixmaster Mixer helps with every meal of the day—mixes, whips, beats, creams, juices and more. 12-speed settings; bowls rotate automatically; automatic motor power control. Full range of attachments available.

### The shirt tamer

Sunbeam Spray and Steam Iron dampens, steam-presses, glides over the work on its friction-free soleplate. Stainless steel water tank, perfect balance, cool handle comfort, water level gauge. It's the iron she really needs.

*Sunbeam*

THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE



## THE BOYFRIEND



"You said this was a great place for fishing — I wish you'd told the fish!"

## DEATH AND THE SENATOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

Aeronautics and Space Administration?"

"That is correct."

"I have here the figures for NASA's expenditure over the period 1959-69; they are quite impressive. At the moment the total is \$82,547,450,000, and the estimate for fiscal '69-'70 is well over ten billions. Perhaps you could give us some indication of the return we can expect from all this."

"I'll be glad to do so, Senator."

That was how it had started, on a firm but not unfriendly note. The hostility had crept in later. That it was unjustified, he had known at the time; any big orga-

nisation had weaknesses and failures, and one which literally aimed at the stars could never hope for more than partial success. From the beginning, it had been realised that the conquest of space would be at least as costly in lives and treasure as the conquest of the air.

In ten years, almost a hundred men had died — on Earth, in space, and upon the barren surface of the Moon. Now that the urgency of the early 'sixties was over, the public was asking "Why?" Steelman was shrewd enough to see himself as mouth-piece for those questioning voices. His performance had been cold

and calculated; it was convenient to have a scapegoat, and Dr. Harkness was unlucky enough to be cast for the role.

"Yes, Doctor, I understand all the benefits we've received from space research in the way of improved communications and weather forecasting, and I'm sure everyone appreciates them. But almost all this work has been done with automatic, unmanned vehicles. What I'm worried about — what many people are worried about — is the mounting expense of the Man-in-Space program, and its very marginal utility."

"Since the original Dyna-Soc and Apollo projects, almost a decade ago, we've shot billions of dollars into space. And with what result? So that a mere handful of men can spend a few uncomfortable hours outside the atmosphere, achieving nothing that television cameras and automatic equipment couldn't do — much better and cheaper."

"And the lives that have been lost! None of us will forget those screams we heard coming over the radio when the X21 burned up on re-entry. What right have we to send men to such deaths?"

He could still remember the hushed silence in the committee chamber when he had finished. His questions were very reasonable ones, and deserved to be answered. What was unfair was the rhetorical manner in which he had framed them and, above all, the fact that they were aimed at a man who could not answer them effectively. Steelman would not have tried such tactics on a von Braun or a Rickover; they would have given him at least as good as they received.

## B

BUT Harkness was an orator; if he had deep personal feelings, he kept them to himself. He was a good scientist, an able administrator — and a poor winner. It had been like shooting fish in a barrel. The reporters had loved it; he never knew which of them coined the nickname "Happy Harkness."

"Now this plan of yours, Doctor, for a fifty-man space laboratory — how much did you say it would cost?"

"I've already told you — just under one and a half billion."

"And the annual maintenance?"

"Not more than \$250,000,000."

"When we consider what's happened to previous estimates, you will forgive us if we look upon these figures with some scepticism. But even assuming that they are right, what will we get for the money?"

"We will be able to establish our first large-scale research station in space. So far, we have had to do our experimenting in cramped quarters aboard unsuitable vehicles usually when they were engaged on some other mission. A permanent, manned satellite laboratory is essential. Without it, further progress is out of the question. Astrobiology can hardly get started."

"Astro what?"

"Astrobiology — the study of living organisms in space. The Russians really started it when they sent up the dog Laika on Sputnik II and they're still ahead of us in this field. But no one's done any serious work on insects or invertebrates — in fact, on any animals except dogs, mice, and monkeys."

"I see. Would I be correct in saying that you would like to build a zoo in space?"

The laughter in the committee room had helped to kill the project. And it had helped, Senator Steelman now realised, to kill him.

He had only himself to blame for Dr. Harkness had tried, in his ineffectual way, to outline the benefits that a space laboratory might bring. He had particularly stressed the medical aspects, promising nothing, but pointing out the possibilities. Surgeons, he had suggested, would be able to develop new techniques in an environment where the organs had no wear and tear of gravity. The strain on heart and muscles would be enormously reduced. You he had mentioned the heart; but that had been of no interest

To page 73



# MAGGI Beef & Vegetable Soup, rich in country-style flavour!

The newest Maggi soup. Chunks of prime beef and succulent vegetables in a broth of bright gold! Serve this one with a smile. Your family will love you for it. So hearty and rich in goodness. With 4 generous serves in every packet.

At **MAGGI** we really care



## MAGGI Southern Style Country Supper

Soak 1 lamb's fry in salted water for 1 hour. Remove skin and cut into 2" x 1/2" strips. Saute quickly in 2 ozs. melted butter for 10 minutes. Add pkt. MAGGI BEEF & VEGETABLE SOUP.

All spoon measurements are level, unless otherwise stated. 8 oz. measuring cup used.

1 x 10 oz. can whole kernel corn and 2 cups water, stirring well. Bring to boil. Cover. Simmer 15 minutes. Add 1 lb. cubed potatoes. Simmer further 15 minutes. Add 1/4 cup chopped shallots. Season to taste. Serves 4.



33 1888



## DEATH AND THE SENATOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

Senator Steelman—healthy and ambitious, and anxious to make good copy—

"Why have you come to tell me this?" he said dully. "Couldn't you let me die in peace?"

"That's the point," said Harkness impatiently. "There's no need to give up hope."

"Because the Russians have moved some hamsters and rabbits?" "They've done much more than that. The paper I showed you only quoted the preliminary results; it's already a year out of date. They don't want to raise false hopes, so they are keeping as quiet as possible."

"How do you know this?"

Harkness looked surprised.

"Why, I called Professor Stanekovich, my opposite number. He turned out that he was up on the Mechnikov Station, which proves how important they consider this work. He's an old friend of mine, and I took the liberty of mentioning your case."

The dawn of hope, after its long absence, can be as painful as its departure. Steelman found it hard to breathe, and for a dreadful moment he wondered if his final attack had come. But it was only excitement; the constriction in his chest relaxed, the ringing in his ears faded away, and he heard Dr. Harkness' voice saying: "He wanted to know if you could come to Astrograd right away, so I said I'd ask you. If you can make it, there's a flight from New York at 10.30 tomorrow morning."

Tomorrow he had promised to take the children to the Zoo; it would be the first time he had let them down. The thought gave him a sharp stab of guilt, and it required almost an effort of will to answer: "I can make it."

He saw nothing of Moscow during the few minutes that the big intercontinental jet fell down from the stratosphere. The viewports were switched off during the descent, for the sight of the ground coming straight up as a ship fell vertically on its sustaining jet was highly disconcerting to passengers.

AT Moscow he changed to a comfortable but old-fashioned bathrobe, and as he flew eastward into the night he had his first real opportunity for reflection. It was a very strange question to ask himself, but was he altogether glad that the future was no longer wholly certain?

His life, which a few hours ago had seemed so simple, had suddenly become complex again, as it opened out once more into possibilities he had learned to put aside. Dr. Johnson had been right when he said that nothing settles a man's mind more wonderfully than the knowledge that he will be spared in the morning. For the surgeon was certainly true—nothing unsettled it so much as the thought of a reprieve.

He was asleep when they touched down at Astrograd, the remote capital of the U.S.S.R. When the gentle impact of the landing shook him awake, for a moment he could not imagine where he was. Had he dreamed that he was flying halfway around the world in search of life? No; it was not a dream, but it might well be a wildgoose chase.

Twelve hours later, he was still waiting for the answer. The last argument reading had been taken; the spots of light on the cardiograph display had ceased their fatal dance. The familiar routine of the medical examination of the doctors and nurses had done much to relax his mind. And it was very useful in the softly lit reception-room, where the specialists had asked him to wait while they conferred together. Only the Russian magazines, and a few portraits of somewhat hirsute members of Soviet medicine, reminded him that he was no longer in his own country.

He was not the only patient. About a dozen men and women, of all ages, were sitting around the walls, reading magazines and trying to appear at ease. There was no conversation, no attempt to

catch anyone's eye. Every soul in this room was in his private limbo, suspended between life and death. Though they were linked together by a common misfortune, the link did not extend to communication. Each seemed as cut off from the rest of the human race as if he was already speeding through the cosmic gulfs where lay his only hope.

But in the far corner of the room there was an exception. A young couple—neither could have been more than twenty-five—were huddling together in such desperate misery that at first Steelman found the spectacle annoying. No matter how bad

their own problems, he told himself severely, people should be more considerate. They should hide their emotions—especially in a place like this, where they might upset others.

His annoyance quickly turned to pity, for no heart can remain untouched for long at the sight of simple, unselfish love in deep distress. As the minutes dripped away in a silence broken only by the rustling of papers and the scraping of chairs, his pity grew almost to an obsession.

What was their story, he wondered. The boy had intelligent,

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FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



## Because Mother's no machine she needs the help of Sunbeam



### The toast watcher

Sunbeam's Toastermatic toaster watches the toast with its magic eye—it can't burn toast! It lowers, browns, raises toast automatically. Select colour from light to dark-enjoy crisp toast, tender inside.

### The great coffee experience

Sunbeam's Automatic Coffee Percolator makes from 4 to 12 cups of real coffee rich in flavour and tempting aroma, then keeps the coffee hot for hours, without increase in strength, or stewing.

### The health giver

Better meals, more variety, more nutrition with Sunbeam's Power Blender. It blends, grates, chops, grinds, liquefies and purees.

### The Mini-Mix mixer

With its 3 powerful speeds, Sunbeam's portable Mini-Mix mixer is ideal for those frequent light to medium beating and mixing jobs. Handy where space is limited.

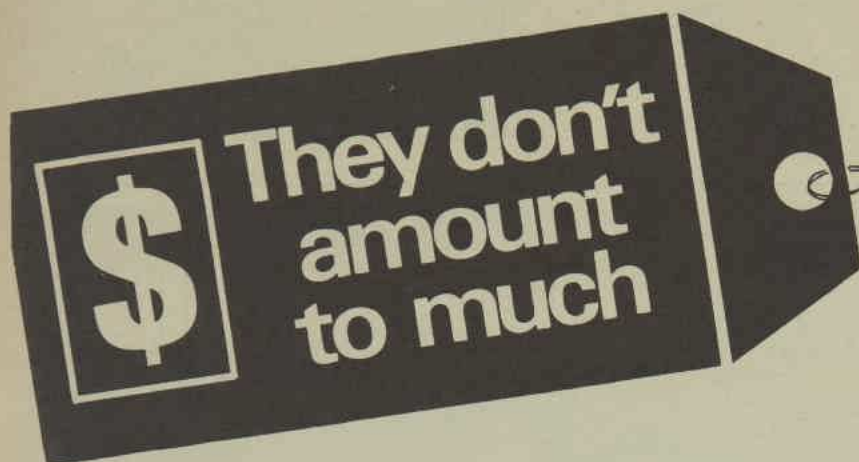
### The 3-pint hot water system

That's the fast-boiling Sunbeam Stainless Steel Electric Kettle. It boils a little or a full 3½ pints. Fast boiling. Whistles when it boils. Automatic cut-out prevents overheating. Cool handle. Also in 4-pint chrome finish.

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##### 30 DAYS ROUND THE AMAZING U.S.A.

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Disneyland, Las Vegas, Grand Canyon, Oklahoma City, Dallas, Memphis, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Reno, Hawaii, Honolulu.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$999**

##### TOUR C

##### 44 DAYS IN THE U.S.A. AND EXCITING MEXICO

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Disneyland, Hollywood, Las Vegas, Grand Canyon, Phoenix, El Paso, New Mexico, Mexico City, New Orleans, Florida, Atlanta, Memphis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cheyenne, Honolulu.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$1111**

#### BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENT

##### TOUR C

##### 50 DAYS TOURING BRITAIN AND EUROPE

BRITAIN: London, Stratford, Lake District, Glasgow, Scottish Highlands, York, Windsor, Eton . . . EUROPE: Paris, Brussels, Waterloo, Cologne, Frankfurt, Lucerne, Innsbruck, Venice, Florence, Rome.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$1449**

##### TOUR E

##### 41 DAYS TO EXPLORE ENGLAND, EUROPE, HONG KONG

ENGLAND: London, Ascot, Bath, Cornwall, New Forest, Winchester . . . EUROPE: Brussels, Luxembourg, Zurich, Innsbruck, Venice, Milan, Lausanne, Burgundy, Paris, Rome . . . HONG KONG.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$1359**

#### FAR EAST HOLIDAYS

##### TOUR D

##### 18-DAY "SAMISEN" TOUR OF JAPAN AND HONG KONG

Tokyo, Nikko, Hakone, Nagoya, Kyoto, Mikimoto Pearl Island, Osaka, Hong Kong, Kowloon.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$943**

##### TOUR F

##### 15-DAY "SAMPAN" TOUR OF SINGAPORE, MALAYSIA, BANGKOK, HONG KONG, MACAU

Singapore, Johore Bahru, Bangkok, Kowloon, Macau . . . a chance to explore and shop in leisurely comfort.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$736**

#### GRAND ORIENT HOLIDAYS

##### TOUR B

##### 17 DAYS IN SINGAPORE, MALAYA, THAILAND, HONG KONG

Singapore, Johore, Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok, Hong Kong . . . with launch and hydrofoil cruises for extra sightseeing.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$725**

##### TOUR D

##### 14 DAYS THROUGH SINGAPORE, MALAYSIA, INDONESIA

Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta, with their exotic sights and sounds —plus a trip to fabulous BALI.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$670**

#### BRITAIN AND EUROPE HOLIDAYS

All tours begin with Route A or Route B . . .

ROUTE A: Beirut, Baalbeck, Lebanon Mts., Tyre, Sidon in the Holy Land.

ROUTE B: Tel Aviv, Jaffa, Ramla Sha'ar, Hagai, Jerusalem, Mt. Zion. Then continue with your selected tour . . . perhaps one of these examples.

##### TOUR A

##### 36 DAYS HOLIDAY

After arrival in London: Maidenhead, Windsor, Stratford, Paris, Versailles, Zurich, Lucerne, Rome, Hong Kong.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$1360**

##### TOUR B

##### 46 DAYS HOLIDAY

After arrival in London: Maidenhead, Windsor, Stratford, Paris, Versailles, Frankfurt, Prague, Vienna, Athens, Teheran, Hong Kong.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$1460**

#### FIJI AND NEW ZEALAND HOLIDAYS

##### TOUR D

##### 11 DAYS RELAXATION IN FIJI

Shop and explore in Nandi, then spend seven wonderful days on the Coral Coast.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$214**

#### TOUR E 17 DAYS IN NEW ZEALAND AND FIJI

Auckland, Rotorua, Waitomo, Nandi, Beachcomber Cruise, Lakatoka, Suva, Coral Reef Cruise, Nandi.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$360**

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These have been arranged on the fabulous Flexiplan, so you can choose your own route . . . see all the places you really want to go . . . right round the world. Altogether there are 128 magnificent holidays to choose from! These two are the shortest and the longest tours.

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##### 47 DAYS . . . HAWAII, U.S.A., LONDON, EUROPE, INDIA, FAR EAST

Honolulu, San Francisco, New York, London, Paris, Barcelona, Zurich, Venice, Rome, Istanbul, Beirut, New Delhi, Taj Mahal, Singapore.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$1497**

##### TOUR 2

##### 61 DAYS . . . HAWAII, U.S.A., MEXICO, CARIBBEAN, LONDON, EUROPE, RUSSIA, JAPAN, HONG KONG

Honolulu, San Francisco, Mexico City, Kingston, New York, London, Paris, Copenhagen, Frankfurt, Geneva, Rome, Naples, Belgrade, Budapest, Moscow, Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Hong Kong.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: **\$1963**

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## DEATH AND THE SENATOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

"But nicely in it for 1980," said another.

"And 1984," added a third. There was a general laugh; people were already making jokes about 1984, which had once seemed so far in the future, but would soon be a date no different from any other . . . it was hoped.

The ears and the microphones were waiting for his reply. As he stood at the foot of the ramp, once more the focus of attention and curiosity, he felt the old excitement stirring in his veins. What a comeback it would be, to return from space a new man! It would give him a glamor that no other candidate could match; there was

something Olympian, almost god-like, about the prospect. Already he found himself trying to work it into his election slogans . . .

"Give me time to make my plans," he said. "It's going to take me a while to get used to this. But I promise you a statement before I leave Earth."

Before I leave Earth. Now, there was a fine, dramatic phrase. He was still savoring its rhythm when he saw Diana coming toward him from the airport buildings.

Already she had changed, as he himself was changing; in her eyes was a wariness and reserve that

To page 78

## LULUBELLE



"I know why you won't buy me a feather boa . . . You just want me to be a dowdy old maid so I'll still be around to look after you in your declining years!"

## Because Mother's no machine she needs the help of Sunbeam



### The handbag hairdryer

Valise, by Sunbeam, is feminine, smart, and so tiny . . . yet it's a full-size hairdryer in a convenient mini-case! Bonnet features special inner air flow lining, and covers large rollers; 4 heat settings plus cool air. Extra-length hose. Large air-capacity fan.

### The blanket that thinks

With the Sunbeam Automatic Electric Blanket a thermostatic control automatically adjusts heat for room temperature changes . . . keeps the bed at the same cosy warmth all night long. In dual or single control double-bed size, and single bed—all in blue or pink.

### Lady Sunbeam shaver

To look her best all the time a woman needs her very own electric shaver. With Lady Sunbeam shaver it's easy—not even tender skin gets a sore or scraped look, no nicks, cuts or scratches.

### The professional hairdryer

That's the Lady Sunbeam Hairdryer with the famous bonnet that allows more warm air to circulate effectively for faster drying. Complete in vanity case, with hair curler and personal clothes dryer, 4 heat settings, including "cool"; inner-lined bonnet for efficient airflow fits over big rollers.

Sunbeam

THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

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perceptive features; he might have been an artist, a scientist, a musician — there was no way of telling. The girl was pregnant; she had one of those homely peasant faces so common among Russian women. She was far from beautiful, but sorrow and love had given her features a luminous sweetness.

Steelman found it hard to take his eyes from her — for somehow, though there was not the slightest physical resemblance, she reminded him of Diana. Thirty years ago, as they had walked from the church together, he had seen that same glow in the eyes of his wife. He had almost forgotten it; was the fault his, or hers, that it had faded so soon? Without any warning, his chair vibrated beneath him. A swift, sudden tremor had swept through the building, as if a giant hammer had smashed against the ground, many miles away. An earthquake? Steelman wondered; then he remembered where he was, and started counting seconds.

He gave up when he reached sixty; presumably the sound-producing was so good that the power, air-borne noise had not reached him, and only the shock wave through the ground recorded the fact that a thousand tons had just leapt into the sky. Another minute passed before he heard, faint but clear, a sound as of a thunderstorm raging below the edge of the world. It was even more miles away than he had dreamed; what the noise must be like at the launching site was beyond imagination.

YET that thunder would not trouble him, he knew, when he also rose into the sky; the speeding rocket would leave it far behind. Nor would the thrust of acceleration be able to touch his body, as it rested in its bath of warm water — more comfortable even than this padded chair.

That distant rumble was still rolling back from the edge of space when the door of the waiting-room opened and the nurse beckoned to him. Though he felt many eyes following him, he did not look back as he walked out to receive his sentence.

The news services tried to get in contact with him all the way back from Moscow, but he refused to accept the calls. "Say I'm sleeping and mustn't be disturbed," he told the stewardess. He wondered who had tipped them off, and felt annoyed at this invasion of his privacy. Yet privacy was something he had avoided for years, and had learned to appreciate only in the past few weeks. He could not blame the reporters and commentators if they assumed that he had reverted to type.

They were waiting for him when the ramjet touched down at Washington. He knew most of them by name, and some were old friends, genuinely glad to hear the news that had raced ahead of him.

"What does it feel like, Senator," said Macauley, of the Times, "to know you're back in harness? I take it that it's true — the Russians can cure you?"

"They think they can," he answered cautiously. "This is a new field of medicine, and no one can promise anything."

"When do you leave for space?"

"Within the week, as soon as I've settled some affairs here."

"And when will you be back — if it works?"

"That's hard to say. Even if everything goes smoothly, I'll be up there at least six months."

Involuntarily, he glanced at the sky. At dawn or sunset — even during the daytime, if one knew where to look — the Mechnikov station was a spectacular sight, more brilliant than any of the stars. But there were now so many nozzles of which this was true that only an expert could tell one from another.

"Six months," said a newsman thoughtfully. "That means you'll be out of the picture for '76."

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



# The Versatile Curl!

This is a contest about curls. Very soon, you'll be wearing them everywhere...to town, to dinner, even to the beach! Anne Gordon, Richard Hudnut's hair-care consultant, using the one basic Fashion Quick perm, designed the three curl-styles below...each one to be worn to a particular place.

Contestants should study each curl-style, then decide which place the style was designed for from the list below. (There is only one correct answer in each case...print your choice under each style.)



THE BEACH  
TENNIS  
DINNER FOR TWO

A CHARITY BALL  
THE MELBOURNE CUP  
AN AFTERNOON WEDDING

Contestants should then complete, in 25 words or less, the following sentence—  
"I think curl-styles have come back into fashion because

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## 50 RONSON HAIRDRYERS TO BE WON!

Newest Escort Deluxe or the Escort Au Go Go, in bright colourful shoulder bags if you prefer, plus a complete parcel of Richard Hudnut products worth \$10 to every winning entry enclosing a pack top from Fashion Quick.



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### CONDITIONS OF ENTRY:

1. You may enter by filling in this entry form or on a plain sheet of paper. Contestants may send as many entries as they wish.
2. Entries are accepted only on the condition that the judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. No responsibility will be taken for entries delayed, lost or damaged in transit.
3. An answer considered to be correct by a panel of leading fashion experts has been placed in a sealed envelope and lodged with the Company's solicitors. The 50 entries nearest to this pre-determined answer will be judged the winners.
4. Entries should arrive no later than the last post on the 15th May, 1968.
5. Pack tops should not be sent in by residents of any State where this would contravene the laws of the State.
6. Employees and their families of Warner-Lambert Pty. Ltd. and their Advertising Agents are not eligible to enter.
7. Prize winners will be notified by telegram by 31st May, 1968. A list of prize winners may be obtained by writing to "The Versatile Curl Contest," P.O. Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.
8. Cash will not be awarded as substitution for any prize.





# THE OASIS

By  
LOIS  
LANDER



Old Stacey placed his hands firmly on the desk and emphatically outlined the facts to the young man.

OLD Fred Stacey rolled up his overalls and stuffed them into a well-worn gladstone bag. Some of the men went home just as they were, but not him, and he never had. When he'd first come to Geroghty's there'd been no fancy change-room like there was now. None of your soap-dispensers and paper towels. Nothing but a curtained-off corner of the basement, with one old pedestal washbasin in the corner and clothes hanging untidily on pegs around the wall.

Jim Fernie from the Hardware came in and walked over to one of the handbasins.

"What are you doing tomorrow, Fred?" he said. "I thought I might take the boat out. They say the fish are running. Feel like coming?"

Old Stacey clicked his bag shut.

"I got other arrangements."

"Made 'em pretty quick, didn't yer? How did yer know we'd be having a day off? K.G. didn't die till today, so how—"

"Shut up," old Stacey said fiercely.

"All right, all right, no need to get steamed up about it. Where are you going, anyway?"

"To the funeral, of course."

"They've got to close the shop as a mark of respect, but that doesn't mean the whole staff has to go to the funeral. There'll be plenty o' bigwigs there without me."

"Nobody said the whole staff had to go. Nobody has to go if they don't want to. But I happen to want to, see. I've worked here man and boy, ever since I left school you might say. Me and the old man had our ups and downs, I won't say we didn't, but . . ."

Jim Fernie chuckled. "Ups and downs is a mild way o' putting it. You and old Geroghty always fought like hell. He did a good job building this place up like he did, but young G. will be a better boss by far. Bet you'll never hear him swearing at the staff. They say he'd been at the old chap to put in one of these personnel chaps. You know, it's some sort of psychology business, and you go and talk yer troubles over with them. I s'pose they will put one in now."

Old Stacey pushed open the door.

"That'll show you," he said. "Since when have a lot of grown men had to talk their troubles over with some smart alec from a university?"

As the door closed behind him, one of the junior members of the staff who had been listening asked: "Who is he?"

"Quite a privileged member of the staff, actually," Fernie said. "Used to tell old K.G. off like nobody's business if he felt like it. Came here as a youngster, I believe, just after K.G. started. They had one lift, a real old struggle-buggy they say she was, too, and one old boy drove her and did all the maintenance work as well. Got full charge of the lift mechanics now, and they reckon he can run rings round the young ones, and all their tickets and diplomas. Course he shouldn't be working at all. Got high blood pressure or a weak ticker or something. His daughter told the wife the doctor wanted him to retire some time back, but you'd never stop him."

The next day as he stood among the mourners old Stacey could not realise that K.G. was dead. Only a few days before they had quarrelled violently. Old Stacey had complained that the cleaners were not doing a good job on the lifts.

And old K.G., slightly out of breath after his long hour of inspection, had barked back at him.

"Clean the damn things yourself, Stacey, if you're not satisfied. You've got precious little else to do."

But the lifts next day had been clean enough to satisfy anyone, and old Stacey had known they would be.

The day after the funeral things in the big department store had seemed to move with the same streamlined efficiency as always — except in old Stacey's domain. With one lift out of order and a mechanic away sick, he had a busy day. The following morning he tried to see the staff manager to ask for a replacement. With the summer sales in full swing the lift was needed, and someone had to realise it. But the staff manager's secretary told him an appointment was not possible till after lunch.

So there was, old Stacey concluded, nothing to do but to go and have a talk with young G., who should, if he were worth his salt, have made his rounds an hour ago. He brushed past the girl who tried to detain him, tapped on the new boss' door, and without waiting for an invitation to enter walked in.

Young G., startled but courteous, indicated a chair. Old Stacey was one of his earliest memories of the shop. Once when he was a child his father had taken him on his morning round, and he had trembled at the noisy exchange of words between the two men. It was only as he grew older that he realised the very real friendship that existed between his father and the little old lift bloke.

"Some trouble, Stacey?" he said gently.

Old Stacey placed his hands on the shining desk and thrust his face close to the young man's.

"Oh, no," he said, "no trouble, no trouble at all. Only a mechanic away sick, one lift out of order, and one due to be serviced. Don't you want yer lifts going? A business is only as good as the transport it offers, and—"

The young boss, flushed but controlled, interrupted. "I'm sorry, Stacey," he said. "We must have the lifts going, of course. I'll get through to the staff manager and he can see about an immediate replacement."

The old man straightened up slowly. Polite and lily-livered, eh! He'd never expected old K.G.'s son would turn out like that. What sort of a man was he to be boss of the show. The business would probably go to rack and ruin.

And suddenly the knowledge that he had been keeping firmly in the back of his mind pushed into the forefront of his consciousness and would not be denied. Old K.G. was dead.

He walked out of the office, took a lift down to the change-rooms, and locked himself in one of the toilets, hoping that no one would overhear the dry rasping sobs that for a long moment he was unable to stop.

By and by he walked out into the change-room, splashed his face with cold water, and combed his thinning hair.

Jim Fernie entered just as he turned to go.

"Morning, Stacey," he said. "How's the transport today?"

"A headache," the old man said curtly, "but not mine for much longer. I'm giving in my notice today."

He had not known it himself till he heard himself saying the words, and sudden relief surged over him, washing out the dull, confused feeling and lessening in some miraculous way his sense of loss and desolation. Deliverance was in his own hands. Retirement which he had dreaded so long had become an oasis and a refuge. The old order had changed and he wanted no part in the new.

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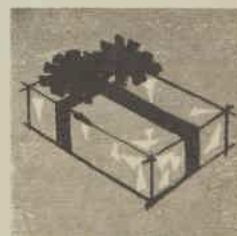


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Page 77



# The Young Adventurers in Bondsland



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## BOND'S

## DEATH AND THE SENATOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

had not been there two days ago. It said, as clearly as any words: "Is it going to happen all over again?" Though the day was warm, he felt suddenly cold.

But Joey and Susan were unchanged, as they ran to greet him. He caught them up in his arms, and buried his face in their hair, so that the cameras would not see the tears that had started from his eyes. As they clung to him in the innocent, unselfconscious love of childhood, he knew what his choice would have to be.

They alone had known him when he was free from the itch for power; that was the way they must remember him, if they remembered him at all.

"Your conference call, Mr. Steelman," said his secretary. "I'm routing it on to your private screen."

He swivelled round in his chair and faced the grey panel on the wall. As he did so, it split into two vertical sections. On the right half was a view of an office much like his own, and only a few miles away. But on the left —

Professor Stanyukovitch, lightly dressed in shorts and singlet, was floating in mid-air a good foot above his seat. He grabbed it when he saw that he had company, pulled himself down, and fastened a webbed belt around his waist. Behind him were ranged banks of communications equipment; and behind those, Steelman knew, was space.

Dr. Harkness spoke first, from the right-hand screen.

"We were expecting to hear from you, Senator. Professor Stanyukovitch tells me that everything is ready."

"The next supply ship," said the Russian, "comes up in two days. It will be taking me back to Earth, but I hope to see you before I leave the station."

His voice was curiously high-pitched, owing to the thin oxygen atmosphere he was breathing. Apart from that, there was no sense of distance, no background of interference. Though Stanyukovitch was thousands of miles away, and racing through

space at four miles a second, he might have been in the same office. Steelman could even hear the faint whirring of electric motors from the equipment racks behind him.

"Professor," answered Steelman, "there are a few things I'd like to ask before I go."

"Certainly."

"When I was at Astrograd, I noticed many other patients at the clinic. I was wondering — on what basis do you select those for treatment?"

This time the pause was much greater than the delay due to the sluggish speed of radio waves. Then Stanyukovitch answered: "Why, those with the best chance of responding."

"But your accommodation must be very limited. You must have

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many other candidates besides myself."

"I don't quite see the point," interrupted Dr. Harkness, a little too anxiously.

Steelman swung his eyes to the right-hand screen. It was quite difficult to recognise, in the man staring back at him, the witness who had squirmed beneath his needling only a few years ago. That experience had tempered Harkness, had given him his lucidity in the art of politics. Steelman had taught him much, and he had applied his hard-won knowledge.

His motives had been obvious from the first. Harkness would have been less than human if he did not relish this sweetest of revenges, this triumphant vindication of his faith. And as Space Administration Director, he was well aware that half his battles would be over when all the world knew that a potential President of the United States was in a Russian space hospital. ... because his own country did not possess one.

"Dr. Harkness," said Steelman gently, "this is my affair. I'm waiting for your answer, Professor."

DESPITE the involvement, he was quite enjoying this. The two scientists, of course, were playing for identical stakes. Stanyukovitch had his problems too; Steelman could guess the discussions that had taken place at Astrograd and Moscow, and the eagerness with which the Soviet astronauts had grasped this opportunity — which, it must be admitted, they had richly earned.

It was an ironic situation, unimaginable only a dozen years before. Here were NASA and the U.S.S.R. Commission of Astronautics working hand in hand, using him as a pawn for their mutual advantage. He did not resent this, for in their place he would have done the same. He had no wish to be a pawn; he was an individual who still had some control of his own destiny.

"It's quite true," said Stanyukovitch, very reluctantly, "but we can only take a limited number of patients here in Mechnikov. In any case, the station's a research laboratory, not a hospital."

"How many?" asked Steelman relentlessly.

"Well — fewer than ten," admitted Stanyukovitch, still unwillingly.

It was an old problem, of course, though he had never imagined that it would apply to him. From the depth of memory there flashed a news item he had come across a year ago. When penicillin had been discovered, it was so rare that if both Churchill and Roosevelt had been dying for lack of it, only one could have been treated.

Fewer than ten. He had seen a dozen waiting at Astrograd.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1964





## ARE YOU TOO FAT TOO FAT TOO FAT

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EVERY WEEK

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 1, 1968

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



## DEATH AND THE SENATOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

how many were there in the whole world? Once again, as it had done so often in the past few days, the memory of those desolate lovers in the reception-room came back to haunt him. Perhaps they were beyond his aid; he would never know.

But one thing he did know. He bore a responsibility that he could not escape. It was true that no man could foresee the future, and the endless consequences of his actions. Yet if it had not been for him, by this time his own country might have had a space hospital circling beyond the atmosphere. How many American lives were upon his conscience? Could he accept the help he had denied to others? Once he might have done so—but not now.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I can speak frankly with you both, for I know your interests are identical." (His mild irony, he saw, did not escape them.) "I appreciate your help and the trouble you have taken; I am sorry it has been wasted. No—don't protest; this isn't a sudden, quixotic decision on my part. If I was ten years younger, it might be different. Now I feel that this opportunity should be given to someone else."

He glanced at Dr. Harkness, who gave an embarrassed smile. "I also have other, personal reasons, and

there's no chance that I will change my mind. Please don't think me rude or ungrateful, but I don't wish to discuss the matter any further. Thank you again, and goodbye."

Imperceptibly, spring merged into summer. The eagerly awaited Bicentenary celebrations came and went; for the first time in years, he was able to enjoy Independence Day as a private citizen.

Because the ties of a lifetime were too strong to break, and it would be his last opportunity to see many old friends, he spent hours looking in on both conventions and listening to the commentators. Now that he saw the whole world beneath the light of Eternity, his emotions were no longer involved; he understood the issues, and appreciated the arguments, but already he was as detached as an observer from another planet. The tiny, shouting figures on the screen were amusing marionettes, acting out roles in a play that was entertaining but no longer important to him.

But it was important to his grandchildren, who would one day move out on to this same stage. He had not forgotten that; they were his share of the future, whatever strange form it might take. And to understand the future, it was necessary to know the past.

He was taking them into that past, as the car swept

along Memorial Drive. Diana was at the wheel, with Irene beside her, while he sat with the children, pointing out the familiar sights along the highway. Familiar to him, but not to them; even if they were not old enough to understand all they were seeing, he hoped they would remember.

It was quiet at Mount Vernon; there were few visitors so early in the week. As they left the car and walked toward the house, Steelman wondered what the first President of the United States would have thought could he have seen his home as it was today. He could never have dreamed that it would enter its second century still perfectly preserved, a changeless island in the hurrying river of time.

THEY walked slowly through the beautifully proportioned rooms, doing their best to answer the children's endless questions, trying to assimilate the flavor of an infinitely simpler, infinitely more leisurely mode of life. (But had it seemed simple or leisurely to those who lived it?) It was so hard to imagine a world without electricity, without radio, without any power save that of muscle, wind, and water. A world where nothing moved faster than a running horse, and most men died within a few miles of the place where they were born.

The heat, the walking, and the incessant questions proved more tiring than Steelman had expected. When they had reached the Music Room, he decided to rest.

"Meet me outside," he explained to Diana, "when you've done the kitchen and the stables. I'd like to sit down for a while."

"You're sure you're quite all right?" she said anxiously.

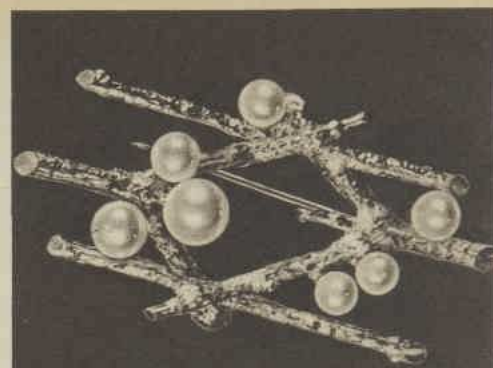
"I never felt better, but I don't want to overdo it. Besides, the kids have drained me dry—I can't think of any more answers."

When they had left him, he walked slowly out on to the lawn. Here Washington must have stood, two centuries ago, watching the Potomac wind its way to the sea, thinking of past wars and future problems. And here Martin Steelman, thirty-eighth President of the United States, might have stood a few months hence, had the fates ruled otherwise.

He could not pretend that he had no regrets, but they were very few. Some men could achieve both power and happiness, but that gift was not for him. Sooner or later, his ambition would have consumed him. In the past few weeks he had known contentment, and for that no price was too great.

He was still marvelling at the narrowness of his escape when his time ran out and Death fell softly from the summer sky.

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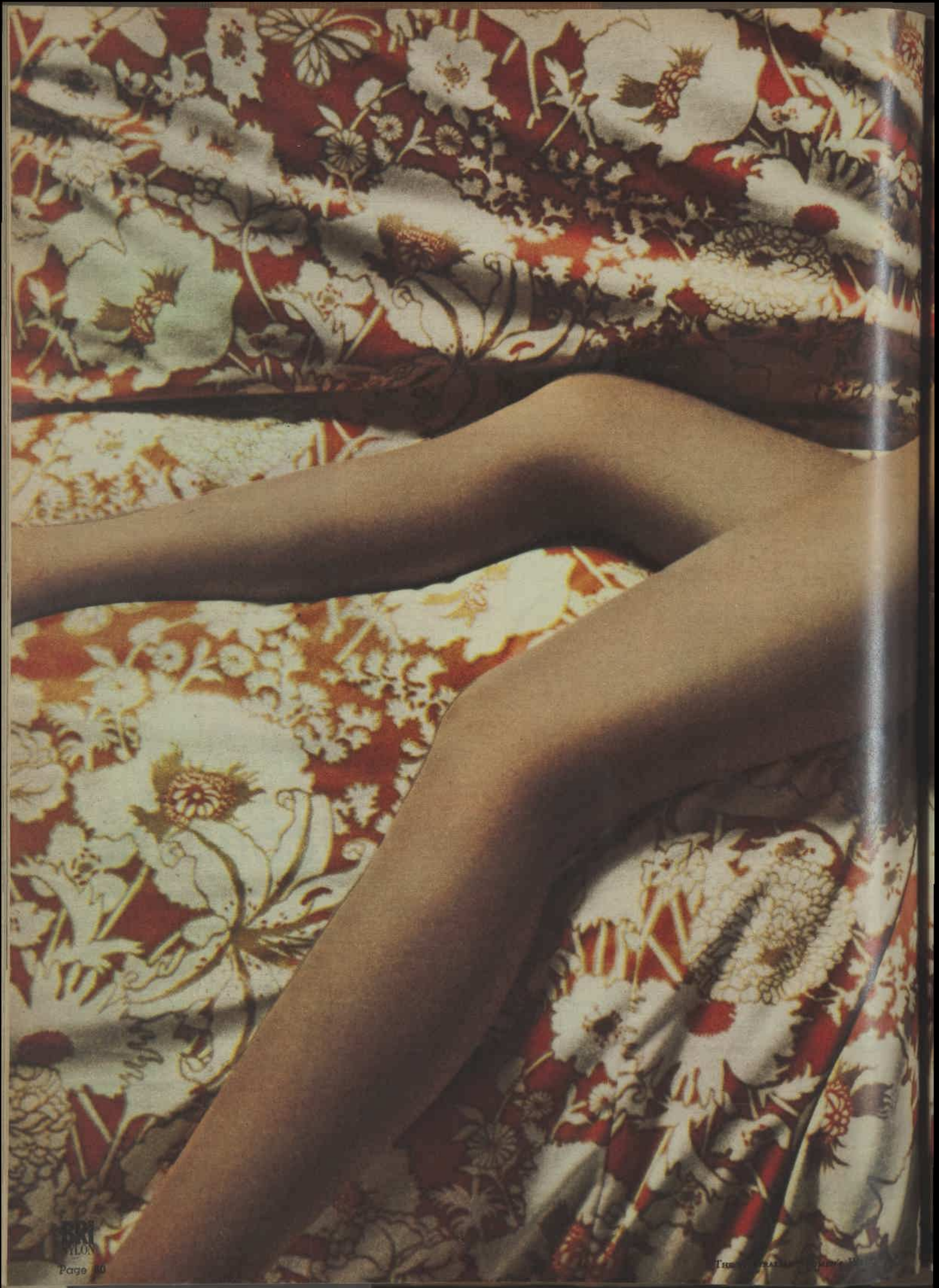
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# DIFFERENT FROM THE REST

By

MARIE JOSEPH



When they talked together Becky and Gareth discovered they had many mutual interests.

I AM an intensely practical person. I have to be, because everyone else in my family is quite dotty.

We live in a crumbling ruin of a house, and my mother paints. Not the woodwork, unfortunately, but massive posterlike pictures, and when she's not painting, she sculpts. Ugly brown vases that even a Stone Age man wouldn't have given cave-room to, and chalk-white heads that leer at us with sightless eyes from the kitchen dresser and even more unlikely places.

My 16-year-old brother, Lancelot, is at ballet school, and spends his time around the house doing one of two things. Either practising Nijinsky-like leaps, or lying flat on the floor reading poetry.

My father writes. Not science-fiction or spy stories, but romantic novels, tender, beautiful, heart-stopping tales of love, under the pen-name of Coralyn Silver, and endearingly funny stories for children about an Australian worm called Wumba-tumba.

Even our cat has an artistic temperament, rubbing itself against our legs one minute in sickening devotion, then stalking majestically past us the next. He answers, when he feels like it, to the name of Heathfield.

So you see how essential it is in a family like mine for one person to have their feet, not only firmly on the ground but a couple of inches underneath.

At school I was good at maths, absolutely flabbergasting my mother, who has never really grasped the fact that two and two make four.

So I took a secretarial course, and landed myself a well-paid job with a firm of accountants.

"How can you?" said Mother the day I came home triumphant from the interview. "All those figures and dry-as-dust phraseology. Positively soul-destroying I call it."

My father took his hands off the typewriter keys for a moment and rubbed them together with glee. "Now you'll be able to do my income-tax returns, beastly depressing things that they are." Then he went back to another exciting episode in the life of Wumba-tumba and forgot that I was there.

So that was how I took over the balancing of the household budget; no mean task when my father's cheques come in mostly at a sluggish dribble and my mother sells a painting every six months or so. But I worked at it until we were sure of at least one square meal a day, and in between I met James.

James was newly, but fully chartered in my firm as an accountant, with a tidy, accurate mind and a tidy, accurate way of kissing me.

He was everything my family was not — methodical, practical, and when he proposed I accepted him with humble thankfulness.

With James I would live in a house where the outside was painted once every two years and where meals arrived on time and where we didn't need to hide in the pantry when the milkman called for the week's money.

He wasn't a bit like the hero in one of my father's novels. He was square and solid, and wore his hair cut short back and sides. But he was kind and thoughtful and intensely practical. Like me . . .

The first time I took him home for a meal my family made an all-out effort, which touched me immensely, but left James, I could see, rather perplexed.

Mother took off her smock and appeared in a paisley-patterned dress with a cross-over fluted effect, and Father came out of his study and made what he thought was man-to-man conversation with James. As he'd been closeted with Wumba-tumba all day it wasn't too successful, but I left them drinking beer together and escaped to the kitchen, where Mother was putting the

finishing touches to her idea of a good convenient meal.

Lance came home from his day's stint at ballet school looking pale and tired as though he'd been grown in the dark. I took over from Mother, who was frantically sieving the lumps out of the gravy.

But everything was all right.

James behaved beautifully and told my parents about the Common Market. They listened as if he were bringing news from outer space, and when Mother apologised for the lemon mousse, which we had to eat instead of eat, James smiled indulgently and said that like his mousse that way.

James and I went for a walk on the heath, and in the blustery evening, all shifting clouds. Tall trees swayed their branches at us, and James being, I thought, rather silent.

"You're very different from the rest of your family, aren't you?" she said carefully. "I mean, you're creative in any way."

"Not in any way, I said firmly, but added later, "They're very sweet, you know, and clever, and immensely talented."

"Oh, very sweet," said James, in what I suspected was a slightly patronising tone. "Creative types usually are."

I could have hit him, but instead I allowed him to pull me close into his arms, and when he kissed me responded dutifully, and told myself that this was what I really belonged. Safe in James' arms, held close against the hardness of his chest and listening to him telling me about the house we would have when we were married . . .

A bungalow it was to be, with a garden for Lance to potter in, and a kitchen for me, streamlined and efficient, like an ad in an American house magazine.

I lay in bed that night thinking about James' patterned dress and me turning out delicious little dinners in my new lined kitchen and I found that I had a headache come on and went into the bathroom for the aspirin bottle.

It wasn't in the medicine chest, of course, I was looking for it there in the first place, and I went down stairs and found it on top of the bureau, next to Lance's Tennyson, and a tube of Mother's paint.

Heathfield rubbed himself against my legs, and I lay him back to bed with me, and he lay curled up against my feet, all breathing fur and cosy comfort.

James was away on business for the whole of the next week. Tunbridge Wells, I think it was, and I stayed home and was faithful to him, washing my hair and watching the ancient television in the downstairs cloakroom. We keep it there because my father says it is good to inspiration, and I feel I should have put that in capital letters because he says it so often.

He was taking my mother to the theatre one evening that week. Not to a theatre in town, but to a community theatre, about an hour's drive away, where the actors wear no make-up and spurn the use of scenery, merely coming out into the middle of the stage, saying their pieces, then walking off, taking the scenery with them. It isn't needed for the next bit.

At the last minute Father decided that he couldn't be being involved in what he described as a purple passage in chapter seven.

"Vanda is on the point of succumbing, and if I let

To page 84

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1974





## A treat for your children: Caramel Treasure Chests

(use Cottee's new thick, rich Caramel Sauce—and a dash of imagination)

Are they bored with the usual desserts? Cottee's can help you create new, exciting desserts in minutes.

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off now, she may never work herself up into the mood again," he told me seriously. "She's rather a prude, I'm afraid. You go with your mother, there's a good girl. It'll all be over by the time you get back."

And so I went, partly because I didn't want to see Mother disappointed, and partly because she drives the car as though she's on the last lap of the Monte Carlo Rally, and it won't stand up to that kind of treatment, being vintage 1949.

We turned back twice, once because she'd forgotten the tickets, and again for her spectacles.

Actually they were in her handbag all the time, but she could "see" them there. "Next

## DIFFERENT FROM THE REST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

to that pile of unpaid bills," she told me, smiling, and I couldn't be cross, because when Mother smiles it is impossible to be cross.

She was wearing a tartan cloak over her best twin-set and pearls, and a feather that was supposed to pass for a hat, pinned to her curly hair.

"It's lovely to dress up once in a while," she told me, as I turned the car, for the third time, out of the drive, and I smiled back at her, loving her, and thinking how deliciously dotty she was.

"I love you," I wanted to say, but I didn't, because people with their feet on the

ground don't talk like that. Not practical, sensible people like me.

We were late, of course, and we got glares from the third row of the audience when we pushed past them, treading on their toes to find our seats.

"What a gorgeous young man," Mother whispered, and was instantly hushed into silence by a whiskery type on the row behind. But he was gorgeous, the young man on the stage. There was no doubt at all about that.

He was speaking his lines in a voice all melted butter and honey, with the faintest of Welsh accents, and he was

tall, dark-haired, a bit too thin, perhaps, with worry lines on his lean face.

I listened to him in spell-bound admiration; to the way he captivated the audience, the way he stood alone on the stage, with just a little hard chair for company.

After he'd gone off carrying the little hard chair underneath one arm, a small woman with a magnificent bust came on, and told us that she was Mother Earth.

"She might be now," said Mother, in a hoarse whisper, "but when I knew her, she was Tilly Garden."

"Tilly Garden?" I hissed back.

Mother nodded. "Playing Hamlet in the end-of-term play. She was magnificent!"

Immediately the performance was over she insisted on going round the back and greeting her old school friend.

"It must be all of thirty years since we met," she said, her cape swinging out in excited folds as we pushed open a door marked "Private. Players Only."

In spite of the thirty years, they fell on each other's necks, each swearing that the other hadn't changed one bit.

I left them giggling together and wandered away down a corridor toward the welcome sound of rattling teacups.

The young man who had spoken his lines so beautifully was leaning against a wooden draining-board, sipping a cup of tea. He smiled when he saw me, and pointed to a big aluminium teapot.

"There's a cup left if you squeeze it hard enough. Here, I'll do it for you," he said.

As he poured me a cup of tea, stewed thick and half cold, I saw that his eyes were a dark grey, not flinty and hard, but the color of Heathfield's soft coat. They were dreaming eyes, like those of a young child.

"Don't you want to know who I am, and what I'm doing here?" I asked him at last. The grey eyes twinkled down at me. "I don't care who you are. You're nice, that much is obvious."

I tried to look dignified. "I'm Becky Lee, and my mother's out there talking to Mother Earth. They were at school together, but then she was Hamlet. I hope I make myself clear?"

He held out his free hand, and we shook solemnly. "And I'm Gareth Hughes, and the others have gone on to a party. You must come with me, your mother can follow on with — who did you say?"

"Tilly Garden," I explained, "but that would be her maiden name, and I can't come to the party. My mother will want to get back to my father — they're funny like that. Next year is their silver wedding, and apart from the war, they've never spent a night away from each other."

I remembered how James had smiled when I'd told him that, but Gareth nodded, as though it was the most natural statement.

"They're coming now," he said, as high-pitched giggles were heard along the corridor. "We'll see what a little persuasion can do."

And the grey eyes worked the same magic on Mother as they'd worked on me. Gareth found her a telephone box, and she rang Father, and in twenty minutes flat we found ourselves in an untidy bed-sitting-room at the top of a tall Victorian house, drinking sherry out of tooth mugs, and sitting on a single bed, along with ten or more other people.

There were books everywhere, and a pair of silver shoes on the mantelpiece, and someone in a corner was reciting a John Betyeman poem aloud. Mother had discarded the cape, and was telling intimate details of our family life to a bull-like man with a black Father Christmas beard, and Tilly Garden was sitting on the floor, her long necklace in her hand, and her eyes shut.

They were all deliciously dotty, and I relaxed. It was, I realised wryly, a kind of home from home.

Gareth was sitting beside me, so close that if I turned my head to speak to him, we were only a kiss away.

"I want to know everything about you, Becky," he said, "so begin."

There wasn't much to tell, but he listened intently, nodding every now and again, as though what I was saying was the most important thing in the whole world. When I told him about my job as secretary to an accountant, and how I was studying for my

own accountancy examinations, he shook his dark head.

"A soul-destroying occupation for a lovely girl like you," he said, almost exactly as Mother had said.

"And you?" I asked, and he told me that he was staying in the company for a full season, then hoping to get into rep.

"Anywhere. I don't mind," he said. "It's experience I'm after, and although the pay is poor, I'll be doing what was born to do, and that's the main thing."

I sighed. It was the same old record being played over again.

"What is money, anyway?" he asked me, just as my father had asked me so many many times.

"Some day I'll be discovered," he told me seriously, the grey eyes aglow. "Shakespeare is my real love," and he started to quote a long speech from "Romeo and Juliet." The others shared the bed fell silent, and listened to the deep, wonderful Welsh voice reciting the beautiful words.

But I knew that he was saying them to me alone.

"Come with me," he said, somewhere around midnight. "I've something to show you."

So I followed him out of the crowded room, across a narrow landing, and through a door to the escape.

It was a cool night, a night without stars, and his arm was lightly round my shoulder, and I could see his profile and the shape of his nose and the way his hair grew in and to an endearing point at the nape of his neck.

"All those people at home," he said, "asleep in their houses; asleep and dreaming so much. And in the morning, getting up and going out to their safe little lives. Waiting on the station for the eight-fifteen into town, sitting at their desks, opening their dry-as-dust books, working away at the figures that seem so important. Coming home on the fifteen, to where their wait with a sherry, and a vitamin-filled casserole in the oven." He grinned.

"Not for me," he said. I moved away from him and leaned my bare arm on the rusty iron railing. So people are happy that way, I said firmly.

People like James thought.

"Me for instance," I said out loud. "What's wrong with solidity and punctuality, in knowing where the meal's coming from? Tell me that!"

To my dismay, my voice trembled, and when he turned behind me, and I felt the strength of his arms around me, I leaned against him in inexplicable relief.

"And not for you, Becky, my love," he said in my ear, and gently turned me round, and with his finger he touched my mouth before he kissed me.

And, oh, it was a real kiss, not a bit like the accurate ones I got from James, and I slid my hand round his neck and kissed him back.

"You're my sort of person," he said. "I knew it the moment I saw you, and I'm falling in love with you, because you are my sort of girl, you believe me. I'm aren't I, Becky?"

"You're right," I said, and how can I not believe when my own parents married within a month of love each other for ever amen?"

"A month's a long time," said Gareth. "What I had in mind was next week."

And I laughed out loud, he swung me up until my feet were clear off the ground. Where they belonged, I knew that now.

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## REALITY AND ROSES

By ALICE WERNHERR

JANE looked around the small hospital room once more, the gleaming walls, the bed already made up immaculately for the next patient, everything white, shiny white, and on the table next to the bed stood the pitcher with water. A lonely pink rosebud beside it provided the only speck of color—Roger Pitt had given it to her yesterday. Jane took it and pinned it on her blouse. Again she thought of that bouquet of roses...

It had been ten days ago that she woke up here for the first time. Though only an appendectomy, the operation had left her shaky. She had dreamed of roses—red roses, unabashedly sentimental and romantic like those on greeting cards.

"Before I leave, I'll put in an order with the best florist, for the best roses," Frank Phillips had promised. "I wish I could present them to you myself, but you know how big that Chicago deal is—a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to prove myself to the firm."

In her half-sleep Jane heard the quick step of the nurse who was depositing something on the table and instantly she could smell the roses. The air seemed saturated with their fragrance. Jane opened her eyes. Her entire body felt as if it did not quite belong to her, but she definitely had to welcome those roses. They were representatives of Frank's feelings for her—then Jane stared blankly at the table adorned with nothing more romantic than a large pitcher of ice water.

The nurse was at her bedside instantly. "Well, here we are, back to reality again," she said cheerfully, busily arranging the pillows, "and how do we feel?"

"Like reality," Jane mumbled. She let her head fall back and closed her eyes. Reality, she thought miserably. Yet this was it, the antiseptically clean room, the pitcher of water, and no roses—no roses at all. In that sub-zero emotional temperature reality was looming like an iceberg: Frank Phillips did not care, not about the roses, not about her operation, not about Jane herself.

"There's really nothing in having one's appendix out," he had told her. "I lost mine when I was only a little boy—and this Chicago deal certainly is the biggest thing that can happen to a junior executive."

Something inside Jane had cried out when he said it, but she was determined to understand. "I know how important it is," she said quietly. "After all, I work for that firm, too, even though I'm only pushing typewriter keys."

A man's career comes first and foremost, she told herself, and hadn't it

been just that, his dynamic will to be a success, that had fascinated her right from the start?

"That guy was born with a briefcase under his arm," Roger Pitt always made fun of Frank. "Somehow, I can't picture him as a little boy at all—I guess he's one of those guys who never look quite right until they're about 50."

One could easily picture Roger Pitt as a boy. He still had those little dancing golden dots in his eyes that sprinkled his most serious expression with secret humor.

Poor Roger, Jane thought, I hope I did let him down gently. She had gone out with him a few times and it had been great fun, but that was before Frank Phillips joined the firm. Imagine a fellow with Frank's aspirations asking her, Jane Smith, for a date! And he was proud of her, too, especially when he noticed heads turning in her direction. "You have class, Jane," he told her. "A wife with your charm could be quite an asset to an executive."

The flash of pride she felt then still tingled excitedly. Why, Frank was proposing—well, half-proposing to her!

Then Jane remembered the roses.

But he had promised—it was inconceivable that he should have failed her! Once more Jane opened her eyes—there stood the water pitcher, cool and very, very lonely.

"Had a good snooze?" The nurse materialised at Jane's bedside. "Let's look alive and bright—your boyfriend's waiting outside."

The operation forgotten, Jane sat up straight as an arrow. So that was it! Frank was here. He had given up that Chicago deal for her—Frank truly loved her! Instantly her imagination projected him coming toward her with both arms full of roses. She was still smiling jubilantly when a single rosebud made its entry, followed by a boyish grin, by two eyes flecked with specks of gold—by the face of the wrong man.

Now that she was about to leave the hospital, Jane could not help but smile at the rose on her lapel. It had, she thought, a tiny face, the way flowers in picture books have faces, and it seemed to twinkle as if it knew a secret. When were they going to let her out of here? Jane had never felt more eager to get around again, have fun, laugh, and dance though it was only Roger Pitt who was waiting for her. Only Roger Pitt? Why then did she feel so much like laughing and singing?

To page 86



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CONTEST



#### CONDITIONS OF ENTRY:

1. Chance plays no part in determining the winners and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a panel of five judges whose decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be decided on the basis of the most logical matching of the items with the figures in accordance with the clues given and on neatness.

2. There is no limit to the number of entries but each entry must be accompanied by a Sunlight and Lifebuoy wrapper. These wrappers are not required from residents of those States where their requirement would contravene the law. Contestants in these States may submit hand-drawn

entries on a sheet of paper.

3. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest. A complete list of winners will be available on request.

4. Entries should be clearly endorsed with the name and address of the sender and posted to WIN-A-MINK, BOX 66, P.O., WILLOUGHBY, N.S.W. 2068.

5. Contest closes June 21, 1968.

6. Anyone may enter except employees (and their immediate families) of Lever & Kitchen, associated companies and their advertising agencies.

7. The three major prize winners have the alternative of a mink jacket or the \$1,000 cash equivalent.

#### ENTRY FORM



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

CLUES: Man 4 is fastidious about his appearance. Man 5 spends a tiring day standing up. Man 6 uses a...

#### WORK OUT WHO OWNS WHAT!



front panel of a Sunlight pack). Woman 1 enjoys working in her... (a word appearing on a Lifebuoy wrapper).

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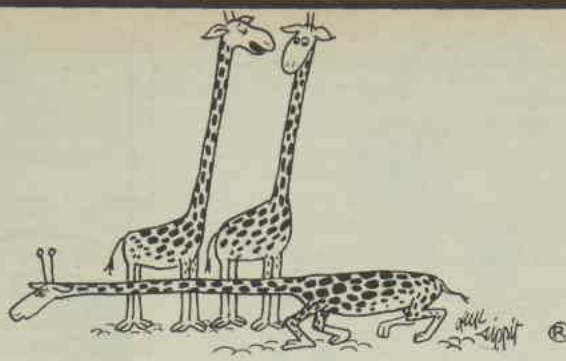
Page 85



# ZOO CLINIC



"I don't like the sound of that growl!"



"Heights make him dizzy."



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## REALITY AND ROSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

Restlessly Jane walked into the hall. The long corridor was depressingly full of the memory of days when she had stood in front of the elevator waiting for the delivery boy with that bouquet of flowers.

Just then the elevator stopped. Habitually Jane stood still. The door swung open and there was the boy—well, he really was an elderly man, carrying not a bouquet but an entire basket of flaming-red roses. The basket was so big that only the man's head and spindly legs were visible. He had a crooked little smile, like a leprechaun, and he ran down the corridor so quickly that Jane had trouble following him.

She did not really know why she did so, except that lately she had become an obsession with her and she was curious to see the lucky girl who rated them in such abundance. She was surprised when the man entered the ward. In the first bed, propped up, sat an old lady who smiled radiantly at the luxurious gift. Noticing Jane who was standing transfixed in the doorway she waved to her.

"Did you ever see anything more beautiful?" she beamed. "I'm sending them every day and imagine, I can't even remember the face."

"How romantic," Jane smiled politely.

"Isn't it," the old lady spluttered with the quick trustfulness of the very lonely, "you know, my doctor said I did not really start covering until about ten days ago when the roses began to arrive. She smiled dreamily. "Somebody must have admired me very much—I was a singer once, in the 'twenties, when showbusiness was great—somebody by the name of Frank."

JANE stared at the roses, at the little white card among the scarlet heads. "What—what's your name?" she murmured.

"My stage name," the old lady said, "is Mira Miranda, otherwise I'm just plain Jane Smith."

She sighed sleepily and closed her eyes, it was obvious that she dreamed of her admirer, because her face glowed with joy and she could see that once she had been a very stunning woman, indeed.

Jane stared at the roses which she had once longed for desperately—the roses that had gone astray. Or had they, really?

Five minutes later she was in Roger Pitt's arms. It felt almost too wonderful for a man as valetscent. Those roses, the roses, I wish I had never seen them, Jane thought desperately because now I have to tell him that things have changed.

Roger mumbled, "I've never been in Chicago tonight—how have been there ten days ago—how could I think of a husband deal with you sick in the hospital? The boss was furious. I asked him to send Frank—so far that stuffed shirt bungled everything—but don't worry, I'll clinch it in one session, and then—will you marry me?"

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# BUTTERICK PATTERNS

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

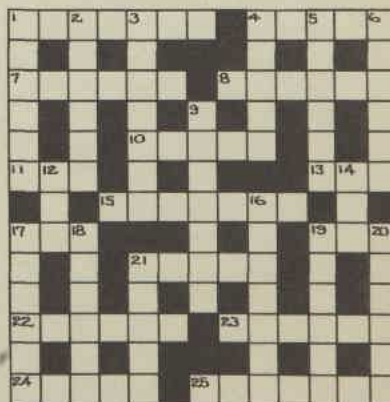
BARON CHANCE is trying to find out why Mandrake was at the casino. Meanwhile, the magician has discovered that Narda did not leave in a taxi. READ ON:



### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

1. Bile insect is chivalrous (7).
4. Bump into a boat (5).
7. Made a hostile or predatory invasion (6).
8. Conveyed Edward after a vehicle (6).
10. Form of oxygen in zero region (5).
11. A rocky height (3).
13. Born directions (3).
15. Signify the German to wander aimlessly (7).
17. Outdo the top (3).
19. Dejected State pence (3).
21. Inferior man in headwear (5).
22. Digs five hundred sprites (6).
23. A hat for the country (6).
24. After drain to get the lowest point (5).
25. Graceful man fish (7).



Solution will be published next week.

#### DOWN

1. A precious stone in a fish trap (6).
2. Toiler (anagr., 6).
3. Woodland flower (7).
4. A valiant Indian (5).
5. Putrified rubbish number (6).
6. Result I have used in salad (6).
9. Therefore beneath a young wild boar (7).
12. Eggs five between nothing and the first letter (3).
14. A bad ear for time (3).
16. To account for former extent of level land (7).
17. Thin rope on chain of troops or police (6).
18. Pale, but settled about fifty-fifty (6).
19. Herb around one of the U.S.A. is wild (6).
20. Relate in full and appoint for duty (6).
21. Vehicle about the French plain (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

4590.—Semi-fitted, low-waisted jumper has scoop neckline with or without saddle-stitch and flap trim. (Blouse not included.) Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

3443.—Three-piece suit has three-quarter- or hip-length jacket with raglan sleeves, notched collar, and flap trim. Slim skirt. Short-sleeved overblouse has self-tie belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 42, 44in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4377.—Empire bridal dress has elbow-length, bell-shaped sleeves, wide neckline, A-line skirt. Optional lace or bead trimming. Street-length dress with short sleeves also included. Size: 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 75 cent; includes postage.



3795.—A-line dress with shallow scooped neckline, dropped shoulderline, with elbow-length bell-shaped sleeves. Various sleeve lengths and trims included. Sizes: Small, 31-32; medium, 34-36; large, 38-40in. bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

2122.—Little boy's long-sleeved cuff shirt with top-stitch trim. Short sleeves also included. Long pants have elasticised waistline. Short pants also included. Sizes 21, 23, 24, 26in. chest. Price 50 cents includes postage.

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# The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion News



Above: Top glamor for the snow-fields in a white fake fur parka with a zip front. The parka is washable. About \$27. (David Jones' Ski Shop, 3rd floor.)

At left: Dramatic color and design in a handsome apres-ski sweater from Austria. Available in small, medium, and large. About \$23. (Exclusive to David Jones' Sports-wear department, 3rd floor.)

## Ski and

## Après Ski

In this issue: Clothes for career girls, housewives, the older woman, as well as ski and apres-ski wear.



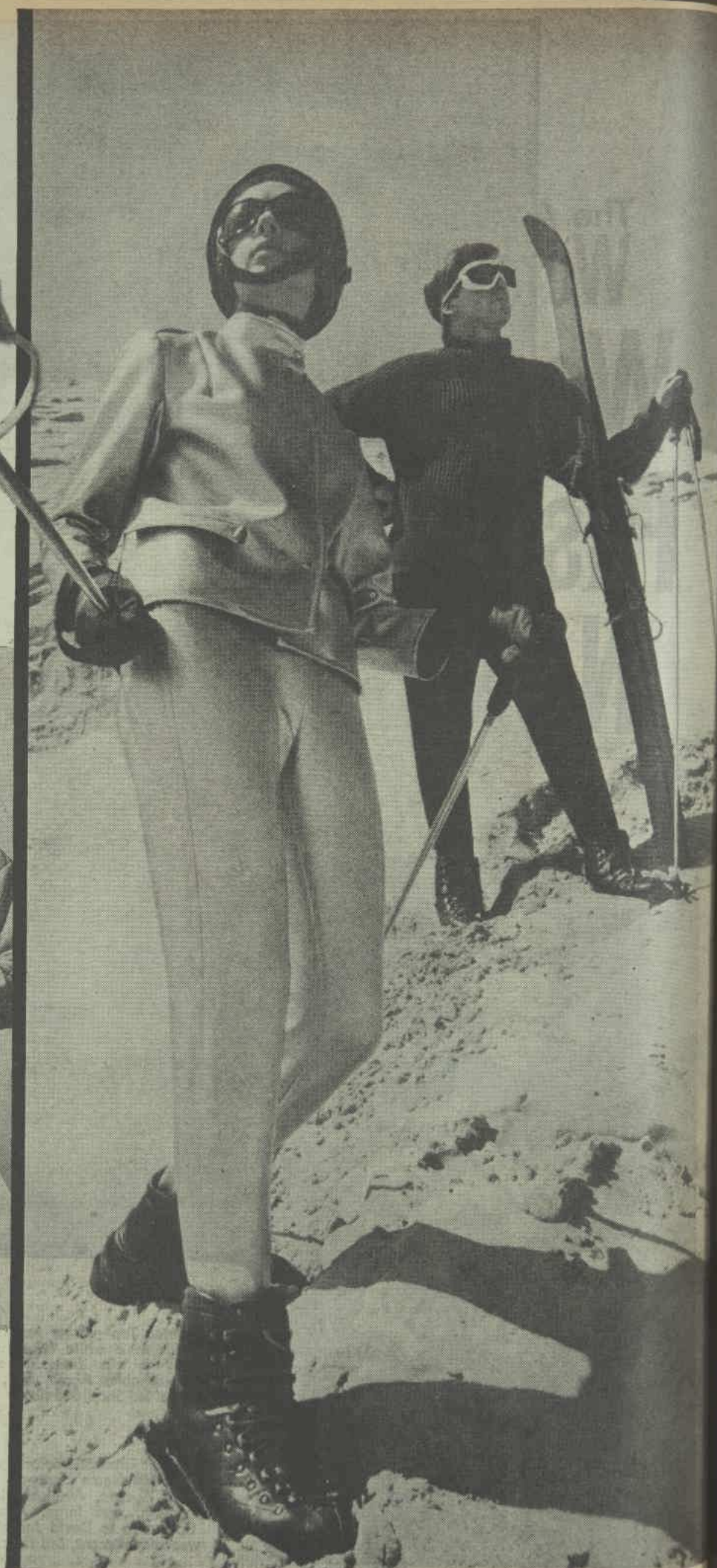
FASHIONS IN  
THE SHOPS

# SKI AND APRÈS-SKI



For the snowslopes an embroidered parka of waterproof nylon with fur hood. XSSW-W. About \$35. Stitched nylon parka. XSSW-W. About \$22.50. Both in range of colors. Fur hat in brown, black. About \$15. (David Jones' Ski Shop, 3rd floor.)

At right: Striking light-weight skisuit in silver vinyl by Merit. The double-breasted jacket is fully lined, has high collar and tab detail. About \$55. (David Jones' Ski Shop, 3rd floor.)







Attractive and functional nylon ski parka quilted in white and gold, XSSW-W. About \$12.99. (Mark Foy's Sportswear Dept.)



Great for any afternoon at a ski lodge — off-white wool sweater, SSW-OS. About \$7.50. Teamed with pleated brown-and-white check skirt, XSSW-W. \$16.95. (Grace Bros. Sportswear.)



Navy-, white-, and gold-striped sweater, SSW-W. About \$9.50. (All Grace Bros. stores.) Stretch ski-slacks, XSSW-W. About \$26.50. (Grace Bros., Chatswood, Bondi, Parramatta, Roselands.)

At right: Two apres-ski looks. Lacy, high-necked blouse, SSW-OS. About \$5. Teamed with black-and-white hounds-tooth-check maxi-skirt with broad waistband, XSSW-SW. About \$7. Black velvet maxi-skirt with braid trim, at right, XSSW-SW. About \$10. Worn with white ruffled blouse, 32-38in. About \$18. (High-necked white blouse and black velvet maxi-skirt at all Grace Bros. stores. Ruffled white blouse and check maxi-skirt at Grace Bros., Bondi, Chatswood, Broadway, Parramatta, Roselands.)





Clothes that are trim for the office and step out elegantly for an after-five dinner date.

## For the CAREER GIRL

At right: Dual-purpose fashions that go happily from busy office to dinner date. White wool dress with scalloped hem has half-belt at back. XSSW-SW. About \$21. Black wool dress with high collar, gilt buttons, and buckled belt is military in feeling. XSSW-SW. About \$25. (Both from Grace Bros. Showcase Depts., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands.)



Jacket-dress, at left, in check wool spans the hours happily if you make a smart switch after-five with a curly wig, above. Jacket-dress in orange/white, black/white. XSSW-SW. About \$38. (McDowell's Young Style Shop, 1st. floor.)



Fine white silk crochet collar and cuffs can give a fresh, lively look to a basic black dress. This set about \$4. (Available Farmer's scarf department, ground floor.)

ACCESSORIES





Below: The V-neck, short sleeves, and lowered waistline are features of this go-anywhere, anytime dress. It is part of the black-and-white ensemble, left.

Above: Black-and-white wool dress and new long jacket is great for the career girl who leads a whirl of a life after office hours. Here it is accessorised with strands of pearls and chains. Details of the dress are seen in the picture at right below. 10-14. About \$50. (Farmers' White Collar Girl Dept. 2nd floor.)

At right: Instant luxury look of an opulent Russian fox collar (about \$45) worn with a plain dark coat. (From McDowell's 1st floor.)

Highlight a simple dress with a touch of "hardware" like the chain-belt, at left, worn with a black jersey dress. Belt about \$1. Other designs available. (McDowell's.)





# FOR THE OLDER WOMAN



At left: Newsy styles in wool jersey with a slimming effect. Orange check dress with tab front, two inverted pleats, is also available in blue. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -XW $\frac{1}{2}$ . About \$21.50. Long-sleeved double-breasted dress with tie belt is in winter-blue, flame, or brown. SSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -OS $\frac{1}{2}$ . About \$29. (Grace Bros. stores, Proportionate Fittings department.)



Above: Plain Ponti Roma wool dress with three-quarter-length sleeves, neat button trim on hipline, made on easy-fit lines is smart as well as slimming. In blue, jade, or winter-red. SSW - XW. About \$18.99. (Waltons.)



## FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

At left: A new lease of fashion life for wool-and-mohair coat (about \$25.99) is brown Kolinsky fur collar (about \$18) and matching fur-trimmed hat (about \$24). (Waltons.)

Below: Smart dress-and-cape ensemble for the older woman. The dress is slim with short sleeves, the cape buttons high at neckline. In bone, pink, or blue. XSSW-W. About \$51. (McDowell's Better Dresses Dept., 1st floor.)



Above: Pure wool shirt-dress has a fashion note of its own this winter. Vertical stripes do a wonderful slimming job. Available in muted tones of green or mauve. 12-14. About \$39. (Farmer's "Village Shop," 2nd floor.)



# What people are wearing IN SYDNEY



Melbourne visitor Miss Anna-belle Wood, above, wore a black A-line coatdress fastened with buttons and gold chains. Her off-white Garbo hat had a black, caramel, and cream ribbon trim.



Contrasting outfits were chosen by Miss Susan Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Ken Churcher. Miss Fitzpatrick's black velvet dress had cuffs and collar of crocheted cotton, and she wore a black velvet helmet hat. Mrs. Churcher's capesuit in grey-and-black-check wool was worn with a black tam-o'-shanter.



Smart twosome at the races, Miss Gae Codner and Miss Pamela Andreas, both wore fashionable black and white. Miss Codner's Paris-inspired sleeveless dress and diamante-buttoned coat were worn with a Jean Patou velvet hat. Miss Andreas' black wool ottoman suit, trimmed with white, had a gathered skirt. With it she wore a white felt cowboy hat.

Page 8 — Weekly Fashion News



At left: A black mink helmet hat tied under the chin with a black kid belt was Miss Sue Osborne's choice for the Easter Saturday race meeting. She wore it with a citron-yellow wool A-line dress.

Above: Masses of snowy-white organdie frills peeped out from the cuffs and neckline of the caramel-and-white wool coat-dress worn by Miss Jenny Bookallil. Italian accessories were in brown leather and her mesh stockings cream.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1958





## AT THE AUTUMN RACING CARNIVAL AT RANDWICK

The Australian Women's Weekly - May 1, 1958

Above: A black-and-white wool coatdress from Tiziani in Rome was worn by Miss Rosemary Grundy, with a white felt Garbo hat with a black jersey tie under the chin. Miss Dawn Traynor wore a jacket-dress from Victoria and Albert. The dress was bone and the buckled jacket tomato.

At right: Beautifully tailored ensemble worn by Mrs. Courtenay Whitelaw was a sleeveless white wool dress and a double-breasted caramel-and-white-checked coat.



One of the most elegant black-and-white outfits was worn by Mrs. Bob McInerney, whose Germaine Rocher dress in black silk linen had a gold belt and epaulets. Her sailor-boy hat in white velvet by Bill McCowage had a black velvet flyaway ribbon at the back.



Weekly Fashion News - Page 9





At right: Faye Dunaway, looking far removed from her role as Bonnie in the film "Bonnie and Clyde," in a Grecian-styled pale beige chiffon dress, high-necked, backless, and belted at the waist.



At left: Actor Rex Harrison and his wife, Rachel, at London's Heathrow Airport before flying to Geneva, Switzerland. Rachel wore an ocelot coat and matching knee-high boots; Rex was in a herringbone sports suit with a turtle-neck shirt.

Below: Not quite a mini, but almost, for Princess Alexandra when she arrived at Heathrow Airport, in London, on her way to New York. Her dress — three inches above the knee — was covered with a matching slightly longer coat.



At right: Patrick Nugent escorts his wife, Lucy, daughter of President and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, to a State dinner at the White House in Washington. Mrs. Nugent wore a long dinner gown of white satin with a wide belt and rhinestone buckle.





# WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS



Above: Recognise the woman in the fur coat at right? It's film actress Rita Hayworth, who arrived at London's airport and was met by her daughter, Yasmin, who was wearing an all-wool brown zippered cape and brown stockings.



At left: It's swinging Liz Taylor in a flurry of ostrich feathers — swinging with ballet dancer Rudolph Nureyev at London's Dorchester Hotel at a party to mark the revival, after ten years, of the late Mike Todd's film "Around the World in 80 Days."



At right: English pop singer Cilla Black just about to board an aircraft to fly to Portugal for a holiday. She wore a tartan mini culotte-suit and sunglasses with large "granny" frames.



For the  
housewife

# IN AND OUT OF HOME



Casual tailored dress in striped courtelle for town and suburban wear, in a range of gay colors. SSW-W. About \$27.50. Plain wool headscarf \$1.69. (McDowell's Better Dresses Dept., 1st floor.)



FAR LEFT: Tailored wool trousersuit in warm citrus shade has gilt button and pocket flap trim, a long back vent. In black and brown also. 12-16. About \$44. (Farmer's "In Focus Shop," 2nd floor.)

ABOVE: Good fashion at budget prices for the housewife. Pure wool grey dress with detachable white collar and cuffs. XSSW½ - OS½. About \$10. In brown and green also. Blue and beige check wool dress with high collar, in a range of colors with beige over-check. XSSW½-XW½. About \$13. (Both available at all Grace Bros. stores, Proportional Fitting Depts.)

AT LEFT: Crew-neck raglan sweater in pink, kashia, brown, black. SSW-OS. About \$5.99. Check wool knife-pleated skirt with two-tone leather-like belt in orange, camel, pink. 24-30in. waist. About \$12.99. (Walton's.)

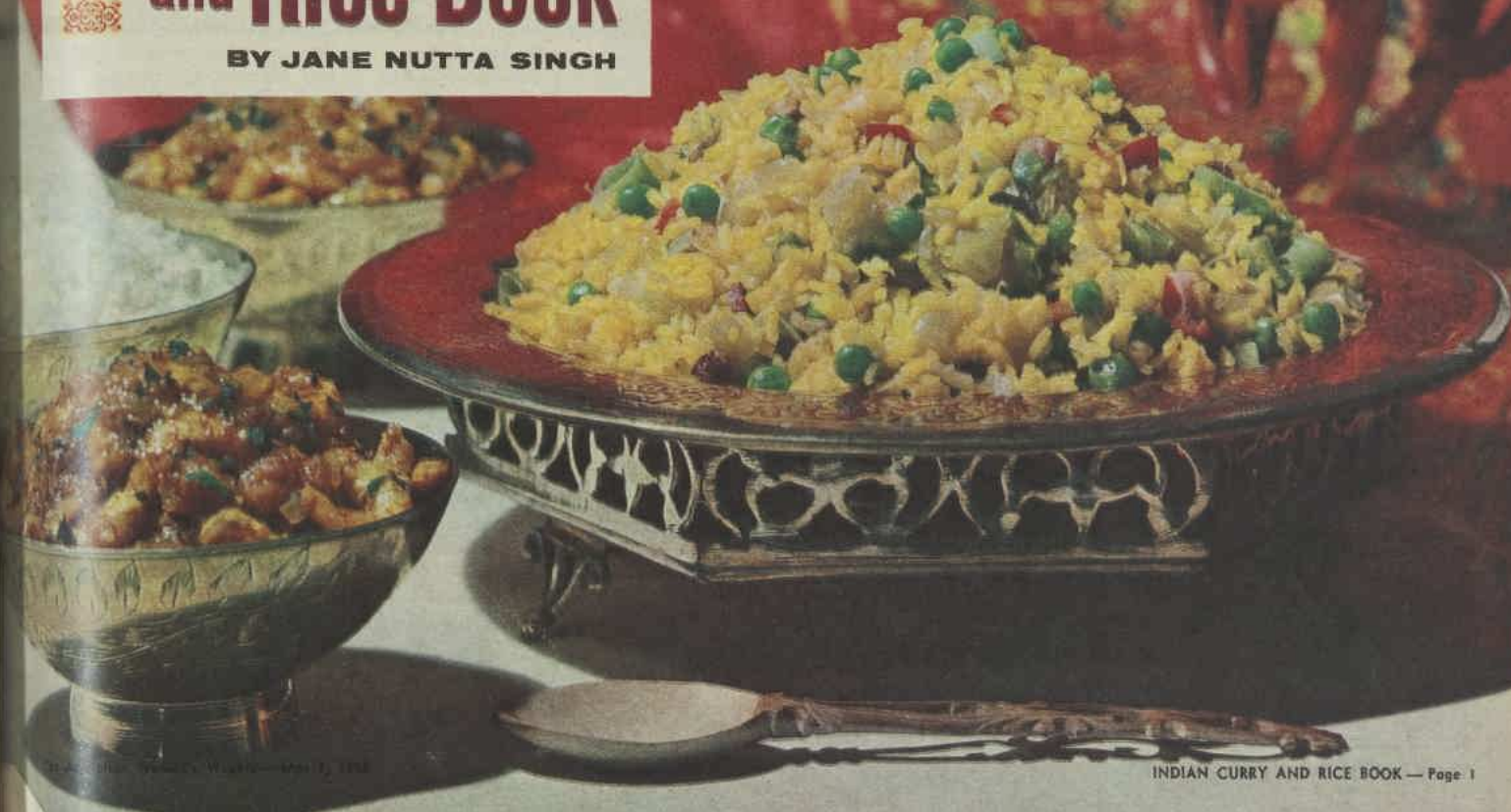




Women's Weekly presents

# Indian Curry and Rice Book

BY JANE NUTTA SINGH



INDIAN CURRY AND RICE BOOK — Page 1



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MRS. JANE NUTTA SINGH

## Recipes by an expert

THIS book contains wonderful recipes for Indian curries and rice dishes by Mrs. Jane Nutta Singh, an expert and creative cook. Readers of The Australian Women's Weekly will remember Mrs. Nutta Singh as the winner of our Pineapple Contest in 1962. Her \$200 prizewinning recipe, Pineapple Curry Kofta, is given on page 10.

Apart from her ability as a cook, Mrs. Nutta Singh has many other interests. Born in Fiji, she came to Australia in 1955 to train as a nurse at Brisbane General Hospital. After completing her midwifery course in Sydney, she returned to Queensland to lecture in Hindi at the University of Queensland. She married an Australian-born Indian, Tom Nutta Singh, in 1961. Later they opened the Taj Mahal restaurant in Southport, Queensland, specialising in wonderful Indian curries.

Although the restaurant has now been sold, Mrs. Nutta Singh has retained her great interest in cooking and has compiled a book, from which these recipes have been taken.

They include meat, chicken, fish, and vegetarian curries, plus many ideas for sambals, the savory accompaniments to curry. There is also a section on rice cookery — without which no curry would be complete.

Curries, which an Indian maharaja once called "India's gift to mankind," do not necessarily have to be very hot in flavor; many are very light and delicate. And Indian food is not difficult to prepare. Although different ingredients are used for different dishes, they are cooked by the same general processes.

● Color picture on page 1, by staff photographer Don Cameron, shows Bombay Vegetable Pillau, in the large bowl, and Prawn Patia, in small bowl. Both recipes are on page 12.

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 1, 1968



# RICE — how to cook and use it

Rice, the traditional accompaniment to curry, can also be used in many other dishes. And there are several ways to cook it.

**I**N this section are recipes for cooking rice by steam, boiling, and frying; for rice pillau which, when served with side dishes, can form a complete meal; and for sweet dishes made with rice.

For plain rice, you might like to try all the methods given to find which one gives you the result best suited to your taste.

Long-, medium-, and short-grained rice are obtainable. Most people prefer to use the long-grain rice for savory cooking, although the medium grain is a good all-purpose rice for savory or sweet cooking. The short-grained rice, sold in bulk, is used for all types of rice puddings and lovely rice desserts.

Add a good squeeze of lemon juice to the rice when cooking; this will whiten and flavor the grains. Some cooks also like to throw in the half or quarter of lemon from which the juice was squeezed.

For additional flavor, 1 or 2 small stock cubes can be crumbled into the water.

Boiled or steamed rice can have many flavorful additions lightly forked through, such as finely chopped chives, parsley, or mint; grated carrot with finely chopped shallots; raisins, toasted halved or slivered almonds; diced, cooked vegetables; chopped hard-boiled eggs. The choice is as wide as the imaginative cook cares to make it.

Rice triples itself during cooking; 1 cup of uncooked rice will swell to 3 cups

when it is cooked. Allow approximately  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cooked rice for each main-dish serving. In other words, 1 lb. of rice, when cooked, will give 8 to 10 servings.

## How to reheat rice

To save time in meal preparation, a quantity of rice can be cooked in advance. When cool, store in plastic bag or covered bowl in refrigerator. It's easy to reheat by any of the following methods:

**Indian Method:** Fill a large saucepan half full with water, bring to rapid boil. Add boiled rice, stir, leave in water not more than 4 seconds. Drain at once.

**To Reheat with Steam:** Place cooked rice in colander, stand over saucepan of simmering water. Cover colander with lid, steam until rice is heated through.

Another method of steaming cooked rice is to pour just enough water into a saucepan to cover the base of pan. When boiling, add rice, cover, steam 5 minutes or until water is absorbed and rice is hot. The size of saucepan will depend on the amount of rice to be reheated; use a large saucepan for a large amount of rice, so the steam can penetrate the grains.

**To Reheat in Oven:** Spread rice in a shallow ovenproof dish, sprinkle with a little water or milk, dot with butter. Cover the dish with lid or aluminium foil. Place in moderate oven until heated through.

**To Reheat in Frypan:** Melt a little butter in frypan, add the rice; stir with fork until heated through.

Continued overleaf



Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes in this cook book.





## RICE — HOW TO COOK AND USE IT . . . continued

flavor. Bring water rapidly to the boil, then cover tightly, reduce heat to lowest simmer, cook further 20 minutes.

For a firmer grain, many cooks prefer to simmer the rice 15 minutes only; then remove from heat, let stand — still tightly covered — for 5 to 10 minutes.

### OVEN-STEAMED RICE

Place  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rice into casserole dish, sprinkle lightly with salt. Pour over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water, cover tightly. Cook in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

### INDIAN FRIED RICE (Method 1)

2 tablespoons butter  
1 large onion  
2 cloves garlic  
4 spinach leaves or outer leaves lettuce  
1 cup chopped shallots  
1 cup grated carrot  
2 eggs  
4 cups cooked rice  
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce  
1 tablespoon soy sauce  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper

Fry chopped onion and crushed garlic in butter in frypan until light brown. Add shredded spinach or lettuce leaves, shallots, and grated carrot. Cook 2 minutes, mixing well. Add rice, cook 3 minutes. (Stirring is very important in this method. Stir frequently when cooking.) Break in eggs one by one. Cook over low heat, stirring eggs through the mixture as they start to set. Add both sauces, salt and pepper. Stir well; cook another 5 minutes. Serves 6.

### FRIED RICE (Method 2)

$2\frac{1}{2}$  cups cooked rice  
2 tablespoons butter  
dash paprika  
salt, pepper  
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce  
8oz. prawns  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. ham  
2 onions  
1 clove garlic  
2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup toasted desiccated coconut  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped peanuts

Heat butter in pan, add chopped onions and crushed garlic, saute until golden. Remove from pan. Add a little more butter to pan if necessary; add rice. Cook, turning often until golden brown. Sprinkle in paprika, salt and pepper to taste, and

Worcestershire sauce. Fold in the shelled prawns which have been cut into small pieces, chopped ham, onions, and garlic. Leave in covered pan to keep warm.

Beat eggs with 1 teaspoon water, make into thin omelet. Fry until well cooked, cut into thin strips. Garnish each serving of rice with omelet strips. Sprinkle on each plate some of the toasted coconut and chopped peanuts.

Serves 4.

### GREEN PEA PILLAU

1 onion  
1 tablespoon butter  
1 stick celery  
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley  
2oz. lean ham or bacon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked peas  
dash of salt and pepper  
1 teaspoon curry powder  
4 cups chicken stock  
1 lb. rice

Heat butter in frypan, add chopped onion, chopped celery, parsley, and diced ham, but do not allow to brown. Add rice, mix well together. Cook, stirring until rice is a light brown color. Add curry powder, season with salt and pepper, then add boiling stock nearly to cover the rice. Add peas, cover, and cook gently until rice is tender and has absorbed nearly all the liquid.

Serve with side dishes.

Serves 6.

### YELLOW PILLAU

1 lb. rice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter  
2 cardamom seeds  
4 cloves  
1 in. stick cinnamon  
1 teaspoon turmeric  
1 teaspoon ground allspice  
4oz. mixed fruit  
2oz. blanched almonds  
1 large onion  
2 cloves garlic  
good pinch cayenne pepper  
salt to taste  
boiling water

Chop onion and garlic, place in frypan. Add cardamom, cloves, cinnamon, and allspice; fry in 2oz. hot butter until golden brown. Reduce heat, add rice, and fry 2 minutes, tossing the rice lightly. Add turmeric which has been steeped in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water. Add enough boiling

water to cover the rice by 2 in. Cover pan tightly, cook slowly until rice has absorbed all the water and is perfectly cooked and in separate grains. Lightly stir in mixed fruit, almonds, and remaining butter. Season to taste. Mix well and serve hot with poppadams and tomato chutney.

Serves 6.

## Sweet rice dishes

### RICE BALLS

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rice  
1 pint milk  
1 pint water  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
desiccated coconut

Wash rice, put into frypan or heavy saucepan with milk, water, sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Bring to the boil, cover, simmer until rice is cooked and liquid absorbed (approximately 60 minutes). Add vanilla and cook few minutes longer. Set aside to cool.

Grease hands lightly with ghee or butter, roll rice into balls about the size of a ping-pong ball, then roll in coconut. Serve with cream.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

### EKNA ZARDA

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rice  
1 pint water  
good pinch salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon turmeric  
1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter  
2 cardamom seeds  
2 whole cloves  
juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup nuts (cashews or almonds)  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup raisins

Half-cook the rice in  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint boiling water with salt and turmeric (this colors the rice to a rich gold). Boil sugar in remaining  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint water 2 minutes, stirring well to make a thin syrup. Melt butter in separate pan, fry cardamom seeds and cloves over low heat 10 minutes. Add syrup, boil for a minute, then add rice.

Cook slowly, stirring gently until the syrup and butter have been absorbed and the rice is cooked. Add lemon juice, raisins, and nuts. Turn into casserole. Place in slow oven 10 minutes; cool.

Serve with whipped cream or ice-cream.

Serves 6.

### CHAWAL (Plain Boiled Rice) (Indian Method)

3 pints cold water  
extra 1 cup cold water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rice  
1 dessertspoon salt

Bring water to the boil in a large saucepan. When boiling briskly, add the rice. Stir a little and cook, uncovered, until cooked (about 20 minutes). When it is cooked at the core, add salt and extra cold water to the boiling rice. Immediately remove from heat and drain in colander.

### BOILED RICE (Australian Method—Fluffy)

Put  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pints of water into large saucepan, bring water to rapid boil, add 1 dessertspoon salt. Then gradually, letting it dribble through your fingers, so the water does not go off the boil, add 1 cup rice. Boil rapidly, uncovered, 12 to 15 minutes. Cooking time depends on the type of rice used and also on the way you like your rice — tender, or still with a slight firmness left in the grain.

Start testing at the end of 12 minutes. Lift a few grains from the pan with a fork and bite into the grain.

When cooked to your liking, drain at once in colander.

### STEAMED "PEARLY" RICE

Put rice into saucepan (this applies to any amount of rice), add water to come 1 in. above level of rice. Add salt to



# CURRIES MADE WITH MEAT

Meats of all types are used by Mrs. Jane Nutta Singh to make the superb-tasting curries in this section. All are wonderful main-course dishes.

## QUOORMA

1lb. mutton  
1 tablespoon grated green ginger  
salt  
4oz. ghee or butter  
2 large onions  
1 tablespoon flour  
2 cloves garlic  
1 teaspoon ground coriander  
1 teaspoon black pepper  
1/2 teaspoon cardamom  
1/2 teaspoon ground cloves  
1 pint mutton stock  
1/2 cup cream  
4oz. ground almonds  
2 teaspoons turmeric  
1 teaspoon sugar  
juice of 1 lemon

Barely cover ground almonds with water, set aside for a little while. Then squeeze through muslin, extracting as much almond liquid as possible. Reserve liquid.

Cut meat into cubes. Stand the cubed mutton with the ginger and salt, stirring occasionally. Make a curry sauce in the usual manner (see Simple Chicken

Curry on page 13) with the next 9 ingredients. Place the meat in the sauce and simmer until tender. Remove from heat and add the cream and the liquid from the ground almonds. Stir thoroughly and add turmeric and sugar. Simmer very gently for 15 minutes, add the lemon juice and serve.

Serve with fluffy boiled rice and side dishes.

Serves 3.

## DEVILLED KABABS

1lb. lean lamb  
6 shallots  
cayenne  
1 large onion  
2 cloves garlic  
2 red peppers or chillies  
dash turmeric  
dash ground ginger  
1 tablespoon curry powder  
1 dessertspoon tomato paste or puree  
ghee for frying  
salt, lemon juice

Cut meat into 1in. squares. Cut each shallot into 3 pieces. Pack meat on to skewers alternately with shallot pieces, sprinkle lightly with ground ginger, cayenne, and turmeric. Fry gently in hot ghee for 10 minutes, turning once; drain well. In the same pan lightly fry finely chopped onion, chopped garlic, and peppers, which have been cut into wide strips. Add curry powder, and tomato puree or paste. Mix well and simmer for 5 minutes. Add enough water to make a thickish gravy, then add skewers of meat. Cover, cook slowly until meat is tender, shaking pan occasionally. Add salt and lemon juice to taste.

Note: If using chilli, remove seeds before cutting into strips.

Serves 3.

## BARRA KABABS

2lb. lamb  
1 cup yoghurt  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
4 onions  
1/2 teaspoon ground ginger  
salt  
ghee or butter

Mix together yoghurt and lemon juice, rub into the meat. Let stand a while, then cut into approximately 1 1/2 in. cubes. Peel and quarter onions, dip in yoghurt and sprinkle with ginger. Skewer the lamb and onion quarters alternately on to 6 skewers. Grill, basting with remaining yoghurt-lemon mixture. Sprinkle with salt. Use ghee or butter for basting toward the end of the cooking so that the meat does not dry or burn.

Serves 5.

## STUFFED PEPPERS

2 1/2 tablespoons butter  
1 large onion  
1lb. minced steak  
1 cup yoghurt  
1 dessertspoon turmeric  
4 green peppers  
salt

Melt butter and brown the finely chopped onion. Add meat and turmeric, fry for 5 minutes. Add yoghurt. Cook, covered, until meat is tender. Uncover, increase heat to evaporate liquid, add salt to taste, remove from heat and set aside.

Cut tops from peppers, remove seeds. Stuff the peppers with meat mixture, bake in moderate oven till peppers are tender, approximately 30 minutes.

Serve with plain or fried rice.

Serves 4.

Continued on page 7



## HOT, MEDIUM, OR MILD?

MANY of the recipes in this book give an alternative of red peppers or chillies as an ingredient. Use of red peppers will result in a mild curry; the chillies will give a hotter curry.

The hotness of the curry will depend, therefore, on the number of chillies used, and their size.

For a curry with medium "heat," you might like to use a combination—a pepper and a small chilli, or half a chilli.

Always make sure the seeds are removed from the chilli before using; they are very hot and most unpleasant to bite into. Remove seeds from peppers, too, of course; it is only the flesh of the pepper that is used.







**DELHI CHICKEN CURRY**, a delicious dish of chicken with tomatoes and onions, flavored with a simple spice mixture. Recipe on page 13.



**EASTERN BEEF CURRY** is an unusual combination of meat, pineapple and vegetables, can be served in pineapple. Recipe opposite.





## CURRIES MADE WITH MEAT . . . continued

### BEEF MOLEE

- |                           |                                 |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1lb. stewing steak        | 1 cup fairly thick coconut milk |
| 2 onions                  | 1 dessertspoon curry powder     |
| 2 cloves garlic           | pinch nutmeg                    |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric       | dash of pepper                  |
| 1 teaspoon ground ginger  | salt to taste                   |
| 2 red peppers or chillies | 1 tablespoon butter             |

Cut meat into 1in. squares. Cover and cook meat in boiling salted water till tender. Fry onion, garlic, and red peppers or chillies in butter for 5 minutes. Add turmeric, curry powder, ginger, nutmeg, and pepper. Mix thoroughly, then add cooked meat, coconut milk, and salt. Simmer on low heat for 10 minutes. Serve with rice or Indian bread.

Serves 2-3.

Note: For Coconut Milk, see page 10.

### MUTTON MANDALAY

- |                               |                             |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter          | pinch of ground ginger      |
| 2 large onions                | 2 cups water                |
| 2 cloves garlic               | 1lb. cooked, cubed mutton   |
| 4 to 6 shallots               | juice of 1 small lemon      |
| 2 red peppers or red chillies | 1 dessertspoon chopped mint |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric           | salt                        |
| 1 tablespoon curry powder     |                             |
| 1/2 teaspoon cayenne          |                             |

Melt butter. Fry chopped onions, crushed garlic, chopped shallots, and chopped red peppers until light brown. Add turmeric, curry powder, cayenne, ginger, and salt. Mix well, add water, simmer for 20 minutes. Then add the meat, heat through gently. Add mint and lemon juice, mix well.

Serve with fluffy boiled rice.

Serves 3.

### PORK VINDALOO

(Picture on page 9)

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| 2lb. lean pork                           | 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard   |
| 2 large onions                           | pinch cumin                |
| 3 cloves garlic                          | 3 cardamom seeds (crushed) |
| 2 red chillies or 1/2 teaspoon cayenne   | 1 tablespoon vinegar       |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric                      | 1 teaspoon chopped mint    |
| 2 tablespoons curry powder               | salt to taste              |
| 1 teaspoon ground ginger                 | 1 dessertspoon butter      |
| 1/2 teaspoon fenugreek powder (optional) | hot water                  |

Place 1 chopped onion, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 finely chopped chilli, ginger, 1 tablespoon curry powder, vinegar and salt into a bowl. Mix well together. Cut pork into 1in. cubes, add to mixture in bowl. Mix thoroughly and allow to stand for at least 3 hours.

Melt butter in frypan and fry the remaining chopped onion, crushed garlic,

chopped chilli until light brown. Add turmeric, remaining curry powder, mustard, fenugreek, cumin, cardamom, and meat mixture. Cook for 5 minutes, reduce heat to simmer, add sufficient hot water just to cover the meat; add salt to taste. Cook gently, covered, until meat is tender, approx. 1 hour 20 minutes. Lastly, add mint.

Serve with boiled rice.

Serves 6.

### EASTERN BEEF CURRY

(Picture opposite)

- |                                  |                           |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 1/2lb. skirt or top-side steak | 1 red pepper              |
| 4 tablespoons butter             | 1 potato                  |
| 1 onion                          | 1/2 cup diced carrot      |
| 2 cloves garlic                  | 1/2 cup shredded cabbage  |
| 2 shallots                       | 2 tomatoes                |
| 1 1/2 dessertspoons curry powder | 1 tablespoon chopped mint |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons salt             | 1 cup pineapple pieces    |
| pinch cayenne                    | 1/2 cup water             |

Melt butter in a pan or frypan, add chopped onion and crushed garlic, fry lightly. Add chopped shallots and diced red pepper, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add meat cut into 1in. cubes, curry powder, salt, and cayenne. Cook over low heat 5 minutes, turning meat pieces frequently so they brown evenly. Then add diced potato, carrot, cabbage, and peeled, chopped tomatoes. Cook for 10 minutes, then add pineapple pieces and water, cover and simmer for 1 hour or until meat is quite tender, adding more water if necessary. Just before serving add mint.

Serve with boiled rice and chutney.

Serves 6.



### BENGAL MUTTON CURRY (Medium)

- |                        |                                   |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1lb. mutton            | 1 tablespoon curry powder         |
| 2 onions               | 1 dessertspoon desiccated coconut |
| 2 cloves garlic        | 2 cups water                      |
| 1 red pepper or chilli | 1 tablespoon butter               |
| 3 shallots             | salt                              |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric    |                                   |
| good pinch dry mustard |                                   |

Cut meat into 1in. cubes. Mix meat with half of the minced onion and garlic and the coconut. Melt butter and add the remaining minced onion, garlic, and finely chopped shallots and red pepper and fry for 3 minutes. Add turmeric, curry powder, mustard, and meat mixture and simmer for 5 minutes, then add water and salt. Simmer, covered, until meat is tender (approximately 1 hour).

Serve with plain boiled rice, sliced lemon pieces, and mango chutney.

Serves 2-3.

Continued on page 10

INDIAN CURRY AND RICE BOOK — Page 7







Page 8 — INDIAN CORN AND RICE BOOK



DHAL WITH SPINACH (left), an unusual vegetarian dish contains shallots, lentils, onion and red pepper or chillies. The recipe is given on page 12.





TALI MACHCHI (above), deep-fried fish fillets to which curry powder and turmeric give a golden color. Fried rice is side dish. Recipe, page 12.

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 1, 1968

PORK VINDALOO (below), is a classic curry; beef can be used instead of pork. A light flavoring of fresh mint is added at the last. Recipe, page 7.



INDIAN CURRY AND RICE BOOK — Page 9



## CURRIES MADE WITH MEAT . . . concluded

### PINEAPPLE CURRY KOFTA

- |                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1½ lb. lean minced beef | 1 green pepper           |
| ½ cup shredded cabbage  | 2 teaspoons curry powder |
| pinch ground ginger     | 1 teaspoon lemon juice   |
| 1 large onion           | salt                     |
| 1 clove garlic          | seasoned flour           |
| pinch ground cloves     | ghee for frying          |

Mince or chop finely the onion, garlic, and green pepper. Mix together cabbage, ginger, cloves, curry powder, and meat. Season with salt and add lemon juice; add vegetables. Roll into balls and dust with seasoned flour. Fry in hot ghee until browned and nearly cooked. Drain, put aside. Prepare curry, as below.

- |                           |                                  |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter      | ¼ teaspoon cayenne               |
| 2 onions                  | pinch cinnamon                   |
| 1 clove garlic            | 2 large potatoes                 |
| ½ teaspoon ground ginger  | 1 cup pineapple cubes            |
| ¼ teaspoon turmeric       | 1½ cups coconut milk (see right) |
| 1 tablespoon curry powder | salt                             |



Page 10 — INDIAN CURRY AND RICE BOOK

Melt butter, add sliced onions and crushed garlic, saute until light brown in color. Add ginger, turmeric, curry powder, cayenne, and cinnamon. Stir well, cook for 3 minutes, add peeled, sliced tomato, peeled, diced potato, and pineapple. Cook gently for 5 minutes, stirring continually. Add coconut milk and salt to taste. Carefully place prepared Kofta Meat Balls into the curry sauce. Cover, simmer gently 15 to 20 minutes. Do not stir or meat balls may break up. Occasionally shake the pan lightly. Skim well to remove any fat. Make a bed of hot fluffy rice on a heated serving dish, pile curry mixture on top. Serve piping hot.

Serves 6.

### COCONUT MILK

Pour 2 cups water over ½ cup desiccated coconut in saucepan, bring to the boil, turn off heat and allow to stand a few minutes. Then strain, pressing out all liquid from coconut with back of wooden spoon.

### MOGLAI HOOSAINI KABABS

- |                           |                                   |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 lb. lean mutton         | ¼ teaspoon turmeric               |
| 2 red peppers or chillies | pinch allspice                    |
| 1 large onion             | pinch nutmeg                      |
| 2 cloves garlic           | 1 dessertspoon desiccated coconut |
| ¼ teaspoon ground ginger  | 1 teaspoon flour                  |
| 1 teaspoon curry powder   | 1 tablespoon ghee or butter       |
| drop of almond essence    | salt to taste                     |
|                           | lemon juice                       |

Remove seeds from peppers or chillies. Mince together very finely the first 4 ingredients. Fry the remaining ingredients

briskly in ghee or butter for few seconds, mixing them together well. Add meat mixture, stir well. Reduce heat, cook over slow heat for 10 minutes; add salt to taste. Remove from saucepan, add a squeeze of lemon juice, allow to cool. Form into small, oval-shaped cutlets, press them on to metal skewers, or form into balls and grill, basting with melted butter or ghee occasionally.

Serves 3.

### DOH PEEAZAH

- |                    |                        |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 2 lb. lamb or veal | ½ pint cream           |
| 2 oz. butter       | 1 pint milk            |
| 2 large onions     | 1 teaspoon turmeric    |
| 3 cloves garlic    | 4 peppercorns          |
| 4 cardamom seeds   | salt to taste          |
| 6 cloves           | ½ lb. blanched almonds |
| ¼ teaspoon cayenne |                        |

Cube the meat. Place into a saucepan with a little water, cook gently for 15 minutes. Remove, drain, and cool meat; reserve the liquid. Melt half the butter in pan, add salt and finely chopped onions and garlic. Add meat and toss until lightly browned.

Melt remaining butter in another pan. Add the cardamom seeds and cloves, heat gently; when they sizzle, add the meat mixture. Cover with lid, and shake the pan or stir gently. Crush the almonds, blend with cream and milk, strain through muslin, squeeze out as much almond-milk as possible; add liquid to the meat. Bring to the boil; cook gently, uncovered, 3 minutes. Now add the turmeric, peppercorns, cayenne, and reserved liquid. Simmer until the liquid has been reduced by less than half.

Serve with fried rice. (Method 1 on page 4.)

Serves 4.



### KEEMA

- |                           |                             |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1½ lb. minced steak       | ¼ teaspoon dry mustard      |
| 1 tablespoon butter       | pinch crushed cardamom seed |
| 2 medium onions           | pinch cumin seed            |
| 3 cloves garlic           | ¼ cup cooked green peas     |
| 2 red chillies            | salt to taste               |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric       |                             |
| 1 tablespoon curry powder |                             |

Melt butter. Add finely chopped onions, garlic, and chillies, fry until light brown. Add turmeric, cook for a minute, then add curry powder, mustard, cumin seed, and cardamom. Stir well, cover, and cook for 5 minutes. Now add meat, simmer until cooked, stirring occasionally. Add green peas, and salt to taste.

Serve with rice and selected sambals (see pages 14, 15).

Serves 4.

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 1, 1968



THINKS:

**BIG DEAL...**

so Jane Nutta Singh  
puts out real Indian Curry  
and Rice recipes?...but  
do Aussie cooks know  
the real secrets of  
recipe success?

?

?



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better curry flavour \*(that  
includes clarified butter, also  
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...and with **Sunbeam** in con-  
trol...all our cooking is auto-  
matically perfect!



and of course **RICE IS A BRIGHT IDEA** (with Indian cookery or anything)





## Vegetable dishes

### BEANS AND AALOO CURRY

- |                                |                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon butter            | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon turmeric |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. french beans | 1 dessertspoon                  |
| 2 potatoes                     | curry powder                    |
| 3 ripe tomatoes                | 1 cup water                     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. carrots      | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne  |
| 2 medium onions                | salt to taste                   |
| 2 cloves garlic                |                                 |

String and slice beans, slice onions and crush garlic, finely chop carrots, dice potatoes, peel and cut up tomatoes. Melt butter in frypan or heavy saucepan, add onions and garlic, cook 3 minutes. Add turmeric and curry powder, simmer further 3 minutes. Add potatoes, beans, carrots, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Cook until potatoes are half done, then add skinned diced tomatoes. Add remaining water to make a thick gravy, season with cayenne and salt to taste. Simmer till beans and potatoes are cooked.

Serve with hot rice and chutney.

Serves 4 to 6.

### BOMBAY VEGETABLE PILLAU

(Picture on page 1)

- |                                 |                                 |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. uncooked rice | 2 cloves garlic                 |
| 2 medium onions                 | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice |
| 3 tablespoons butter            | pinch cayenne                   |
| 1 cup grated carrots            | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon turmeric |
| 1 cup diced french beans        | 4 cloves                        |
| 1 cup peas                      | 1 tablespoon sultanas           |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon | 1 tablespoon almonds            |
|                                 | salt and pepper                 |

Soak rice in water for half an hour, drain well. Fry sliced onions, finely chopped garlic, turmeric, cloves, cinnamon, allspice, and cayenne in butter, but do not brown. Add carrots, peas, beans, and rice, salt, pepper; cook, stirring lightly, for 6 minutes. Add enough boiling water to reach 2 in. above the rice. Cover and simmer until liquid is absorbed and rice and vegetables are cooked. Remove the cloves, add sultanas and almonds which have been lightly fried in butter.

Serves 4.

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### CABBAGE FOOGATH

- |                 |                                   |
|-----------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 small cabbage | pinch ground ginger               |
| 2oz. butter     | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted coconut |
| 2 large onions  | salt to taste                     |
| 2 cloves garlic |                                   |
| 1 red pepper    |                                   |

Shred cabbage. Boil until half cooked, drain and set aside. Heat butter and lightly fry chopped onion, crushed garlic, chopped red pepper, and ginger. Add cabbage; add salt to taste. Simmer until cabbage is cooked. Just before serving, add toasted coconut.

Serve with fluffy boiled rice.

Serves 3 to 4.

### DHAL WITH SPINACH

(Picture on page 8)

- |  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lentils                                      | 2 tablespoons ghee or butter    |
| 1 pint water   | 1 large onion                   |
| 2 cups spinach   | 2 cloves garlic                 |
| 4 shallots   | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon turmeric |
| 1 red pepper or 1 red chilli or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne | pinch cinnamon                  |
|  | salt to taste                   |

Wash lentils well. Place in pan with 1 pint water. Add chopped spinach, chopped shallots, and chopped pepper. Cover and cook until lentils are soft (approximately 20 minutes). In separate pan or frypan, melt ghee or butter, fry finely sliced onion, crushed garlic, turmeric, and cinnamon until the onion is light brown. Add lentil mixture and salt to taste. Simmer for another 10 minutes.

Serve with boiled rice or fried rice.

Serves 3.

## CURRIES FEATURING ...

The delicate flavors of chicken and of fish are enhanced by delicious blendings of spices.

### TALI MACHCHI (Deep Fried Fish)

(Picture on pages 8, 9)

- |                     |                             |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2lb. fish fillets   | 2 teaspoons curry powder    |
| 1 lemon             | ghee or oil for deep frying |
| pinch cayenne salt  |                             |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric |                             |

Wash fish fillets, dry well. Cut into 2 or 3 pieces, according to size. Sprinkle on both sides with lemon juice, salt and pepper, place into a dish with any remaining lemon juice. Allow to stand for a few minutes, then sprinkle with turmeric and curry powder. Move fish around in this mixture to coat well. Fry in hot, deep ghee a few seconds until cooked.

Delicious with fried rice.

Serves 4.

### FRIED FISH (Ceylon Style)

- |   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 2lb. fish fillets (snapper, bream, or flathead) | 1 cup yoghurt                 |
| plain flour                                     | salt to taste                 |
| 1 teaspoon curry powder                         | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper |
|   | pinch cinnamon                |
|   | ghee or oil for frying        |

Remove any small bones from fish. Cut each fillet in half. Combine yoghurt, curry powder, salt, pepper, and cinnamon. Dip fish pieces into yoghurt mixture, roll lightly in flour. Drop into deep, hot ghee and fry until golden brown.

Serves 4.

### PRAWN PATIA

(Picture on page 1)

- |                             |                                 |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1lb. prawns                 | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon turmeric |
| 1 tablespoon butter         | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cumin    |
| 1 onion                     | salt to taste                   |
| 3 tomatoes                  | 1 tablespoon vinegar            |
| 1 teaspoon cayenne          | juice 1 lemon                   |
| 2 cloves garlic             | 1 tablespoon chopped mint       |
| 1 dessertspoon curry powder |                                 |

Saute chopped onion in butter until light brown. Add turmeric, crushed garlic, cumin, and curry powder, cook for 5 minutes. Add peeled, chopped tomatoes. Cook for 10 minutes, then add shelled prawns and salt. Add cayenne, lemon juice, and vinegar. Sprinkle mint over; simmer for a few minutes, remove from heat.

Serve with rice or Indian bread.

Serves 4.

### FISH KEDGEREE

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 2lb. cooked or canned fish      | salt to taste                             |
| 8oz. cooked rice                | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne (optional) |
| 2oz. ghee or butter             | 2 hard-boiled eggs                        |
| 2 large onions                  | tomato slices                             |
| 1 clove garlic                  | parsley                                   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon turmeric |   |

Heat ghee or butter in large frying pan, add chopped onions and crushed garlic, fry until transparent. Add the turmeric and cayenne, cook gently for 3 minutes. Add the flaked fish and rice. Turn over gently with a fork until well mixed and heated through; add salt.

Pile on to a warm serving dish, decorate with slices of egg, sliced tomatoes, and parsley.

Serves 4 to 6.

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## ... CHICKEN AND FISH

### DELHI CHICKEN CURRY (mild)

(Picture on page 6)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 boiling chicken                              | salt to taste                                  |
| 2 finely sliced onions                         | 1 tablespoon curry powder                      |
| 2 cloves garlic                                | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger           |
| 1 red pepper or $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne | 1 teaspoon turmeric                            |
| 2 medium tomatoes                              | pinch of ground cardamom (optional)            |
| 2 tablespoons butter                           | pinch of cinnamon                              |
| 1 dessertspoon desiccated coconut              | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chopped mint or parsley |
| lemon juice                                    |  |

Boil chicken until tender. Remove skin and cut into serving pieces. Lightly fry onions, chopped garlic, and pepper in butter. Add turmeric, curry powder, and ginger. Mix well and simmer for 5 minutes. Add cardamom, cinnamon, tomatoes, chicken pieces, and enough chicken stock in which the chicken was cooked, to cover. Mix well, cover and cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until chicken is heated through. Add salt to taste. Just before serving add a squeeze of lemon juice, coconut, and parsley.

Serve with rice, chutney, and some of the sambals given on pages 14 and 15.

Serves 4.



### SIMPLE CHICKEN CURRY

- |                              |  |
|------------------------------|--|
| 2lb. chicken                 | 1 red pepper                                     |
| 1 large onion                | salt to taste                                    |
| 2 cloves garlic              | $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons                        |
| 2 tablespoons ghee or butter | ground coriander (or 2 tablespoons curry powder) |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric          | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne or chilli powder  |
| squeeze of lemon juice       |  |

Joint the chicken and remove skin, set aside.

Heat ghee or butter in frypan and add sliced onion, crushed garlic, and sliced pepper. Fry until just cooked then add turmeric, coriander, chilli, and salt. Mix well and cook gently for 1 minute. Now add the chicken. Mix well with spices and onion and brown for 10 minutes. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water and as soon as it starts to boil, cover. Simmer until chicken is cooked, adding a little more water if necessary. If necessary, thicken gravy by cooking over high heat, uncovered until liquid is reduced. Lastly, add a squeeze of lemon juice.

Serve with fluffy boiled rice.

Serves 4.

### CHICKEN KORMA (Chicken in Yoghurt)

- |                                 |                        |
|---------------------------------|------------------------|
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3lb. chicken | pinch dry mustard      |
| 1 cup yoghurt                   | 1 dessertspoon         |
| 1 dessertspoon curry powder     | desiccated coconut     |
| 2 medium onions                 | pinch nutmeg           |
| 3 cloves garlic                 | pinch ground ginger    |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric             | salt to taste          |
| 1 tablespoon butter or ghee     | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne  |                        |

Joint chicken, cut into serving pieces. Add curry powder, one finely chopped onion and one crushed clove of garlic to the yoghurt and marinade chicken in this mixture for 1 hour. Fry remaining chopped onion and crushed garlic in but-

ter for 3 minutes on medium heat. Add turmeric, mustard, coconut, nutmeg, ginger, cayenne, salt to taste, and lemon juice. Add chicken and marinade, mix well. Cover and simmer until chicken is tender.

Serve with hot cooked rice.

Serves 4.

### PRAWN SAUCE

- |                             |                                       |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1lb. cooked, shelled prawns | 1 tablespoon dry mustard              |
| 1 dessertspoon vinegar      | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water               |
| 2 tablespoons butter        | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper |
|                             | salt to taste                         |

Place half of the prawns, the water, vinegar, mustard, cayenne, and salt into blender, blend until smooth. Continue to blend, adding remaining prawns gradually. Add butter. Put mixture into saucepan, bring slowly to boil. Serve with fried rice. (Method 2 on page 4.)

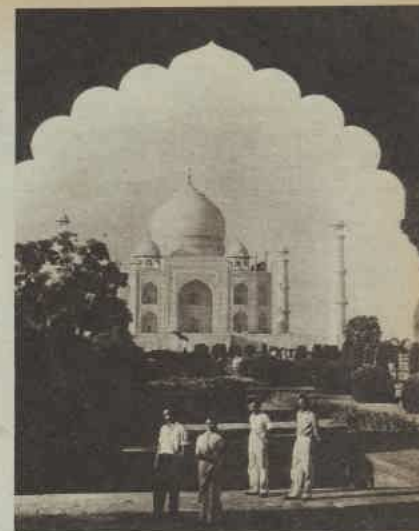
### PRAWN CURRY

- |                                |                           |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter           | 1 tablespoon curry powder |
| 3 onions                       | 16oz. can tomato puree    |
| 2 cloves garlic                | 1 cup water or stock      |
| 2 shallots                     | salt to taste             |
| 1 red pepper                   | 2lb. cooked prawns        |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger  |                           |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne |                           |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric            |                           |

Melt butter in frypan, fry sliced onions, crushed garlic, chopped shallots, and chopped red pepper until light brown. Add turmeric, curry powder, ginger, cayenne, puree, and stock. Simmer gently for 5 minutes. Add shelled prawns to the curry sauce and simmer slowly for a further 5 minutes. Add salt to taste.

A delightful dish served with rice.

Serves 4-6.



### MACHER KOFTAS (Fish)

- |                                       |                                    |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. snapper or mullet | 1 crushed clove garlic             |
| 2 cups water                          | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry bread-crumbs |
| 1 large onion                         | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne     |
| 1 teaspoon chopped parsley            | pepper or chilli sauce             |
| 1 egg                                 | salt                               |
| 2oz. butter or ghee                   |                                    |

Place fish in pan, cover with water, cover and simmer until fish is tender (approximately 20 minutes). Drain (liquid can be used for stock); flake fish, removing skin and bones. Chop fish meat finely, add chopped onion, garlic, parsley, salt, and cayenne or chilli sauce. Mix well, shape into 12 round balls. Dip each ball into beaten egg, then roll in breadcrumbs.

Heat butter or ghee in pan; when hot add Koftas and fry until evenly browned.

Serve hot with mango chutney and fried rice.

Serves 3.





**SAMBALS** at left are Salad Sambal (centre); slices of lemon; Potato Sambal, wedges of tomato; cucumber slices in yoghurt; Banana Sambal, raisins. See recipes.

## Sambals and other side dishes

Sambals and other side dishes add interest and color to a curry meal.

**THESE** side dishes can be sharp, pungent, sweet, salty, or tart; when choosing from them, put just a small quantity on the plate. Eat the dishes intermittently by taking a little of one, then another, mixing each with a spoonful of curry and rice.

Some easily prepared sambals are listed below, and on the opposite page are recipes for more elaborate ones, and also for chutneys and sauces to serve with curries and grills.

- Chopped peanuts or other nuts.
- Bombay Duck (dried, salted fish).
- Poppadams (fragile, crisp lentil wafers, imported from India. Available from food departments of large stores).
- Small pieces of fried, crisp, well-drained bacon.
- Chopped hard-boiled eggs.
- Raisins or currants, plumped in hot water, then drained well.
- Sliced onion rings, sauteed in melted butter, browned, and dried in a hot oven.
- Tomato wedges.
- Sliced, sauteed pineapple.
- Sliced, chilled, unpeeled cucumber, marinated in yoghurt.



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### SALAD SAMBAL

- |                              |                                   |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 small tomato               | 1 teaspoon chopped parsley        |
| 1 cucumber                   | 1 dessertspoon desiccated coconut |
| 1 dessertspoon grated carrot |                                   |
| 1 cup shredded lettuce       |                                   |

Thinly slice tomato and cucumber, combine with carrot, lettuce, and parsley. Toss well together. Sprinkle with coconut.

Note: For a hotter flavor, add 1 finely chopped red chilli.

### COCONUT SAMBAL

Combine desiccated coconut and finely chopped red pepper or red chilli. Add lemon juice and salt to taste.

### POTATO SAMBAL

Cut cooked potatoes into small cubes. Add finely chopped green pepper and finely chopped shallots, including green tops. Sprinkle with salad oil and lemon juice. Add salt and pepper to taste.

### BANANA SAMBAL

Cut firm but ripe bananas into thin slices, sprinkle with finely chopped red pepper, lemon juice, and salt to taste. Sprinkle with coconut.

### TOMATO CHUTNEY

- |                            |                                      |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 6 firm, ripe tomatoes      | 1 teaspoon chopped parsley           |
| 1 dessertspoon lemon rind  | pinch ground ginger                  |
| 1 tablespoon chopped onion | 1/2 teaspoon salt                    |
| 1 clove garlic             | 1/2 teaspoon cayenne or 1 red chilli |

Peel and cut tomatoes, mash to a pulp, or put through blender. Cut lemon rind into small pieces. Put through blender with chopped onion, garlic, and chilli. Add to tomatoes with ginger, salt to taste, beat until blended. Sprinkle over chopped parsley.

Serve with any curry or grills. Makes approximately 2 pints.

### MANGO CHUTNEY

- |                        |                               |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 large green mangoes  | 1 tablespoon chopped mint     |
| 1 red chilli or pepper | 2 cloves garlic salt to taste |

Peel and chop mangoes and garlic. Chop chilli or pepper. Combine all ingredients, place in a blender. Add sufficient water to allow foods to fine cut. Blend until of chutney consistency.

This chutney is suitable with almost every curry.

Makes approximately 1/2 pint, depending on size of mangoes.

### APPLE CHUTNEY

- |                                     |                            |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 4 green apples                      | 1 cup chopped green pepper |
| 4 medium-sized onions               | juice of 1 lemon           |
| 2 cloves garlic                     | pinch cayenne              |
| 3oz. shredded or desiccated coconut | 1 dessertspoon salt        |
|                                     | 1/2 cup water              |

Peel and core apples, chop roughly. Sprinkle with salt and add water. Leave for 5 minutes; drain well. Place in blender with chopped onions, chopped garlic, green peppers, coconut, cayenne, salt to taste, and lemon juice; blend well.

Makes approximately 4 cups.

### CURRY SAUCE

- |                                  |                           |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 1/2 tablespoons ghee or butter | 1 dessertspoon cumin      |
| 2 large onions                   | 2 1/2 cups stock or water |
| 1/2 teaspoon turmeric            |                           |
| 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger       | 1 dessertspoon cornflour  |
| 2 cloves garlic                  | pinch salt                |
| lin. stick cinnamon              | dash of cayenne           |
| 1 dessertspoon flour             |                           |

Melt ghee or butter. Fry sliced onions and crushed garlic until brown, add turmeric, ginger, flour, and cornflour. Stir well, then add cinnamon and cumin. Fry gently for about 3 minutes. Add stock or water, stir and simmer gently till thickened. Add salt and cayenne. Add any cold meat, heat through gently.

Makes approximately 1 pint.

### PURI (Indian Deep-fried Bread)

- |                               |                       |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 4 cups plain whole-meal flour | 1 dessertspoon butter |
| 1 teaspoon salt               | ghee for deep frying  |
| 1-1 1/2 cups hot water        | (approx. 1lb.)        |

Mix flour and salt together, add melted butter. With the hand mix water in gradually, making it into a firm dough. Knead well and let stand at least 30 minutes. Roll out in small, very thin pancakes, 3 1/2 in. to 4 in. in diameter.

Heat ghee in frypan, cook over medium heat; drop in one puri. Lightly press down with back of spoon to make it swell. Turn and cook until light golden. Drain before serving. Repeat with remaining puris. Serve with curry or jam. Makes approximately 20.



### TWO UNUSUAL SAVORY INDIAN DISHES

An omelet made with yoghurt and little savory vegetable puffs are two interesting recipes.

#### BHUGIAS

- 4oz. self-raising flour  
pinch turmeric  
1 teaspoon curry powder  
1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper or pepper  
1 large minced onion  
1 clove garlic  
4oz. finely chopped cooked vegetables  
2 eggs  
milk, salt  
oil for frying

Mix together the well-sifted flour, turmeric, curry powder, cayenne, minced onion, and crushed garlic. Add beaten eggs, mix into a thick batter. If too thick add a little milk. Add vegetables and salt to taste, stir gently so as not to break vegetables. Drop dessertspoons of mixture into deep hot oil. The Bhugias will swell up like doughnuts. When golden brown all over, drain and serve hot with fried rice (Method 2 on page 4).

Bhugias make a meal by themselves or can be served with cocktails.

Note: Leftover cooked vegetables such as peas, carrots, turnips, etc., chopped finely, may be used in this dish.

#### KHAGINA (Indian omelet)

- 6 eggs  
1 tablespoon flour  
1 medium onion  
4 tablespoons butter  
4 cardamom seeds  
1/2 cup yoghurt  
salt to taste  
good pinch pepper


Mix eggs with the flour, pepper, and finely sliced onion. Sprinkle over the crushed cardamom seeds, beat with a fork until smooth. Add yoghurt, and salt to taste. In a heavy pan, melt the butter, stir in egg mixture. Cook until set. Then fold over once, turn once. Serve with tomato chutney and plain rice. Serves 4.




# Bright new curry and rice ideas from Jane Nutta Singh's kitchen!



\* Brush shishkabobs (or any meats) with curry sauce while they grill and serve piping  hot on chilled rice salad tossed with mayonnaise Tongala  (See recipe on can of Tongala Condensed Milk.)

\* Easy way to eat International  - open one of Rosella's wonderful Minit Meals But always serve with Rice.

\* You can cook curry and rice together (and automatically perfectly) in a Sunbeam Frypan  or Deep Fry Cooker.

\* Unleash your enjoyment of Keen's Curry Powder by using it in other things too - that True Indian Flavour enhances Rice (toss with) ...grills (brush on) ...hard boiled eggs (mashed with) ...etc. etc.

\* Gee Ghee's good! Ghee is clarified butter; real butter with all the moisture specially removed to give you spatter-free cooking plus concentrated flavour, concentrated goodness.



For new rice recipes send a stamped addressed envelope to:  
RICE COOKERY BUREAU, Dept. WW2, Box 432, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

